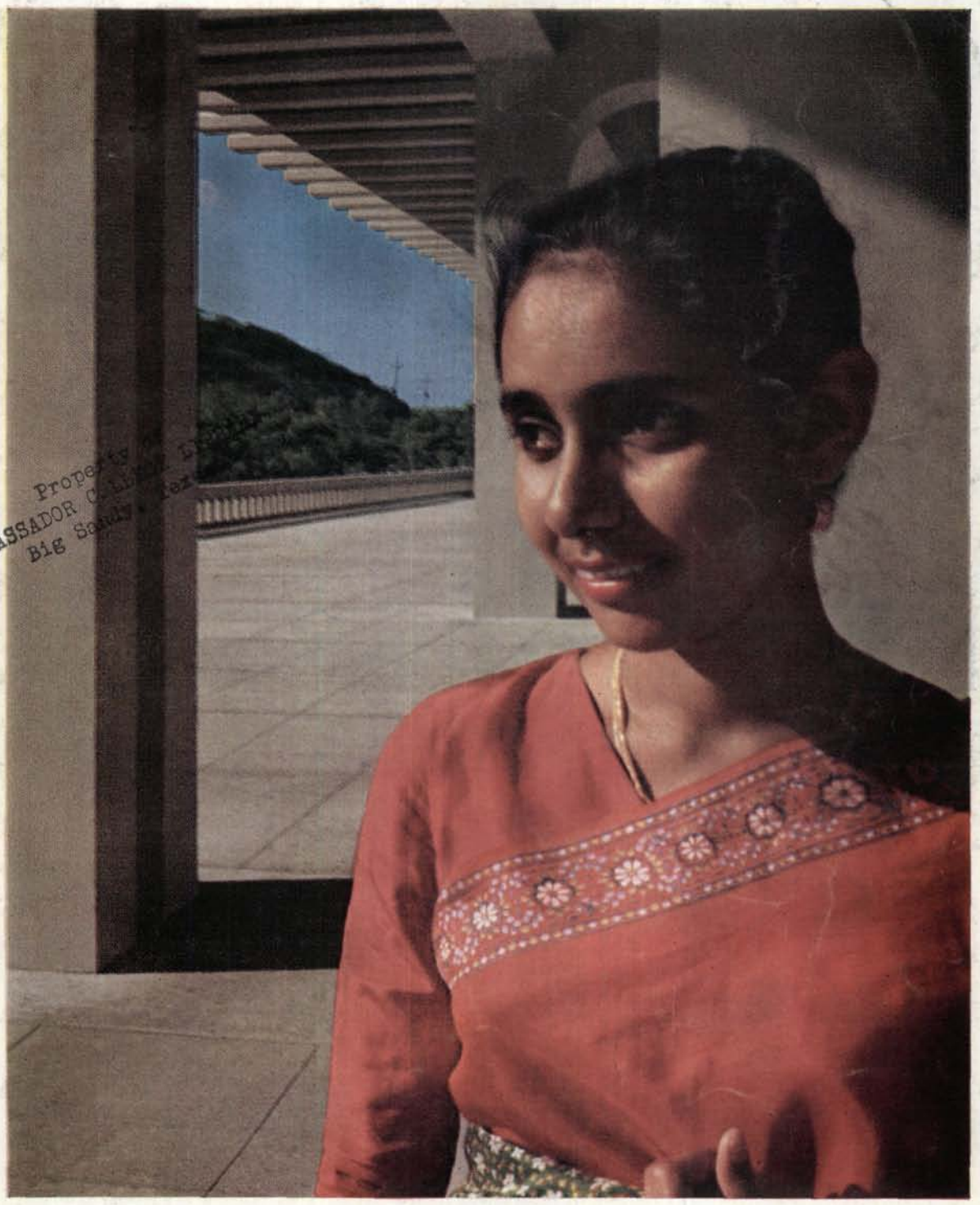
Saturday Review

July 18, 1964 25¢



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EDUCATION

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

By Stephen W. Bartlett

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Until 1950, who ever heard of

SODIUM N-CYCLOHEXYL-SULFAMATE?

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Now you can get it in any supermarket.

It comes in bottles and cans.

It's time people knew the facts about Sodium N-Cyclohexylsulfamate.

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Substituting it for sugar is like putting a five-year-old boy in as linebacker on a pro football team. "Sodium-etcetera" is derived from benzene—as is Calcium Cyclohexylsulfamate, also used for "taste." Doctors say they probably can't do you any harm but that they can't do you any good, either. Their food value is nil, nought, nothing.

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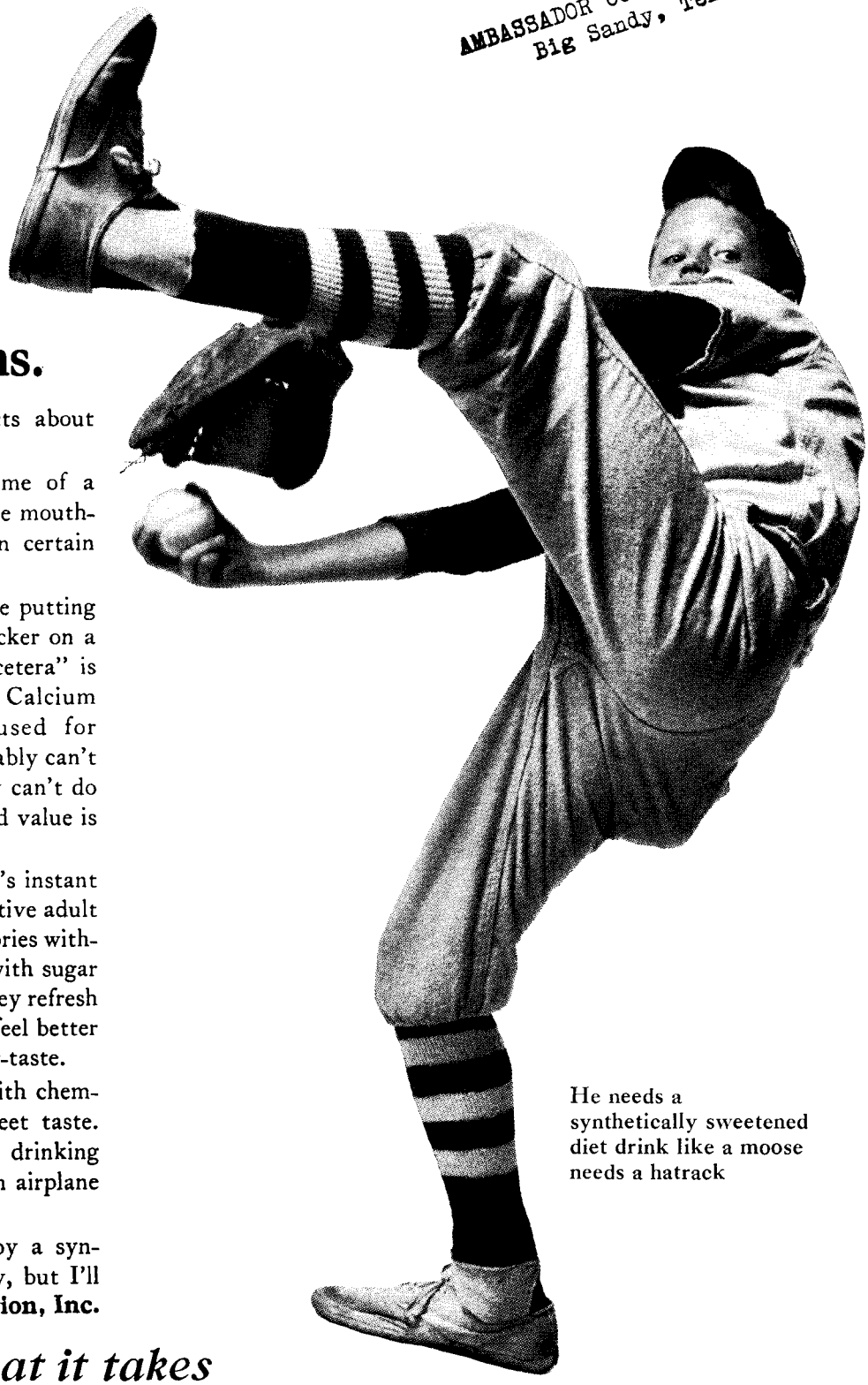
But "Syntha-Colas" made with chemicals only give you a wet, sweet taste. And trying to lose weight by drinking them is like trying to lighten an airplane by emptying the ash trays.

Next time you're tempted by a synthetic, say "Thanks, Chemistry, but I'll take Sugar." **Sugar Information, Inc.**



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Saturday Review

July 18, 1964

Cover photo by Duane Preble

SR: Ideas

14 Sex, Crime, and, to a Lesser Extent, Sports, by William Jovanovich

18 No Short Cut to Progress: A Guest Editorial by Amitai Etzioni

SR: Education

44 A Dialogue Between Cultures, by Stephen W. Bartlett

48 There's More Than One Way to Teach: Articles by Sidney Hook and Charles F. Madden

SR: Books

27 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

27 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin

8 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.

12 As It Happens, by Fred Sparks

20 Letters to the Editor

21 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on a Voice of America special

22 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight reviews *The Night of the Iguana*

23 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton on a weekend in Paris

25 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *The Three Sisters*

31 Literary Crypt

39 Literary I.Q.

67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1580

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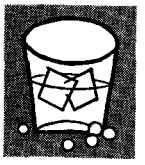

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Edited by Martin Levin

A View of the Gulf

The dreary old ladies,
  The tiresome old gentlemen,
Rock in their rockers
  And stare at the sea.
Repulsive old ladies,
  Unornamental men,
Saving a seat for
  Pretty soon me.

Hardening arteries,
  Palsy and rheumatiz,
Weigh on their spirits
  And jaundice their view.
Don't be unmerciful,
  Think that their doom it is;
They will move over for
  Pretty soon you.

—Morris Bishop.

Birds Across the Sea

I recently went to the public library and came out with a book called *Fitter's Natural History of London.*

The book was, for me at least, fascinating. It told where in the city of London one could find certain animals (mostly rats), birds (mostly sparrows and starlings), and insects (all kinds).

It was most complete in the case of birds. It told where every flock of sparrows and starlings nested, where they roosted, and where they got their food. I have seen nothing like it in this country.

I have never been to England, but occasionally my wife and I have had English visitors, and they have invariably been nature lovers. I remember one lady, an old schoolmate of my wife's, who had married an Englishman and gone to live in London. This was her first visit to America in twenty years.

She couldn't get used to Lake Michigan. She would say, looking at the tall buildings right at the lake shore, "I suppose when the tide comes in it covers all this."

We explained to her that this was a lake, and there was no tide. But a few hours later she would say, "Michigan Avenue must be a mess when the tide comes in."

Whenever this lady saw an English sparrow she would approach as close to it as she could. "Cheerio, old chap," she would say, "and how do you like America?"

Some years ago I wrote a book about birds, and there was one chapter about their feeding habits. For example, I said that pigeons tore pieces out of a slice of bread and meanwhile tossed the slice up into the air. On the other hand, when a starling ate a piece of bread, he held it down with his foot while he pecked at it with his beak. About a year after its publication here it was published in England, and I received a letter from an English bird lover calling my attention to the chapter about feeding habits.

"You say starlings hold their food down with one foot," he wrote. "But which foot? English starlings use their left foot, and I was wondering if American starlings do the same."

—Leonard Dubkin.

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Literary Leftovers

An Unending Feast

Most people's mental picture of the fine old firm of Charles Scribner's Sons is something like this: Thomas Wolfe has just arrived from Brooklyn Heights, with a truckload of hand-scrawled manuscripts, which Maxwell Perkins is deftly reducing to five pages. Hemingway is beating up either Morley Callaghan or Tolstoy. And Fitzgerald is brewing bathtub gin, in a dark corner. Occasionally Perkins raises his great blue pencil, as a conductor.

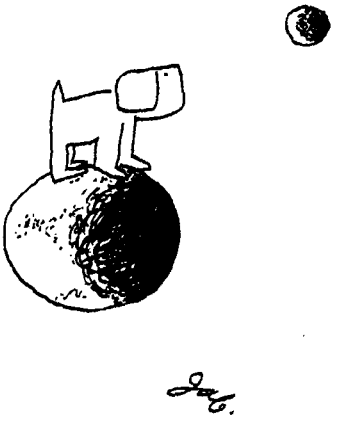
Little has been done to retard the growth of this myth (like introducing new authors who do not fit into it), and Scribner's has been sustaining itself on a kind of a literary spiritualism for some years now. Their most popular authors remain: Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Now, I am not critical of this. On the contrary, in mortal fear that someday Scribner's might run out of ideas of compiling and recompiling works by these authors and ferreting out old fragments of their as yet unpublished works, I have compiled a list of suggestions for further volumes.

When the treasure-trove of Hemingway, which began with *A Movable Feast,* begins to come to an end, we can still look forward to:

The Selected Toronto Star Dispatches of Ernest Hemingway.

The Selected North American News Service Copy of Ernest Hemingway.



The main Wolfe projects would include:

Stuff Cut Out of the Works of Thomas Wolfe by Maxwell E. Perkins (10 vols.).

Selected Writings of Thomas Wolfe as Editor of the University of North Carolina "Tar Heel" (The idea of Wolfe editing anything is fascinating).

The Selected NYU Freshman English Paper Corrections of Thomas Wolfe.

The Fitzgerald volumes might begin with:

The Complete Ledgers of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The Romantic Egotist (an early variant of *This Side of Paradise*).

The Unpublished Versions of "Tender Is The Night" (3 vols.):

I. *The World's Fair*
II. *Our Type*
III. *The Boy Who Killed His Mother.*

(There are two editions of *Tender Is The Night* kicking around at the moment. Why not all five?)

The Count of Darkness (a historical romance, partly serialized in *Redbook,* which Fitzgerald gave up as a bad job before finishing).

The Collected Scenarios of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The rights to the last item might be a bit hard to procure. But, I'm sure that MGM would cooperate if given the television rights to Fitzgerald's life, to be serialized with Richard Chamberlain as Scott and Tuesday Weld as Zelda (who could have a dramatic relapse every week, after the second commercial). —W. S. Tracy.

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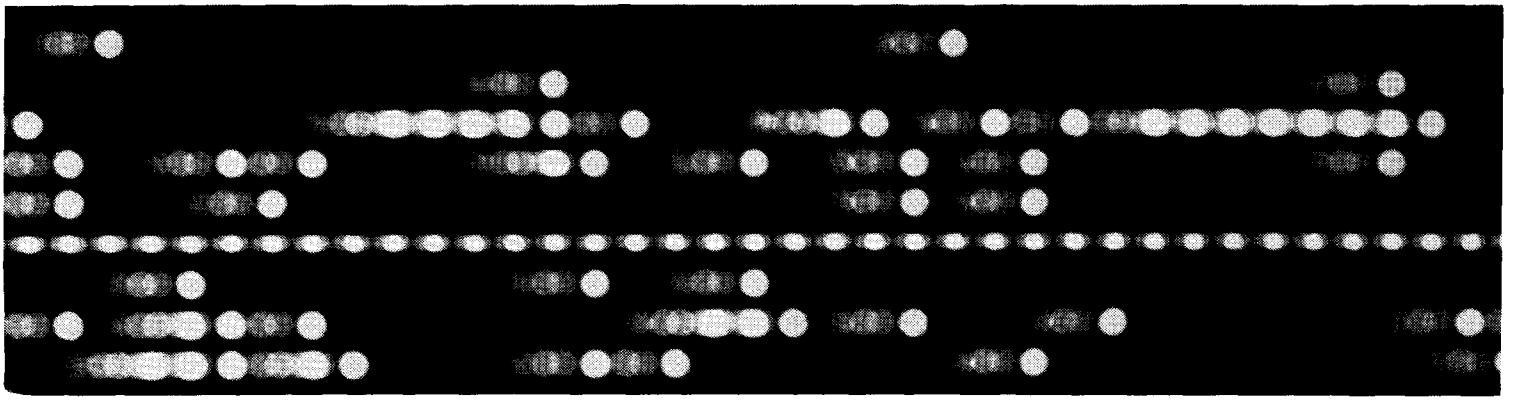
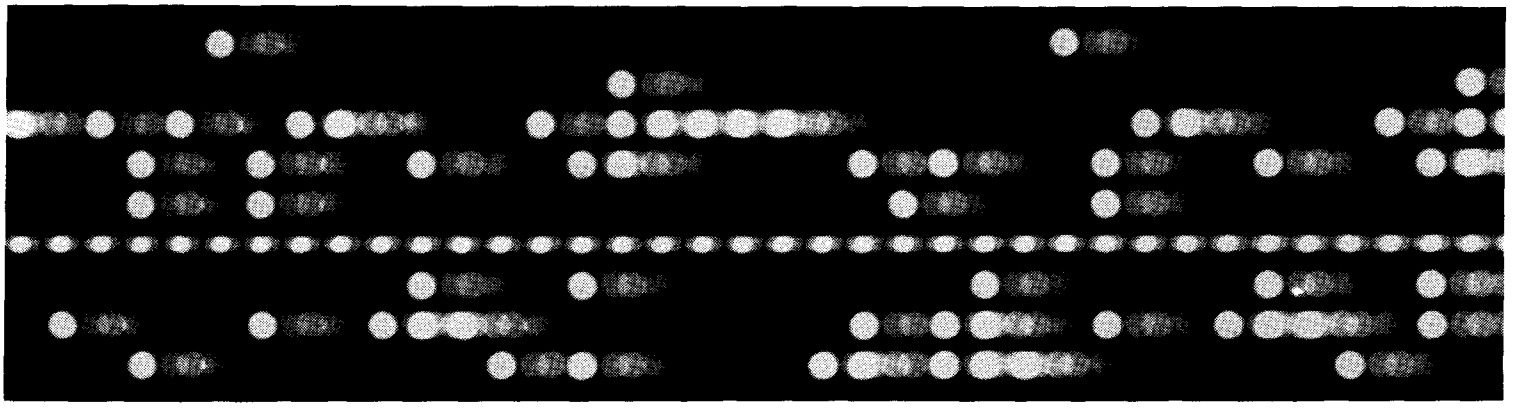


NOW MACHINES CAN TALK OVER THE TELEPHONE



Today machines can "talk" over telephone lines. And they do it 25 times faster than humans. Business or technical data is converted to symbols on punched cards or paper or magnetic tape. Then Bell System DATA-PHONE equipment, using a special language all its own, transmits it over the same telephone network that carries your voice every day. At the other end, DATA-PHONE signals can be fed into a computer. ☐ Moving data at a rate of 2,500 words a minute has its hazards, however. Even a misplaced decimal point can be compounded quickly to disastrous proportions. Thus, the job of providing transmission equipment that can be relied on to deliver high-speed data messages without distortion imposed a new order of quality on Western Electric's engineers and production people. ☐ But quality is hardly a new concern for Western Electric. For our ability to provide the highest quality communications products and systems has long helped the Bell telephone companies give America the world's most reliable communications at low cost. It's why Western Electric has been, since 1882, the manufacturing member of the Bell Telephone System.

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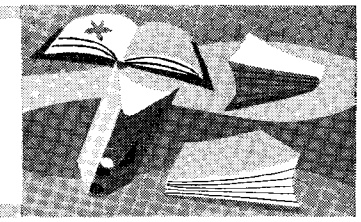
Trade Winds



In the Trade Winds of May 23 I said I couldn't find anyone who wasn't bored by *Ship of Fools* or who finished it. An impressive volume of mail has corrected this situation. Ruth Baehr was bored but she finished it. Gloria Parloff found it hard to get going but she finished.

The following were neither bored nor unable to finish: Ann Braunstein

("have heard people belittle it"); Betty Day ("not the best book ever written"); Stella Anacker; Mary Case ("I would not care to read it again"); Dorothy Sue Burman; Suzanna Suskin; Mrs. Edward Krehbiel; Mrs. Gerald Smith; Betty Rouse ("not on my list but good reading anyway"); Dennis Talley ("best since *Look Homeward, Angel*"); and a school teacher who would not let his name be used.

They were joined by another category that was even more enthusiastic: people who read *Ship of Fools* more than once: Janet McCrosky, M. Reynolds, J. L. Potts, and Sarah Roland were among these. E. P. Romanski read it despite his rule of thumb: "Normally I would not read a book by a woman." Mrs. Carl Grossman wrote for herself and five other girls who liked *Ship of Fools*. They nailed me to the wall with "It's not the great American novel, but neither are you John Ciardi." To which both he and I herewith say, "Amen."

Happily, I did get some support for my snide remark. Helen Parker struggled about halfway and quit. Penny Slotnick was "excruciatingly bored and unable to finish." Saul Hertzig says everyone feels the book is boring, "but was afraid to say anything for fear they would be looked upon as complete idiots." Sandra Kauffman, a literary agent, replied:

> Though Miss Porter's
> Words be jewels,
> I could not get through
> *Ship of Fools.*

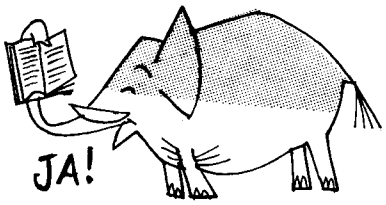
It has been an education for me to hear from these interested parties. What I have learned is that *Ship of Fools* may not be as bad as has been said.

Sharps and Flats: David Lyle, who had been cartoon editor of *Saturday Evening Post*, has been assigned to the foreign affairs department of that magazine. I always maintained that humorists should be put in charge of international matters, so this is a step in the right direction.

► Nikolai Krestinsky, prominent Soviet party leader and diplomat of the middle Thirties, has been rehabilitated. He has been exonerated from charges of "espionage, treason, and plots to overthrow" Stalin. In other words, he would be a free man again—if he hadn't been executed. That's the way the ball bounces in the Kremlin.

► A new controversial law has been enacted by the New York State Legislature that says, "A police officer may stop any person . . . whom he reasonably suspects is committing, has committed, or is about to commit a felony . . ."

► Elephant jokes are sweeping Germany. Roger Price's collection has

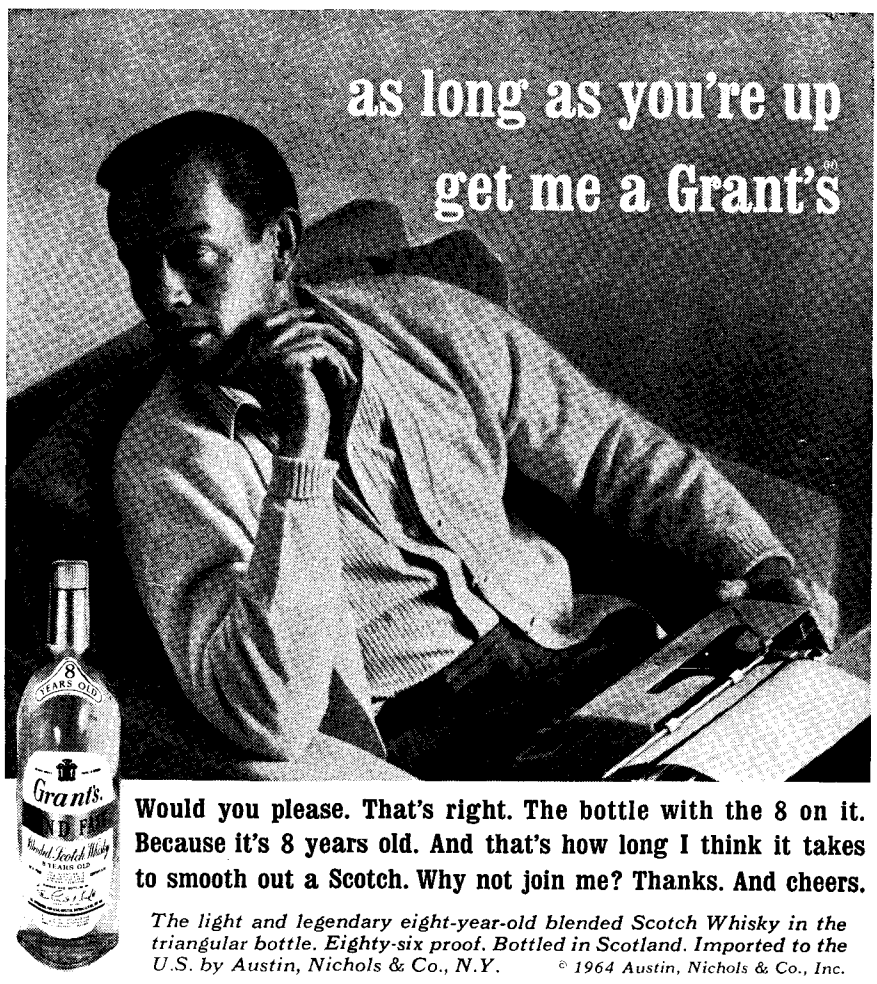


been translated, and it's called *Das Elefantenbuch.*

► In the comic strip about Brenda Starr, the beautiful newspaper reporter, when a door made a noise opening, it went, "Creek!" And the great detective Dick Tracy is unfit to wear the badge, in my opinion. In April he underwent "a fit of uncontrollable temper." This is hardly the failing of a man who carries a loaded gun and a wrist radio.

► The University of Chicago Press heard from a man who said, "I have written one hundred books in the last ten years. Would you be interested in publishing them? If so, I would promise to write one hundred more in the next ten years." You see? It isn't very difficult, after all.

► Mrs. Theodore Huss was half-listening to some background music in Pompano Beach, Florida, when her husband said, "Now there's a fine Irish



Would you please. That's right. The bottle with the 8 on it. Because it's 8 years old. And that's how long I think it takes to smooth out a Scotch. Why not join me? Thanks. And cheers.

The light and legendary eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported to the U.S. by Austin, Nichols & Co., N.Y. © *1964 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.*

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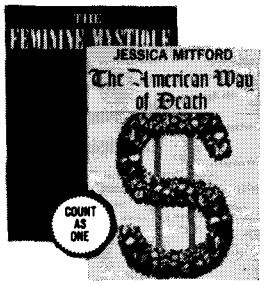

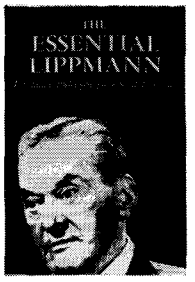

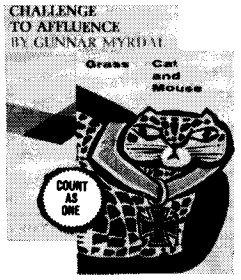

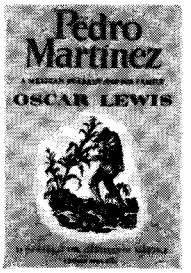

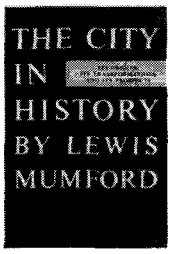

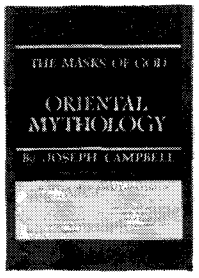

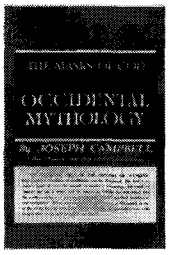

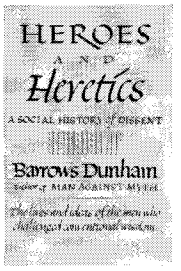

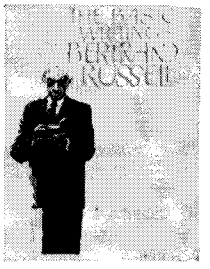

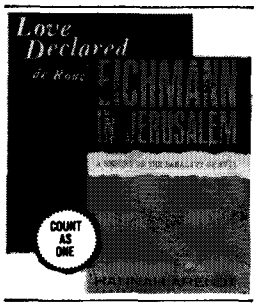

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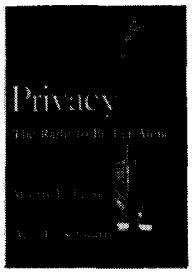

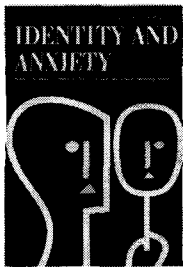

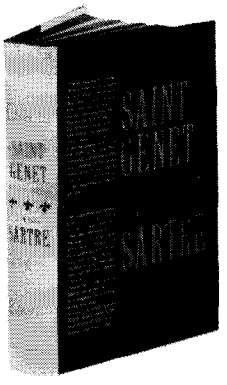

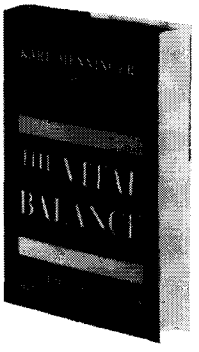

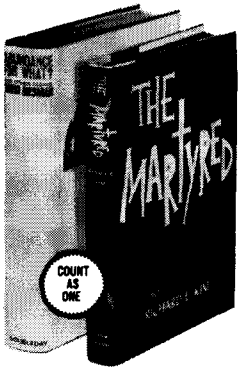

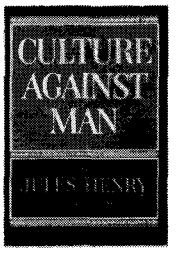

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Pedro Martinez: *a Mexican Peasant and his Family,* Oscar Lewis. Retail $8.75 .....Member's price $5.95

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The City in History, Lewis Mumford .....Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung. ...Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.95

The Essential Walter Lippmann: *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare .....Retail $7,50. Member's price $5.50

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The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell .....Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95

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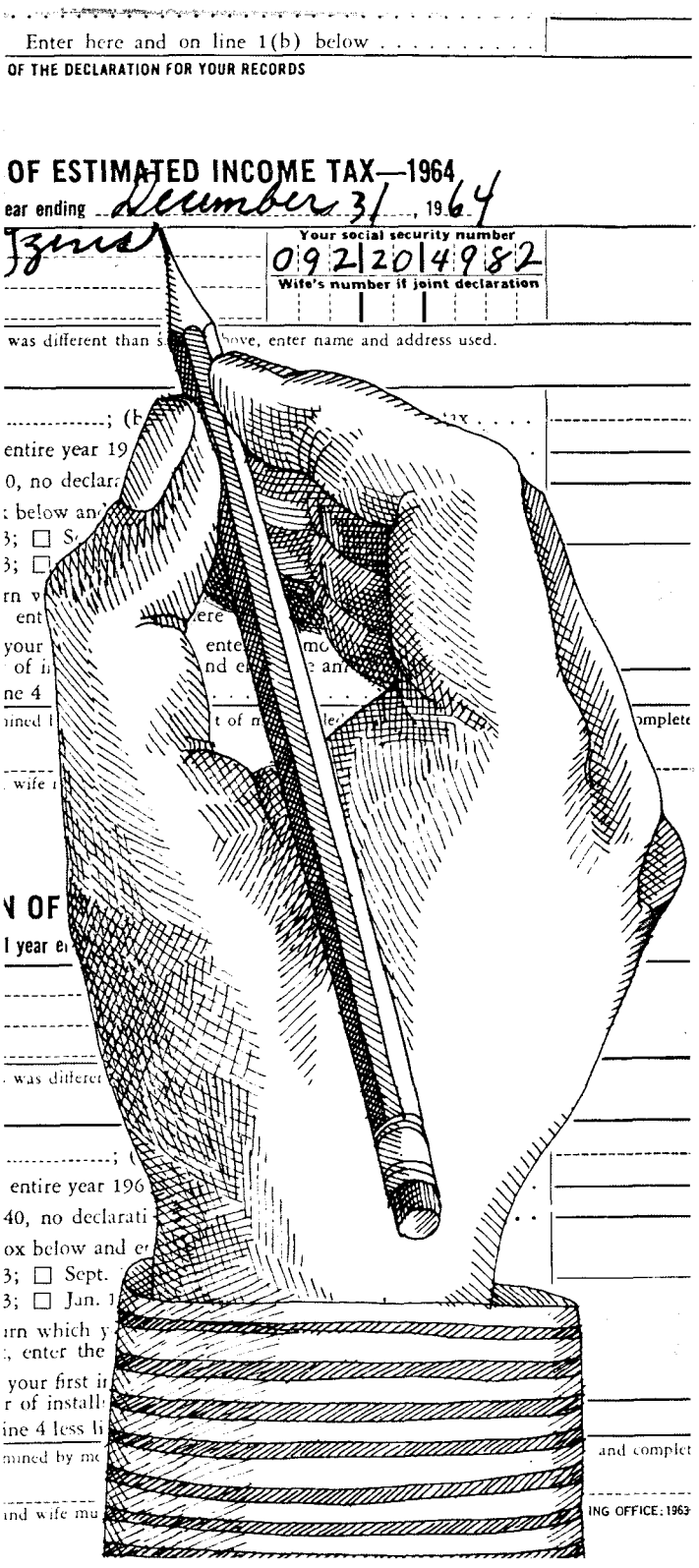
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THE PIVOTAL Six years ago, McGraw-Hill's BUSINESS WEEK began pointing out that the federal income tax structure hindered economic growth and fostered unemployment. In June, 1962, at a key moment, a BUSINESS WEEK editorial campaign drove home to businessmen the realization that a substantial tax cut was imperative, even at the risk of increasing budget deficits for the short term. Members of Congress, among others, recognized this leadership as a strong force in the final enactment of the historic tax cut in 1964.

THE PEDAGOGIC Should a teacher properly qualified in one state be allowed to teach in every state? Educator James B. Conant says yes, emphatically. In THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS, Conant has 27 recommendations on the touchy subject of how teachers should be taught. Why does McGraw-Hill publish such a controversial book? Because of the critical importance of the topic. And because readers look to McGraw-Hill, a major publisher of textbooks, for the newest thinking on education.

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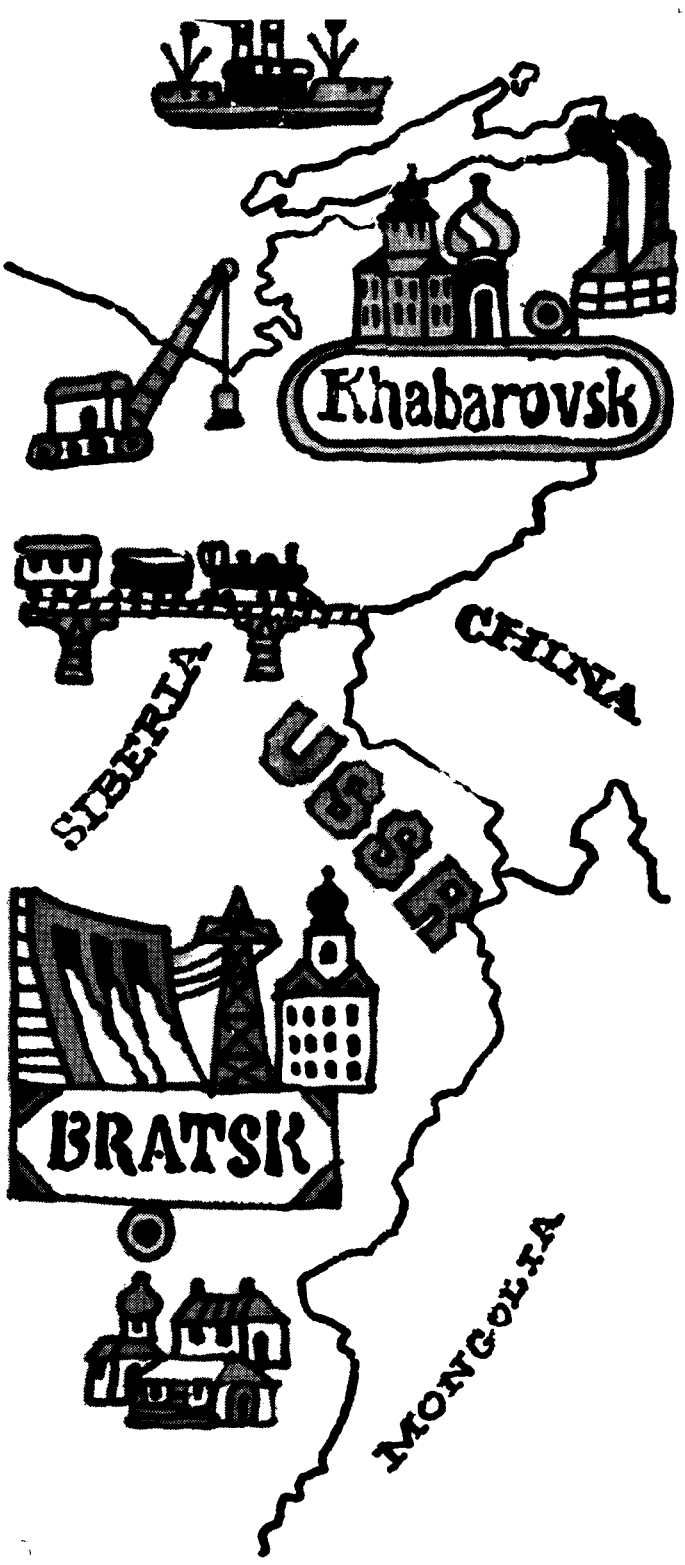
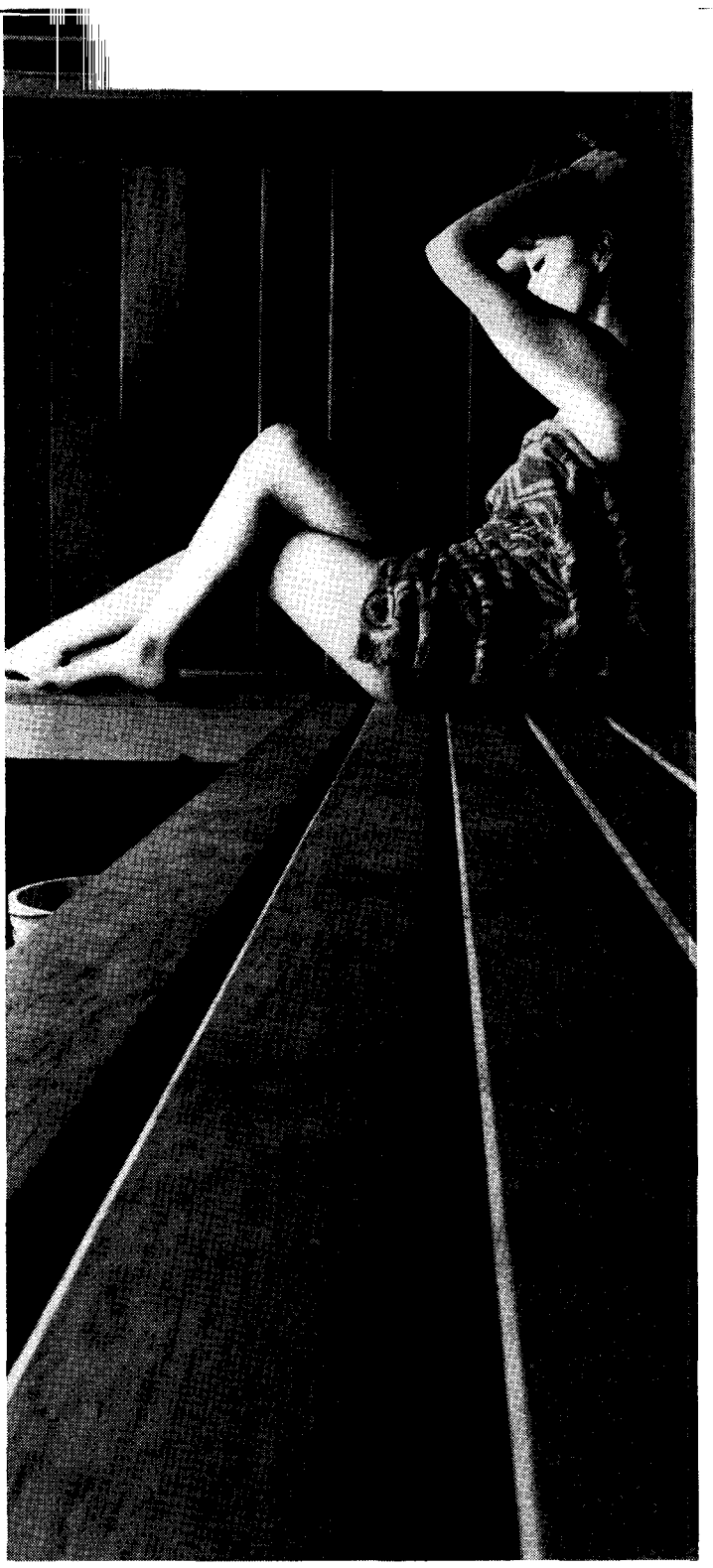


THE PERCEPTIVE What's brewing n Bratsk, Russia's huge hydro site? How are things n Khabarovsk, 25 miles from Red China? Soviet ıydroelectric power is being cut back, and Japanese ;rade in Siberia is growing. This news came from our Moscow News Bureau chief after a recent 10,000-mile ;rek. Such coverage is routine for McGraw-Hill World News Service. Every week, this large busi- ıess news-gathering service relays a quarter million vords to McGraw-Hill's 43 business publications.



THE PRACTICAL No need to go to Finland to enjoy a sauna bath... or even to a health club. You can have one installed in your home for about $1,500. With the growing popularity of saunas, architects get more requests to include them in plans. They find data on saunas, among thousands of more conventional items, in Sweet's Catalog Files, bound volumes of the catalogs of some 1,800 suppliers to the construction industry. Sweet's is another example of how McGraw-Hill serves man's need for knowledge.

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tune." She was stumped until she realized the song was "Lovely Hoolihans."

► Sign in the Western Reserve University lot: "No Parking in the Center Asile."

► Joe Gottesman says the seven-year-old daughter of a psychiatrist friend of his saw a student production of *Macbeth* at a West Los Angeles elementary school. She was especially intrigued by

the three witches and their ditty, "Double, double, toilet trouble."

► And the Austrian Information Service has announced that American soprano Grace Bumbry will sing at the Salzburg Festival, taking the part of Lady Macbeth in Verdi's opera, *Otello.*

► When I remarked on the book of canine mythology *(The Golden Bow-wow),* Edwin Dudley immediately assumed that there would be a chapter on the Retriever who sallies forth to find the Golden Fleas.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

As It Happens

Why is a candidate who loses his party's nomination like a divorced husband? Because he's still expected to provide support.

✓ ✓ ✓

It's difficult following those erotic foreign movies. The action is so commanding you miss the subtitles.

✓ ✓ ✓

We heard a rumor that Mao, feeling his age, wrote Khrushchev that he'd end hostilities if assured an honorable burial in Red Square. Khrushchev said yes, come at once.

✓ ✓ ✓

Graduates are finding the best jobs in advertising *and* outer space. Both fields demand far-out imagination.

✓ ✓ ✓

The continued sale of books and articles by Hoover, Truman, and Eisenhower shows a President has the same advantages as a TV writer. Both get residuals.

IBM, over 400, has split 5-to-4. That'll make investors THINK.

✓ ✓ ✓

Albania's election gave the Government 99.9 per cent. They're hunting the .1 per cent.

✓ ✓ ✓

President Johnson reads the papers for political and foreign news—*and* to find out where his daughters are.

✓ ✓ ✓

The man who reads *all* the books he takes with him on his vacation is not telling the truth.

✓ ✓ ✓

A Congressional commission is investigating food marketing. We hope they'll discover how to open plastic-wrapped crackers without surgery.

✓ ✓ ✓

Many Republicans consider Vietnam a nonpartisan issue *against* the Administration.

✓ ✓ ✓

We understand that to prevent Olympic defections, the Soviets will send only happily married athletes—*without* their wives.

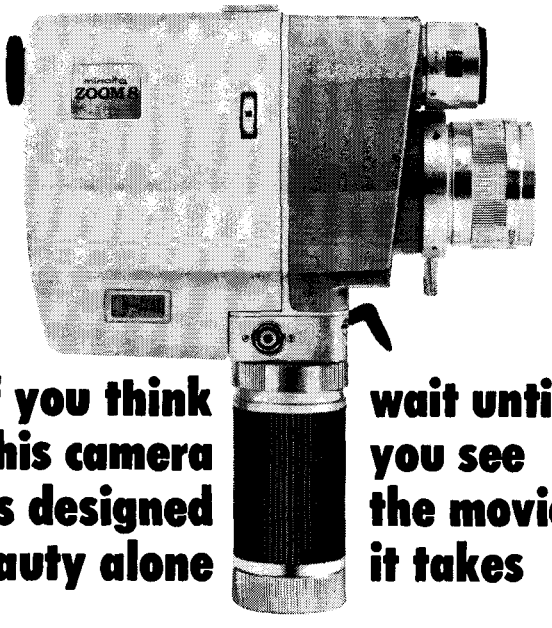
✓ ✓ ✓

Republicans say President Johnson's speeches are *corny* as *Beverly Hillbillies* and *schmaltzy* as Laurence Welk. If he gets their ratings, it's a landslide!

✓ ✓ ✓

New breed overheard: "*My* Daddy has cocktails during Cronkite, dinner during Huntley-Brinkley, and falls asleep during *Million Dollar Movie.*"

—Fred Sparks.



if you think this camera was designed for beauty alone

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Minolta Zoom 8 the name quality made famous

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1579)

Amherst Reports:
THE STUDENT
(March, 1964)

The general desire to find a place where one is really wanted and where one can be genuinely useful still exists. . . . Despite all complaints and mistakes, all analyses and studies, undergraduates are considerably more healthy than the world around them.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

EXTRA SOUTH: An Unhurried, Unscheduled Look at Dixie Steam Railroading. By H. Reid. Starruca Valley Publications, Susquehanna, Pa. $5.95.

OLD LANCASTER: Historic Pennsylvania Community. Text by Frederic Shriver Klein. Drawings by Charles X. Carlson. Early America Series, Lancaster, Pa. $14.75.

Archeology

DAILY LIFE OF THE ETRUSCANS. By Jacques Heurgon. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE LOST SHIPS. By Peter Throckmorton. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.

Crime, Suspense

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton. $3.95.

DEATH OF A FOX. By Jan Roffman. Doubleday. $3.50.

FALLING STAR. By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

THE SAD VARIETY. By Nicholas Blake. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE TWO FACES OF JANUARY. By Patricia Highsmith. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

AMERICAN EXTREMES. By Daniel Cosio Villegas. Univ. of Texas Press. $5.

THE CENTER OF THE WORLD. By Robert S. Elegant. Doubleday. $5.95.

FIRST TUESDAY: A Study of Rationality in Voting. By David Wallace. Doubleday. $6.

THE WAR ON POVERTY. By Hubert Humphrey. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Fiction

ASK AGAMEMNON. By Jenni Hall. Atheneum. $3.50.

BRIGHT DAY, DARK RUNNER. By George Cuomo. Doubleday. $5.95.

PATH OF DALLIANCE. By Auberon Waugh. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE RETURN OF JENNIFER. By Helen Upshaw. Dodd, Mead. $4.

THE TRESPASSERS. By Charles Mercer. Putnam. $4.95.

THE TWO O'CLOCK SUN. By Robert Cairns. Random House. $4.95.

History

BRITAIN AND INDIA: Requiem for Empire. By Maurice and Taya Zinkin. Johns Hopkins. $5.

THE MYSTERY OF OVID'S EXILE. By John C. Thibault. Univ. of California Press. $4.50.

MAN'S QUEST FOR POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE: The Study and Teaching of Politics in Ancient Times. By William Anderson. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $8.

Miscellany

DEAR PRESIDENT JOHNSON. By Bill Adler. Morrow. $2.

A FAMILY OF ISLANDS. By Alec Waugh. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE INTELLIGENT INVESTOR'S GUIDE TO REAL ESTATE. By J. J. Brown. Putnam. $5.95.

JAMES NORRIS AND THE DECLINE OF BOXING. By Barney Nagler. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.

PESTICIDES AND THE LIVING LANDSCAPE. By Robert L. Rudd. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $6.50.

THE UNIVERSAL POSTAL UNION: Coordinator of the International Mails. By George Arthur Codding, Jr. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

Personal History

EUROPEAN COMMUTER. By Willi Frischauer. Macmillan. $5.95.

ISAAC BABEL: The Lonely Years 1925–1939. By Isaac Babel. Edited by Nathalie Babel. Farrar, Straus. $6.75.

KOREAN WORKS AND DAYS. By Richard Rutt. Tuttle. $5.75.

THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURES OF ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. By Philip Vail. Dodd, Mead. $4.

PRIEST AND WORKER: The Autobiography of Henri Perrin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Reference

EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES. Revised by Audrey Butler. Dutton. $5.50.

Religion

CHRISTIANITY: Some Non-Christian Appraisals. By David McKain. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

PETER THE VENERABLE AND ISLAM. By James Kritzek. Princeton Univ. Press. $7.50.

Theater

PIRANDELLO'S ONE-ACT PLAYS. Translated by William Murray. Anchor original. Paperback, $1.45.

Writers and Writing

THE ART CRITICISM OF JOHN RUSKIN. By Robert L. Herbert. Anchor original. Paperback, $1.45.

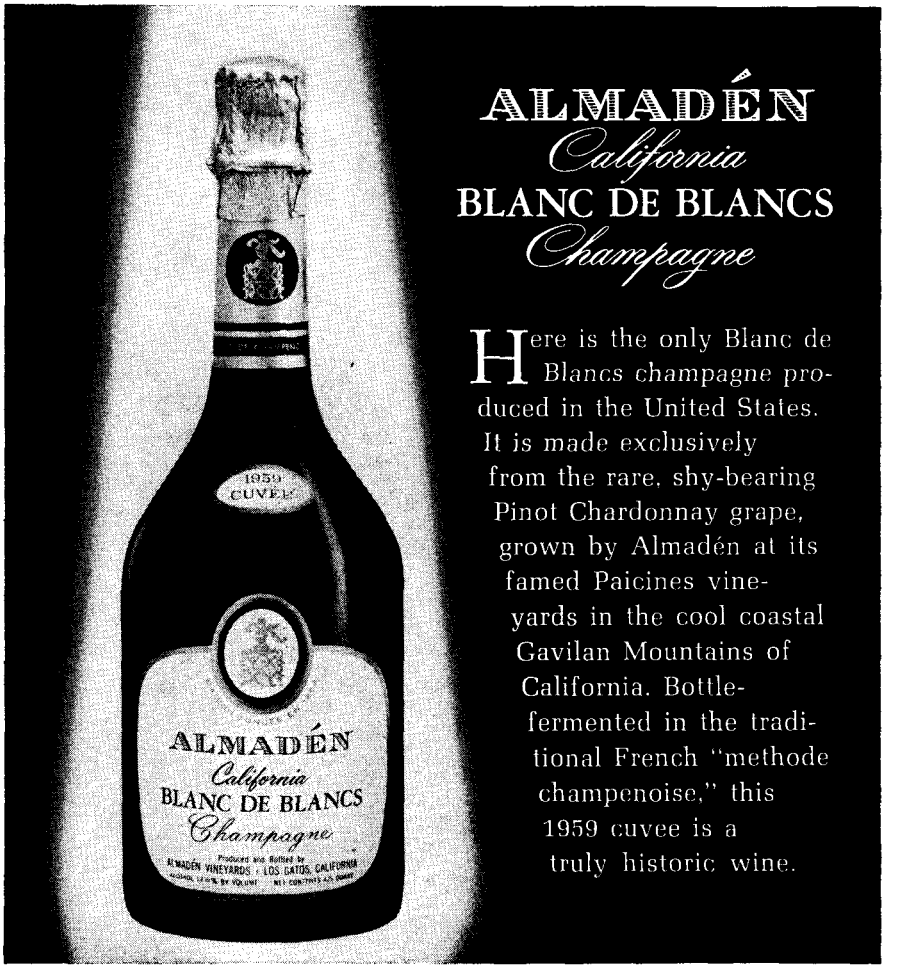
THE CONTEMPORARY POET AS ARTIST AND CRITIC: Eight Symposia. Edited by Anthony Ostroff. Little, Brown. $5.

THE METAPHYSICALS AND MILTON. By E. M. W. Tillyard. Barnes & Noble. $2.

SEVEN MODERN AMERICAN NOVELISTS: An Introduction. By William Van O'Connor. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.75.

THACKERAY THE NOVELIST. By Geoffrey Tillotson. Barnes & Noble. $4.75.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.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Saturday Review
July 18, 1964

Sex, Crime, and, To a Lesser Extent, Sports

A publisher and author discusses the literary uses of certain controversial activities that absorb today's writers and readers

By WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

NOW and again my colleagues and I are accused of publishing a "dirty book," this being usually a novel in which there are explicit descriptions of the sexual act. In the view of some angry or aggrieved readers, we are guilty of what might be called literary peculation, a new kind of white-collar crime. They assume that the popular success of a particular book is directly owing to the passages in it that describe physical love and, falling headlong through a straight and narrow syllogism, they infer that the publisher and author conspired to include those passages in order to gain sales. When a reader writes to complain, I tend to answer her—for it is invariably a woman—with the rather obvious statement that neither the author nor the publisher invented sex, and that it is undeniable that many serious contemporary writers regard it as an important and legitimate subject for the novel.

Yet, when I say "subject" I am sure I do not use the right term. It sounds unsophisticated and outmoded. Criticism has so refined our recognition of the subtler elements in the composition of a novel that it seems too simple to talk about a "subject" of writing, just as it does to talk of "plot." (It can be refreshing to recall that E. M. Forster declares the most basic aspect of the novel to be the question of what happens next—"and then, and then . . .") Whether or not it is materially a *subject*, sex is a considerable preoccupation of the contemporary novelist.

One can make a case, of course, that while sex has at all times been of vital interest to writers, only in recent times have they been allowed to be candid about it. Sex has been lurking in the wings of the novel these past two centuries, and though both the writer and the reader have acknowledged in oblique ways each other's awareness of it, it was not generally permitted to show itself. (Music has suffered no such repressions. Someone once said that if Wagner's characters performed on the stage what his music suggests, all the actors would be arrested.) As a separate art form, the novel in English began boldly enough: *Moll Flanders* and *Tom Jones* are fairly open, if also uncomplicated, on the matter of sexual love. But from Defoe and Fielding to the novelists of the late nineteenth century, there has been an attrition of candor about the physical aspects of love. Sex was put out of sight, if not out of mind, in deference to the genteel sensibilities of the reading public. The treatment of sexual love in fiction has been severely subject to the degree that the public (including its police and courts) has been willing to allow realistic expression in published works.

This is not to say that the attitudes held by the reading public at any one time are, in this connection, the sole influence on the writer; nor can the appearance and reappearance of sex in the English and American novel be charted on such a premise. The early nineteenth-century romanticism, for instance, created a vision of ideal love that had the effect of altering the writer's view of sex without any direct relation to the religious and moral codes then prevailing. Moreover, writers who are contemporaries react (or do not react) to the conventions of polite society in quite opposite ways; the same public, presumably, bought the novels of Henry James and Theodore Dreiser, and of John Galsworthy and Frank Norris. We cannot, all in all, assume that the preoccupation with sex by so many novelists is mainly the consequence of more liberal censors.

Indeed, it is probable that today's writers are more seriously convinced that sex is a revelatory, a profoundly meaningful experience than are their readers. The writer cannot avoid the demonstrations and proofs that much of contemporary life is dominated by a sameness of experience that follows from the mass production and mass consumption of practically all the things around us. He knows how hard it can be to identify what is personally meaningful. It has been said that sex, crime, and, to a lesser extent, sports are practically the only experiences that are unremittingly individual: each involves a real event in which a human being can be comprehended in an elemental relation to other human beings. It is hardly proof of this proposition, though it may be indicative, that all three activities repeatedly appear in the works of two modern American masters, Hemingway and Faulkner. *The Sun Also Rises* presents an interplay between sex and sport; *To Have and Have Not*, between sex and crime. And it can even be said that in Hemingway's vision, war is a climactic experience that is the combination of sport and crime. Faulkner's concern with sports as a subject includes stunt flying ("Pylon") and hunting; his involvement with sex and crime hardly needs to be illustrated. Beyond their superb handling of technical or naturalistic detail, there is not

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William Jovanovich, president of Harcourt, Brace & World, has written a study of book publishing, *Now, Barrabas*, which will be published in August by Harper & Row. This is the second article previewed from that book in *SR*. The first was "When Publishers Go Public," in the issue of May 16.

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much critical realism in their treatment of these activities, but this is not to the point here. (Both of them had, in respect to these subjects, the failings of a romantic writer. Hemingway's regard for sports often verges on sentimentality and, in his later works on bullfighting and deep-sea fishing, gives way to it embarrassingly. Faulkner's descriptions of violent sex and crime, read by themselves, are ridiculously antic.)

No one will suggest that a writer must himself resort to crime and sports and, in some special ways, to sex, in order to gain vital, germane experience; or, that a writer who has taken a serious or professional part in these is better qualified to write meaningfully than others. Actually, with the possible exception of Sade and of the former male prostitute and felonist Jean Genet, no criminal other than strictly political offenders has been a writer of note. (Oscar Wilde tried to make a case for the poisoner and essayist Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, but all that is remembered of him now is Wilde's short biography, which repeats the credible story that Wainewright killed his sister-in-law because she had very thick ankles.) Nor has any professional or, at the least, accomplished sportsman (excepting, possibly, flyers) been notably successful as a writer. As for sex, it is an experience that is universal and, by definition, normally ordinary. Probably only Casanova and Sade can claim a place in literature chiefly because of their unique qualifications in the practices of erotic love.

As an experience, sexual love is real, by any definition of reality; it is circumstantial—something *happens* when people are sexually engaged; further, however depersonalizing the sexual act may be, both the anticipation and the recollection of it are, as emotional forces, indicative of personality. The same qualities are apparent in crime and sports. All three are classically the experiences in which human beings believe they can be tested, physically and morally. Because there is in each a conflict, their value as subjects of storytelling, beginning historically with the *Odyssey*, is obvious. Yet in contemporary literature, these activities would seem to have a particular essence: they characterize, I think, a recurrent fascination for the brutal life. Sex, crime, and sports are all susceptible to brutality in the sense that each can simply involve the violation of the privacy and, usually, the *person* of a fellow being. The brutal life has, by evidence of literature, a profound significance in the workings of our society. The astonishing spectacle of Jean-Paul Sartre devoting an eight-hundred-page critique to Jean Genet, whose works are almost wholly devoted to the homosexual and criminal underground, suggests that even a metaphysical view can be adduced to it. Both Genet and Sartre have, in this respect, obvious antecedents: the brutal life has been a great twentieth-century subject. It is crucially D. H. Lawrence's subject, and in Lawrence and James Joyce it is revealed by their interest in the simplicities (and, particularly, the supposedly exceptional sexual powers) of the proletarian. Lady Chatterley's gamekeeper is vital because he can be oblivious, and honestly brutal; and his mate could be Joyce's wife (her name was, marvelously, Nora Barnacle), who didn't understand Joyce's writing and shared his hardships but not his doubts. The brutal life is Anderson's subject, and Dreiser's and O'Neill's—more particularly, in their cases, in the form of a hankering for brutalized relationships as a means of unmasking the innermost motivation of middle-class characters. The proofs of this literary obsession are so abundant that one is tempted to protest its exceptions, of which there are of course many, or that one is inclined to explain it in other terms, such as that we tend to examine the brutal life more attentively because we now know more about it through Freud and have been made more familiar with it by the literalness and immediacy of picture magazines and television.

It is fairly common for writers and critics to talk about the alienation of the serious writer from society. Some novelists, like Norman Mailer, are so consciously estranged that they are able to write about little else other than this condition. With certain writers it is not a question of their taking a stand against popular opinion, but, rather, standing apart from it. They might be said to suffer from a suspension of belief, for if they cannot accept the common assumptions about the conduct of life, then they also refuse to posit other assumptions, or to declare contrary beliefs.

An impressive thesis can be made that the writer is a prime victim of the machine age or, more precisely, of the industrial society that is characterized by products that are made and consumed by the democratic masses. In *Against the American Grain*, Dwight MacDonald says: "For about two centuries Western culture has in fact been two cultures: the traditional kind—let us call it High Culture—that is chronicled in textbooks, and a novel kind that is manufactured for the market. This latter may be called Mass Culture, or better Masscult, since it really isn't culture at all. . . . The question of Masscult is part of the larger question of the masses. The tendency of modern industrial society, whether in the USA or USSR, is to transform the individual into the mass man." Industrialization has accommodated the wide dissemination of the *kitschig* products that the masses admire and demand; in the arts, these are popular magazines, television, and, alas, books.

One can even speculate whether, given the pervasive verbal and visual

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aspects of the machine age, the artist will henceforth be able to create anything at all. In *The Image; or, What Happened to the American Dream*, Daniel Boorstin suggests that as technology keeps multiplying the objects that cozen us, we find it difficult to engage the *real* world and to undergo *real* experience. He describes this dilemma as one resulting from our preference for images and for the illusions they project, rather than for direct personal experience. "We have used our wealth, our literacy, our technology, and our progress to create a thicket of unreality which stands between us and the facts of life. . . . The artificial has become so commonplace that the natural begins to seem contrived. The natural is the 'un—' and the 'non—.' . . . Fact itself has become '*non*-fiction.' " The danger, it may be argued, is that the huge, homogenized public of the machine age is all too willing to accept the dictum that whatever is numerous and popular must be also good and true.

Now, no sensible person is unaware, or in some degree unresentful, of the conformity and standardization that so typifies contemporary life, nor can he avoid wondering at times whether he has not become the victim of some lunatic mechanistic scheme whose main object is to train him, as David Riesman and Mary McCarthy have variously said, to become a consumer. Little more can be done about the machine age, perhaps, but to treat it as a great historical comedy, or at the least, as Margaret Fuller concluded on her relations with the universe, to accept it. Still, it seems to me that we cannot accept something if we misrepresent it to ourselves, especially if we rely on misapplications of history. There is, for example, a recurrence of that pathetic old fallacy that the machine is anti-individual. Machines are conceptually unindividual; no machine was ever created to perform a single operation just once, yet that in itself hardly makes machines antihuman. There is, too, the tendency to regard the most essential consequences of technology as being modern, when actually a case can be made that men "lost" control over their movements—natural rhythms—as individuals with the invention of mechanical clocks, an event that took place before the industrial society got into high gear.

It has, in fact, become popular to think of ourselves objectively as victims, as if we were somehow apart from our own terrors. The result of this kind of self-indulgence is never enlightening. On the popular level, for instance, Vance Packard has systematically exposed the fact that society is organized; and there are repeated exposés of contemporary schooling that inexorably reach the conclusion that universal education is not universally excellent. No social criticism of this sort is relevant unless it takes into account the choices that people have made, and are still making, among the things that society should do first, and abandon last. We have, for example, accepted the idea that some things must be sacrificed to the liberal credo that all people have a right to expect to live without the misery of physical deprivation. A fulfillment of that historical tenet is dependent upon making available to the masses a variety of sophisticated goods at a cheap price—and *that* is done by producing things in repeated forms and in great quantities. One ends by weighing sensibility and presumed necessity, and by relating common sense to individual sense. One looks at a thousand identical houses in an English "new town" and reflects that esthetically one of them would have been enough, but one does not then logically conclude that the inhabitants are worse off than they were elsewhere.

At the worst, the argument that modern industrial life blunts the sensibility of the writer (or anyone else) lapses into sentimentality. At its best, it is a current manifestation of literary romanticism, a longing for what Perry Miller called "the sublime in America." Daniel Boorstin feels a typical nostalgia. "We are deceived and obstructed by the very machines we make to enlarge our vision. In an earlier age, an architectural symbol of small-town, growing America was the friendly front porch. In our day, the architectural symbol is the picture window. . . . When we look out of our picture window . . . we are apt to see our neighbor himself. But he too is apt to be doing nothing more than looking at us through *his* picture window." Such contrivances, in short, leave us with ourselves—like the Hollywood love triangle which consists of an actor, his wife, and himself. Yet time has not only lent Boorstin a strange enchantment, it has also played dirty tricks on him. That fusty front porch was hardly a place to dispel illusion. You have only to read Sherwood Anderson to realize what horror was kept behind its friendly façade.

It is not, of course, sentimentality that most seriously informs our view of how we can be estranged from the modern age. We *expect* more than we have received from our having made the choices for the good life. We may have, still, a lingering view of the sublime possibility of America. F. Scott Fitzgerald said it: ". . . for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an esthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder." The key word here is "esthetic." Again and again, the American writer has displayed a sense of just aggrieve-

"Excuse me, Mr. Broadly, its time to work yourself into a rage for the meeting with the sales staff."

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ment that something was lost, needlessly, pointlessly, and that the vision of our authentically innocent past has not been vouchsafed. One of his characteristic moods is a haunting, brooding sense of disappointment. Few Europeans, with *their* history, have it. It is the romantic vision that admits the celebration of the simple life of nature, or tries to ascribe to simply physical activity the power of expiation, as in Whitman and Hemingway. Our conception of *place*—where we live or where we flee from—is predominantly esthetic. (We ignore, for instance, the fact that the machine did not in terms of human accommodation radically disfigure the United States and Canada, nor, for that matter, Germany, France, and Russia, whatever it may have done to the green midlands of England. Practically every traveler to the United States of a century ago was appalled by the miserable little towns he saw on the Ohio and affronted by the harshness of the prairie.) Indeed, it is hard to recollect what are the simple skills we are supposed to have lost as a result of the advent of industrialism and its ugly agent, mass production. The truth is that there is not much to recollect. "Before men showed off new cars, they showed off new horses," writes Mary McCarthy; "it is alleged against modern man that he as an individual craftsman did not make the car, but his grandfather did not make the horse either." I cannot feel abashed that Thoreau made his pencils by hand.

The critic John W. Aldrich, in reviewing a book by Alan Sillitoe, suggests that the novelists who were formerly known as "angry young men" ought, in their choice of subjects, to advance themselves from the lower-class life. Typically, they have depicted the frustrated and aimlessly rebellious young workingman who perceives that something is wrong with British society but holds forth no particular prescriptions for it. They should, suggests Aldrich, get on to other subjects and thus take a broader view. For a mixture of reasons, this is not a suggestion that could be made to the young American novelist, and the chief reason is, I think, that the working class as a proportionately large and socially identifiable segment of our society is all but disappearing. The most pervasive effect of advanced industrialism is to obliterate class distinctions of a traditional kind. During the past quarter-century an immense middle class has emerged, comprising perhaps 70 per cent of the population of the United States. The delineation between classes has progressively blurred, and the movement of people upward, while it continues, no longer involves a dramatic bursting through barriers, as it once did. The upper class is disappearing as a purely *social* class, and more and more is to be identified by the powers it holds (institutional powers—industrial, military, governmental, educational) rather than by the material possessions that once allowed it cultivated leisure. The generic middle class now includes skilled and semiskilled laborers, who actually have little in common with the hard core of the poor in America. Indeed, the "hard core of the poor" is a newly visible social phenomenon, for it has seemingly not diminished proportionately as the national prosperity has expanded, and it shows small evidence of the rapid change that we have always credited to American social classes. What may distinguish contemporary life in America today is the difference between the large mass of people who are prosperous to one degree or another and the smaller mass who are wholly unprosperous.

"Has it ever occurred to you that we're the somebodies nobody's worse off than?"

If this generally describes what has happened to American class structure under the impact of advancing industrialism, then it has great relevance to writing and to what writers write about. Class structure, for the novelist, is one of the social phenomena that define experience; and the interplay between classes can be said to *create* experience. Class is a form of reality that the novelist draws on, as did Henry James and Edith Wharton on the elegant old upper class; Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis on the middle class of the small town; James T. Farrell and William Saroyan on the immigrant working classes; Willa Cather and Thomas Wolfe on the lower middle class of the country town; and William Faulkner on all the classes of a historically and geographically isolated region. For the novelist class provides a point of view from which he may look down or up, or, rather, the vantage from which his characters do.

In a society that has a defined and perceivable class structure, in which more literate people are different from each other than are like each other, the writer may find himself alienated from his own class, or he may be in opposition to another class, but it is difficult to see how he can be alienated from the *whole* of society. Yet if, as seems to be happening in the United States in the second half of the twentieth century, society is becoming one huge class, then it is possible that an intellectual could find himself estranged from the composite, homogenized life of the whole. The social critic is today in the peculiar position of making judgments that apply to practically everyone, including himself. The relevance of this hypothesis on modern social organization is that as the years go on, young writers are likely to share more radically similar biographies, being for the most part products of middle-class upbringing, of suburban living, and of a vast educational process that leads from elementary school to high school to university. I do not see how it is possible to contemplate—as we are plainly doing now—the eventuality that everyone who has the capacity to learn will go to college without at the same time recognizing that this will create a conformity of experience among not only readers but also writers.

If the ultimate consequence of an advanced industrial society is to create a single class, then it will inevitably diminish the ideological conflicts in everyday life. When we complain about the

(Continued on page 26)

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No Short Cut to Progress

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is Associate Professor of Sociology at Columbia University and author of "Winning Without War," just published by Doubleday.*

FOR a while, after World War II, militarism seemed on the retreat in Latin America, and a pleasant theory came into being: lawyers would replace generals and election booths would replace the tanks in which juntas drove to presidential palaces. Actually, a new wave of militarism in Latin America followed; it has already engulfed the Middle East, South and Southeast Asia, and is slowly penetrating Africa. There are now more governments under military control than at any time in history.

Washington has never based its foreign policy on the existence of any particular mode of government in the underdeveloped nations. It has worked simultaneously with the right-wing dictator Trujillo, the left-of-center democratic Nehru, and the left-wing authoritarian Nasser. However, Washington has had its preferences. Until the late Fifties, right-wing governments, which included most military governments, were trusted to be the safest anti-Communist bulwarks; other governments were cooperated with when expedient, but with varying degrees of uneasiness. As of the late Fifties, and even more so with the New Frontier, a new theory gained popularity: right-wing governments, it was increasingly believed, delay reforms so much that explosive revolutionary pressures accumulated. This was promoting Communist popularity and loss of influence and prestige for the U.S. Hence, Washington became increasingly interested in governments that would remove misery, ignorance, and oppression, the conditions under which Communism was said to thrive. Reforming-democracies were singled out as the U.S.-favored mode of government; democracy was to assure the responsiveness of the government to the people's wishes, and reform was the wish of the people. Juan Bosch's Dominican Republic and Betancourt's Venezuela came to symbolize the new vogue.

However, reforming-democracies were not easy to maintain. Actually, new military governments were established in 1963 in Guatemala, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, and Honduras. Military interventions in other countries—such as Argentina, Peru, South Korea, and Turkey—reminded U.S. policymakers that even in many countries that held elections, power was in the hands of the military. In other countries, such as Taiwan and Thailand, the military continues to influence the political process with little interruption.

Moreover, the U.S. gradually realized over the last two years that there was little it could do to stem militarism. Cutting off diplomatic relations, as well as military and economic assistance, with a country in which the reforming-democratic government was ousted by the military, like that of Juan Bosch in September 1963, or not allowed to be seated, as in Peru in July 1962, left the military unmoved. When the U.S. attempted to remove military tyrants, it was either unsuccessful—as with its indirect assistance to an attempt to unseat Duvalier in May 1963; or when it was successful—as in South Vietnam in November 1963—the replacement was not at all clearly more democratic or more reforming than what had been replaced. Militarism, it seemed, was going to be a major force in many of the countries involved, and there was little the U.S. could do.

There are numerous reasons for the military prevalence in many countries. Often, the main social institutions and groups, other than the military, are weak and ineffectual. The military is rarely the first group to rule a country after independence or to rule as the consequences of a premeditated design. More often, generals step in "to clean up the mess," as corruption, chaos, or gross ineffectualness prevail. At least as often as the militaries mount their horses on their own initiative, they are called in by one group of civilians to assist it in ousting another. And, rather than violating a democratic tradition, military intervention is often part of a long established tradition of using force as a regular instrument of politics (Honduras, with 136 coups in 142 years, is an extreme example). Finally, the military is often the most effectively organized group in the society, and the one in command of the ultimate arbiter of power, the means of violence.

ALTHOUGH the military is the most organized and powerful group, it is not necessarily a very well organized or effective group in any absolute sense. Inter-service and intra-service rivalries, lack of political skills, and a distaste for civilian politics are among the most frequently mentioned limiting qualities. Two recent volumes agree that the military is a poor agent of social change. However, the conclusions they draw from this observation are quite different. John J. Johnson in *The Military and Society in Latin America* (Stanford University Press, $7.00) reports, in a well documented book, that the military—by and large—does not command skills found among civilians, despite considerable professionalization of the military, advanced training, studies abroad, and better pay and fringe benefits than the civil service. As far as managing the public administration or forwarding the economy, Johnson points out, "junta members as a rule have been notoriously incompetent as administrators of public affairs. Nor have they been very successful in promoting technological develop-

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ment." Where political development is concerned," "the typical junta has stifled public debate and, subject to the taming effect of politics, they have not supported daring or even new approaches to the problems they have inherited from civilian leaders."

Morris Janowitz, who examines in *The Military in the Political Development of New Nations* (University of Chicago Press, $4.50) the fifty-one new Asian and African nations, concludes that "as measured by over-all economic development, the experience of military regimes is hardly impressive." In terms of political development, the military typically generates a "cycle of distrust" upon accession to power, gradually losing its popularity and political base. Only rarely, as in Nasser's United Arab Republic and Ataturk's Turkey, does the military succeed in reversing this cycle. More typical are the governments of Diem of South Vietnam, Ne Win in Burma, and Park in South Korea, where efforts to broaden the political base largely failed. The military was not only unable to provide a foundation for political stability in the country and for a concentrated drive toward economic progress, but it even failed to provide the necessary basis for the stabilization of its own position, a prerequisite for its ability to carry out effectively any other role.

BESIDES the lack of political skills, both studies suggest that the most important factor that curbs the effectiveness of the military as the carrier of change is its rather vague socio-political goals. The military is usually very patriotic because national symbols justify the high cost it imposes on the society, especially in Latin America and Asia, to a much lesser degree in Africa. Secondly, the military is interested in modernization, to provide the instruments of its trade and the foundations of national power, prestige, or expansionist policy. But when the central question for many of these countries is posed—gradual versus radical social change—often the position of the military is largely determined by the social groups with which it allies itself and those from which it draws its officers. It lacks a specific goal of its own.

Previously, most Latin American armies were the arms of the landed aristocracy. John Johnson suggests that they are shifting—in sources of recruitment and even more in alliance—to tie themselves with the urban, industrial middle classes. This in turn leads the military to support some reforms, but neither rapid nor radical ones. Johnson warns against diluting progress too much, especially since the social basis of the military is changing to include more working-class elements. The military, he says, cannot be relied upon, in the long run, to serve as a "bulwark" against "rampant demagoguery."

Despite these developments, the military still seems to us in general less progressive in its social philosophy and the reforms it favors than the urban groups. It may fight corruption, but does not implement effective agrarian reforms; it makes the trains run on schedule, but does not remove the tight credit control of the conservative groups, an essential factor for the peasants if land redistribution is to be effective.

John Johnson, like the U.S. Army, is putting much faith in what the Pentagon calls "civic action." The Latin American armies are expected to mend water mains, provide forest fire brigades, teach the villagers the use of "rudimentary sanitary facilities," and the like. To the extent that the purpose of such activities is "public relations" to improve the military image, it might—if the military can overcome its distaste for such projects—be of some value; thus, the stability of the military regime might be increased. However, it would be tragic and ironic to justify continued reliance on the military in these countries as the friend of economic and political progress, because the scope of "civic action" is at best limited, while the need for reform is large. Fighting forest fires is a poor substitute for fighting the landed aristocracy, which still exerts much influence in the countryside, even if its control of capital has greatly weakened; mending watermains is of little use when the dire need is the mending of the whole educational system of the country; and providing sanitary facilities in some villages will not fix the poor plumbing of public administration.

Janowitz, in his discussion of Asia and Africa, brushes aside "civic action" as a "symbolic" rather than real treatment of development. He warns us that "while it is relatively easy for the military to seize power in a new nation, it is much more difficult for it to govern." The armed services are rarely more than "incomplete agents of political change," which is, indeed, putting it conservatively. The military, then, is better sent back to the barracks.

MANY observers take this figure of speech—"return to the barracks"—literally and see a civilian victory each time the military moves its command post from the palace to the barracks close behind. At least, this move is viewed as the first step in a process of democratization. More often, however, this is largely a change of form; the military maintains a sharp veto power although it retires from directly running the civilian administration. And, it can regain the front seat if and when the civilians veer too far off course.

Janowitz briefly faces this question. He suggests that while the passive stand of "hands off" politics, implied by the traditional democratic theory, is not as essential as an active military commitment to the defense of the democratic form of government. Ataturk approximated this governmental model when he insisted that his officers stay out of *partisan* politics and leave this field to the civilians. However, the degree to which this model will be followed by other countries, and the degree to which the West can influence them to follow it, seems highly limited. Actually, the net Western effect, through the high level of military assistance, was to strengthen the military sector to the detriment of others, above all in Ataturk's own country.

Another exit from politics, hardly favored by Janowitz but which he sees as rising, is putting the military under the control of an authoritarian-civilian party, as in Ghana. While this type of civilian control does sharply curb the military influence over political life and the military's ability to hold back major reforms, it also involves the extinction of the democratic elements that had existed in the country.

FINALLY, a possibility explored by neither Janowitz nor Johnson is the transformation of those military officers who take over the civilian command positions. That is, rather than the junta gradually withdrawing or coming under the control of the party, the junta itself becoming more and more civilian, politically astute, and learning to be more responsive to the people. Nasser's government comes closer to such a regime than most other military governments. His success, which has yet to be fully tested, is due in part to his "premeditated" coup (unlike most others, which Janowitz calls "reactive"), and in part to the low social class origins of Nasser and his men. Any suggestion that Nasserism could succeed on a large scale in countries where these conditions are lacking—as both studies indicate they usually are—is rather illusionary.

On closing these two volumes, one cannot help feeling that the future of development and democratization in any of the underdeveloped nations is at best not bright. As a rule the military has neither the skill nor the drive actively to advance modernization. However, the military continues to act as a bloc, in coalition with traditional or urban groups, against any attempt at accelerated reform, so badly needed by these countries and favored by the U.S. Hence, one must reluctantly conclude, there is no short cut to progress in the three Southern continents; a policy that builds on the military as an agent of progress may be well-meaning but not well thought out.

—AMITAI ETZIONI.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cold War and Peace

I WAS DISAPPOINTED, regarding *Justice in Moscow*, reviewed *SR*, June 27, in author George Feifer's use of the tired and misleading analogy that because Catholics and Protestants were once enemies and now cooperate, the same may be true of the United States and Russia.

The fact is that when religion was the central concern of human endeavor, Catholics and Protestants did not cooperate, but joyfully slaughtered each other. Tolerance began when religious concern faded. Today, man is essentially a political, economic, and scientific creature, and we are not likely to see the elimination of these elements in our lifetime. Unless the basic differences in these areas are resolved, there will be no real peace between the United States and the Soviet Union.

ROBERT PRIMACK.

Red Bank, N.J.

Garbage in the Air

IN HIS EDITORIAL of *SR*, June 6, N.C. made a valiant—and I hope not vain—effort to produce "a torrential outpouring of human anger" over the appalling degree of air pollution by which all of us are now menaced. Air pollution, one of the miserable by-products of industrialization, is more lethal in its effects than many of the bacterial and viral diseases against which popular resentment can so easily be mobilized. One has but to recall the recent tragedies of London, Donora, Pennsylvania, and New York City to realize that polluted air can cause more damage to health and result in more fatalities than, let us say, polio. Yet the war against polio reached the proportions of a genuine people's crusade, while the alarms raised against air contamination are most often met by public indifference. One wonders if the same illusion of immortality that reassures tobacco addicts does not also lull the public into a false sense of security with regard to dirty air.

This is a matter of grave importance to me and other public officials who are trying to control, indeed suppress, the causes of air pollution. I recently introduced a bill into the New York City Council that will limit the content of injurious sulphur in both fuel oil and bituminous coal used in this city. New York, for example, consumes 3.5 billion gallons of fuel oil, of which well over a billion gallons contain an intolerably high content of sulphur. The legislation I have proposed, aims at reducing this sulphur content over a ten-year period to a limit that medical and public health authorities accept as tolerably safe for human beings.

It is interesting—I should say, deplorable—that my clean air bill has been meeting increasing opposition and resistance by producers, vendors, and large users of fuel oil. The opposition to the bill makes no effort to refute the medical arguments in favor of clean air; it raises the question of increased costs of low-sulphur content fuel, as well as the costs some users will encounter in converting to clean fuel. It is hard to imagine that factors of cost and economy, which by the way are not great according to those experts advising me, would be given any serious value in an issue so demonstrably involved with the life and health of our citizens. So long as we permit the air to be polluted, more and more people will get sick and more and more people will die.

I hope N.C. carries on the fight for clean air with the same fervor and commitment he has so passionately given to the cause of an intelligent nuclear policy. The issues are very similar, for the filth spewed out of chimneys, smoke stacks, and motor vehicles contaminates the atmosphere with the same insidious lethality as nuclear fallout. Many causes of air pollution are known, measurable, and controllable. We need, simply stated, a sane air pollution control policy. Perhaps enough "outpouring of human anger" will help produce one.

ROBERT A. LOW,
Councilman, 22nd District,
City Council of New York.

New York, N.Y.

"See? No pure joy—just humor."

Regarding Nehru

THIS IS TO CONGRATULATE N.C. on such a wonderful article on Nehru [*SR*, June 20]. Few writers have succeeded in bringing before readers a man as controversial as Nehru (no doubt he is so in America) and doing such a sensitive job of it. Kindly accept my best wishes.

T. GUPTA.

Chicago, Ill.

I READ WITH GREAT APPRECIATION N.C.'s article on Nehru. While I am not surprised that this account of Nehru is about the best written on him in this country since his death, I thought I would tell you how much I enjoyed reading it. N.C.'s insight into this great and complex man lays bare the many facets of his thought and personality that endeared him to many hundreds of millions of men around the world.

K. RAMAKRISHNA RAO,
Parapsychology Laboratory,
Duke University.

Durham, N.C.

Southern Progress

A "TWENTY-ONE-GUN SALUTE" to Ralph McGill for his superlative paper on "The Case for the Southern Progressive" [*SR*, June 13]. He stated so perfectly what a few of my friends and I have long yearned to express to our "Goldwater Conservative" group here in West Texas. Now they will have the opportunity to read what we think, written in the best journalistic style by Mr. McGill. Hurrah!

MRS. SUE BURNETT.

Big Spring, Tex.

On Being Fair

OUR ATTENTION HAS BEEN called to the mention of our product Plexiglas on page 26 [*SR*, June 20] in the article about the World's Fair. Unfortunately, the name of our product was misspelled as "plexiglass." Plexiglas is our registered trademark for acrylic plastic sheets and molding powders. It is important to the protection of this valuable trademark that it be capitalized and spelled correctly in print. We welcome editorial references to Plexiglas, and are sure you will understand the need of calling this misuse of the trademark to your attention. . . .

BURNAP POST,
Ass't. Advertising Manager,
Rohm & Haas Company.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Radio That Soars

SHORT-WAVE listeners to the Voice of America (World Wide English network) recently heard *What's Up?*—an arresting, lucid radio documentary about some of the communication satellites that the United States is currently telemetering in its peaceful-uses-of-space program for the benefit of all peoples. Echo, Telstar, Relay, Syncom, Tiros, Transit, and Imp (Interplanetary Monitoring Platform) scuttled across an engaging and informative program written, directed, and produced by William N. Robson of the VOA's Central Program Services Division, Features Branch. The half hour would have pleased any Congressman bent on impressing foreign nationals with the muscle and glitter of American space technology. The program regretted diplomatically that "The Soviet policy of secrecy in space matters prevents us from including Russian accomplishments, which are undoubtedly considerable."

The prose poem, narrated by Frederic March, was evocatively scored with themes from Gustav Holst's Suite, *The Planets*, and included actuality tapes of space agency activities and international conversations via the communication satellites. The music, telemetry sounds, and words were imaginatively and skilfully blended by Mr. Robson, recalling his best work when he helped shape the art of radio documentary at CBS. It was interesting to learn, for example, that Relay is the U.S. Government's low-level active communication satellite as contrasted to Telstar, which AT&T developed; and that it transmitted an electroencephalogram (brain wave) originating in the skull of a hospital patient in Bristol, England, to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota—for a sixty-second diagnosis and suggested treatment.

What's Up? went beyond utilitarianism, noting that the United Nations has agreed to explore space in conformity to international law, without national appropriation or exploitation of celestial bodies. The program concluded that "instant communications" were the greatest good of the satellites, linking nations together and fostering a worldwide community of neighborly earthmen. In VOA programing, I have been told, "everything is subordinate to the word . . . cast is kept small . . . short wave is not always equal to lush production." The words in this feature program had lift, rhythm, and illumination—but early in the show there were seventy seconds of sheer radio effect that reminded me of Marshall McLuhan's "the medium is the message." Professor McLuhan, of the University of Toronto, is a media theoretician who holds provocatively that the content of a medium is not as explosive as its form. Never mind what the radio says, he asserts somewhat esoterically, the pervasive, subliminal impact is electronic. *What's Up?*—describing Telsar—let short-wave listeners hear excerpts from the sound portion of the satellite's historic, first trans-Atlantic live telecast between Europe and the U.S. From Paris came the singing voice of Yves Montand, popular French entertainer—the words and music firm and clear.

"And Paris," said Frederic March, "breaks the dark good looks of Yves Montand into blips and pieces and shatters his turgid tones into a million electronic impulses, beaming them heavenward to tiny Telstar . . . which hurls them across the ocean into the countless television tubes of America, which put Yves Montand together again." So went the words: but under the narrator, electronic distortion reverberated, quivered, echoed, and diffused Yves Montand's song to give the psychological feeling of its disintegration as described by the narrator; and then, as the latter "put Montand together again," the distortion shimmered off into full clarity once more and tunefulness. Here was a visual image being described in words; but here was sound itself brilliantly translating that image into an experience that only radio could communicate.

The subtlety of the effect may have been lost in short-wave transmission. Some listeners in England may have appreciated it: the art of radio is still practiced there. Perhaps it is useful to point this out to American audiences. Generally, they are unaware of the esthetic loss they have suffered since television; the "cool" eye obliterated the "hot" and exciting space that radio sound can make. If radio's domestic image is all in blips and pieces, it is good to know that abroad, at least, the medium is occasionally put together again by the Voice of America, in programs such as *What's Up?*

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"No, Madam is not ready to order! Madam has lost her damned calorie counter!"

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Where There's a Williams...

WHAT makes Tennessee Williams if not the best then certainly the best-known of American playwrights is a gift for characterization second to none. Neurotic, erotic, pathetic, sympathetic, off-beat, or square, the people who walk the stage of a Williams play have their own validity and vitality regardless of the strange and sometimes ridiculously trumped-up circumstances into which he forces them. In an age when types and stereotypes abound, Williams's characters emerge as sharply defined individuals; and no small part of the challenge and fascination of his work lies in the discovery that perfectly outrageous ideas can come from the lips of completely acceptable people, or that completely outrageous people can mouth perfectly acceptable ideas. Williams himself speaks frequently of the ambiguity of humans and human relationships. "It's the thing I'm most concerned with," he once said, "the fact that there isn't any absolute in people's feelings for each other." To function as a playwright, Williams also tries to avoid such absolutes. Loving or hating one of his characters he finds not only irrelevant but artistically crippling. The main thing is to understand them.

Perhaps because of this—because he understands his characters and knows how to make them understandable as people—Williams's plays have made the transition from stage to screen more successfully than most. The film adapter is generally handed a fairly explosive central situation, to be sure, one in which the main characters can rub against each other to good dramatic effect. But because the characters themselves have substance and credibility, the skilled screen writer—provided that he, too, has understood them—can extend them far beyond the limits of the proscenium and begin to create with them specifically for the motion picture medium. In the instance of *The Night of the Iguana*, not one of Williams's finest works, the process can actually prove beneficial. Certainly, in restructuring the play for the screen, Anthony Veiller and John Huston have given it a profile and clarity not evident in a reading of the text.

Pruning, for example, has judiciously removed from the premises the Nazi family that served no apparent purpose in the play. On the other hand, the role of the nymphetic teenager, which seemed curiously truncated in the original, has been extended in the screen version so that her seduction of the Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon becomes less a melodramatic device for getting the defrocked priest fired by the tourist agency for which he works than a vivid illumination of the cross-currents of prudence and carnality that tear his soul. Extended, too, is the role of Shannon—possibly to build it out to the dimensions that would attract a star of Richard Burton's caliber. Nevertheless, by devoting the first few reels to the Reverend Shannon—before the titles, to his crack-up in the church, then to his antics while guiding a busload of Baptist ladies through the byroads of Mexico—the film achieves a firmer focus than the play. In the play, Shannon was the catalyst; in the film, he is its center.

What does remain, however, is Williams's haunting sense of a group of people who have reached the end of the line—figuratively for Shannon, for Maxine, the hot-blooded hotelkeeper who realizes that she has flung away her life in lust, and for Hannah, who knows that hers has been wasted through devotion to her nonogenarian father; and quite literally for the father, who pours his frail remaining strength into the completion of a poem. What remains, also, is Williams's rage against what he terms "man's inhumanity to God"—the needless cruelties and hurts that men inflict on all creatures, themselves included. And finally, there is the core of the play itself, the groping toward love as the path to self-realization and salvation.

John Huston's well-publicized decision to film all of this on location in Mexico rather than on a Hollywood sound stage has added still another dimension. The superlative Mexican cameraman, Gabriel Figueroa, somehow conveys constantly an awareness of the steamy tropical heat that enfevers Maxine and Shannon and rasps the nerves of the American ladies. In this film, temperatures have far more significance than the lush touristic delights of the Costa Verde. Performances are on such a uniformly high level that it would be not only unfair but impossible to single out any of the stars—Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, or Sue Lyon—for special praise, although a word should be said for Grayson Hall's acid-etched portrait of a harassed tour leader. When all performances are so uniformly excellent, however, so uniformly right, the ultimate credit belongs properly to John Huston as the director—and, in this instance, to Tennessee Williams as well for having created characters of such challenging substantiality in the first place.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Weekend in Paris

IN A world that rumbles with political earthquake and shivers with social tremors, it is heartening to be assured every now and then that the pillars that support a way of life are still in place. I mean, if one is saddened that de Gaulle seems to be breaking up the NATO alliance, isn't it reassuring to know that you can still buy an excellent *pâté de canard* with Armagnac at the Maison de la Truffe?

Spending a Saturday afternoon browsing about Paris, as I have recently, certainly helped to restore certain doubts I was beginning to have about the new *France über alles* or France-without-anybody-else credo that has been emanating from the font of government here for some time now. It may not seem like the same Grecian church when you look at the old Madeleine now, for like most public buildings and a good many private ones, it has been scrubbed clean, or as clean as one can make a building that has not been given a good scouring for 150 years. But walking around the Place de la Madeleine on which the church so positively resides, and later promenading along the Faubourg St. Honoré, there was every evidence that in the essentials of French life—good taste and good table—France hasn't changed at all. Whew!

The fine food shops with the fine cars parked outside still line the Place de la Madeleine, and the Maison de la Truffe, the day I entered its heavenly portals, was pushing giant asparagus and baby artichokes. The artichokes, *poivrades*, as they are called, were to be eaten, so a devotee of them assured me, whole and raw. I appeared so disbelieving that he forthwith purchased a bagful for me, and I tried them later that evening in the apartment of a friend. I can report in all fairness that the hearts can be eaten raw, but anyone who can eat the whole artichoke uncooked has to be part camel.

One needn't be anything but civilized, hungry, and perhaps adventuresome, however, to attack the Maison's other specialties: *terrine* of rabbit; duck loaf with the legs stuck back in for decoration; *jambonneau*, a pork leg to be cooked with lentils; *boudin*, a blood sausage; and half a dozen *pâtés* imported from regions of France. There were fresh *quenelles*, *rillette* of goose, *canard aux olives*, and *canard* with Armagnac; and in cans, an unending selection—stuffed quail, stuffed lark with *foie gras*, and truffles, and also thrush and woodcock. Tinned *foie gras* is running about eight dollars for a tin twice the size of an ordinary can of sardines, but the truffle market is absurd—about four truffles for three dollars. It is not a question of the dogs, which have been trained to hunt truffles, but of the weather. There has been no heavy rain in the Dordogne for two years, and when there is a shortage of rain there is a shortage of truffles.

Paris housewives, as long as the money holds out, hardly have to move off the Place de la Madeleine, for besides the Maison de la Truffe at No. 19, there is also Hediard at No. 21, famous for its gift baskets; Caviar Krespa at No. 17, which has caviar-tasting rooms on the first floor; Creplet Brussel, downstairs at No. 17, which keeps several hundred cheeses in stock and can give you a Brie or a Camembert in almost any stage of disintegration; and Fauchon at No. 26, a fancy grocer dealing in *foie gras* and cheese, but famous above all for its assortment of preserves.

Having mentally ingested enough calories to keep me active until Arbor Day, I turned the front of the Madeleine, walked down the Rue Royale and lost myself on the Faubourg St. Honoré, which in style is rather like the upper reaches of New York's Madison Avenue—handsome shops, art galleries, and expensive boutiques. There, not a hair out of place, was the incredibly fastidious Hotel Bristol, where I had stayed with Marc Connelly half a dozen years ago. We had come in from somewhere or other, dusty and road-weary. Our spirits were considerably buoyed by the bathrooms of the Bristol, which are paved in marble and lighted like Radio City Music Hall. They lacked only one thing—soap, and when I rang for the maid and asked for it, she turned to me as if I were daft indeed and said, "But m'sieu, we *sell* the soap here." And they did, too, at anywhere up to $3.75 a cake.

In front of Au Nain Bleu, where I had once bought a small sailboat for a once small son, I ran into Eliot Elisofon back from photographing Nehru's funeral for *Life*, his pockets bulging with fresh lichee nuts, a souvenir of the journey. I found the children's clothing shop called Marina showing fig-leaf bathing suits for boys and girls. At André Ghekière one could buy a white silk bathrobe with royal blue polka dots, and at Louis Ferand's, a white chapeau all of lace with a lone red rose on the side. Ceralene greeted the season by placing six pots of hydrangeas on the sidewalk in front of the store window. I wondered how long the pots might last in New York City.

Then there was the back of the U.S. Embassy and the chancery of the British Embassy and Hermès, which is the Cartier of leather goods, and Lanvin, still a distinguished word in *haute couture*, and by that time my feet were giving out. After a long and fruitless search for a taxi I dragged myself up the Vendôme and surrendered to the doorman of the Ritz, who, in the curious way known only to doormen and genies,

—*French Tourist Office.*

"The fine food shops . . . still line the Place de la Madeleine."

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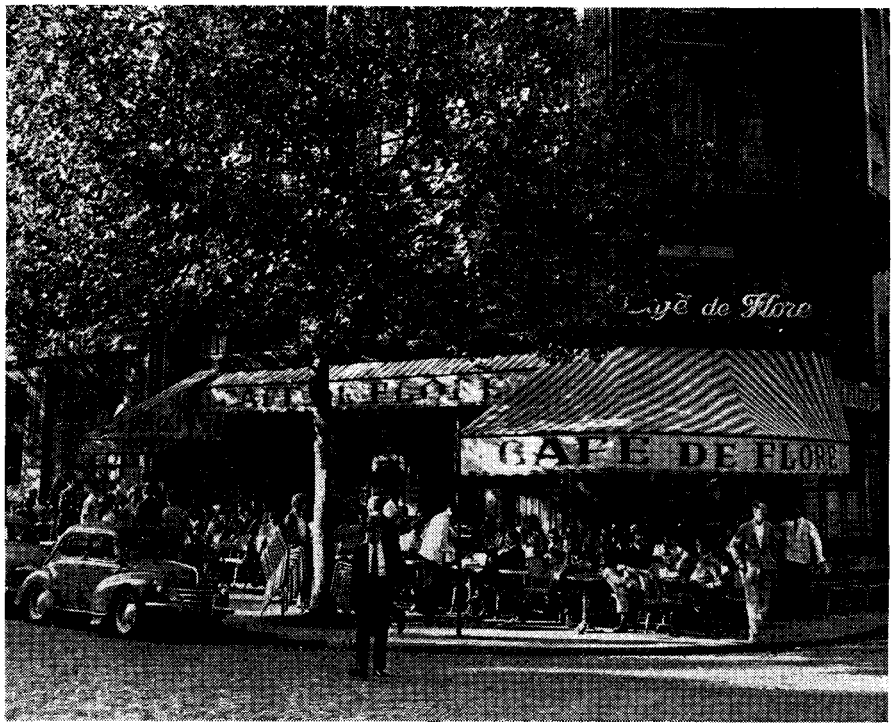
materialized an empty cab in something like twelve seconds.

Sunday dawned, and by mid-morning it was bursting with brilliance. I drove over to the Ile de la Cité to the Place Louis Lepine to see the bird market, a show that draws camera addicts, lovers, truants from church, and, I suppose, some bona fide bird buyers. There were cages of yellow and black birds from Senegal, brilliant yellow and green birds with red bills fetched clear from Bengal and available at two dollars the pair. A Louisiana Pope with a lavendar head, orange breast, and green wings was on hand at twelve dollars, but for eight dollars you could have your own nightingale singing in your own square.

The bird market also brings out such non-birds as parrots and pedigreed pigeons—pigeons with puffy collars and some called lynx de Pologne and Carneaux Roux. When it came time for lunch, the bird sellers, like the stall keepers at the Flea Market and those at the Marché Suisse, set a proper table alongside their wares and ate a hot lunch cooked on a portable burner and took swigs out of a wine bottle and went back to work offering bright blue *guit-guits* imported from Brazil.

Then we drove out to the Rue de Brancion near the Porte de Versailles and had a look at the dog market, which is held on Sundays in the enormous cobbled shed where donkeys are sold on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; horses on other days, bound for the glue works in the neighborhood, are tethered there pending sale. When the trading is done the horse dealers, and, I presume on *their* days, the dog dealers and the mule dealers, cross the street to have an *apéritif* at Au Trotteur or next door at Au Cheval d'Or.

The day was still young, and we skirted the edge of Paris and drove to Malmaison, the old Napoleonic chateau ten miles from town. It stands in a handsome park at the end of a long pebbled walk by bushes trimmed like green cones. The early ownerships have been traced back to the 1600s, when it was a sick house or leper house of the Abbey of Saint Denis. Only in the late 1700s, when it was purchased by patricians, did it become a salon for the wits of the day. It had that reputation when Josephine bought it in 1799, after the revolution. She maintained its reputation and gathered the creative people of France and the beauties of Paris into a brilliant court. Josephine and Napoleon lived at Malmaison during the entire period that he was First Consul, from 1800 to 1803. When Napoleon became emperor they moved into official residences, but after the imperial divorce in 1809 Josephine returned to Malmaison, and it was there that she died five years later. At the end of the Hundred Days,



—*Pan American World Airways.*

"In the essentials of French life—good taste and good table—France hasn't changed at all."

and after his defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon, on a sentimental journey, returned to Malmaison and spent five days there before being bundled off to St. Helena.

Available at the gate are pictures of Napoleon in exile, at a camp in Boulogne, at the Battle of Rivoli, at the Battle of the Pyramids, and at Waterloo. The library, with its brilliantly painted ceiling restored, was the scene of his farewell before St. Helena. It still contains twenty of his war maps, books from his library at the Tuileries, and his armchair. The Council Room is walled like a striped military tent and was finished for him in ten days' time. Here he created the Legion of Honor and signed the famed Concordat with Pope Pius VII. Portraits in the reception room show Alexander I of Russia, Napoleon's Corsican mother, and a portrait of the emperor himself in the gardens of Malmaison.

Among Josephine's souvenirs are her white parasol, her green and white slippers, some nightcaps, a Bible, a crystal and *vermeil* perfume bottle, and, in a gilded frame, one of her curls. There were flowers beside her raised bed, and a blue washbasin on a three-cornered pedestal. In the bath is the manicure set complete with pearl-handled paring knives, given her by the city of Paris as a wedding present. Outside the chateau, in a rose garden, stands a giant tree known as the Cedar of Marengo, said to have been planted by Josephine the day she heard the news of the victory there. As for the empress herself, she lies in a tomb in the church of Rueil-Malmaison. A statue in Carrara marble depicts her in court dress kneeling on a prayer stool. Napoleon, brought back from St. Helena, lies in an elaborate tomb inside the Hôtel des Invalides. In the courtyard there, in back of the Seine, the air terminal and the ministry for foreign affairs, a nightly spectacle in sound and light is played, during the good weather months, for spectators who gather there on the cobblestones under the moon that hangs in the Paris sky like a big silver Camembert.

—Horace Sutton.

I Knew a Man Once

By Lewis Turco

I KNEW a man once, or I think I
did, who lived in a shanty
four sheets to the west wind
in Arizona. He sang a chanty

all day long to the alkali
buzzards. He'd never seen
even a prairie schooner.
I think I would have been

that man one time, some
gibbous adult nighttime or other
had my mind been windy enough,
had I had a canvas mother

who filled her womb each evening
with the wildoat wind. I fail her,
my true, sad dame. My father sings
alone each sandy night as he unfurls her.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Russian the Season?

SINCE a majority of my distinguished colleagues have extravagantly praised the new Actors Studio Theatre production of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, this group's brave venture of opening a serious play in June may be a notable and happy triumph of art over show-biz tradition. Such a triumph is appropriate, for the Actors Studio has done more than any other organization to reintroduce the notion that theater *is* an art, and that, as in other art forms, its talented practitioners should work to satisfy their own rather than a public taste.

For a dozen years or so, the Studio's contribution to the mainstream of American theater has been indirect. It has nourished the talents and helped develop the techniques of many performers who have gone on to use what they have acquired at the Studio in Broadway plays and in movies. However, in such media, they usually found themselves collaborating with many actors and directors who did not share their way of working and their objectives, or, even if they did, felt an overriding responsibility to substitute for art pragmatic devices that would lead more surely to public success.

During the last two seasons the Actors Studio has supplemented its training program with a nonprofit producing organization. This move has enabled it to extend fuller exercise of its own taste and values in Broadway playhouses. But, although anyone who takes theater seriously must support this step as logically desirable, one finds oneself questioning the effectiveness of the new values offered.

What are these values? Director Lee Strasberg has said that he would like this Actors Studio Theatre production of *The Three Sisters* to be like an impressionist painting and mean different things to each viewer. This has been achieved largely by a de-emphasis of theatrical punctuation and conventional climaxes. Thus the play appears as a continuum of life. There is also deliberate disruption of the old-fashioned theatrical idea of focusing on one or two characters for any length of time and a breaking up of mood whenever it starts to accumulate. And to be sure that we see the play as a more total picture of society, there is much use of offstage sounds and intrusions by minstrels and carnival celebrants.

Mr. Strasberg has also said that for him the events of the play are there primarily for the purpose of character revelation. Thus the performers seem less involved with each other than they do with their personal selfish needs and feelings. At the beginning, Geraldine Page's Olga appears almost in a subconscious trance as she senses her own state of being and the climate of life around her. The expository lines about her father's death, her detested job of schoolteaching, and her determination to return to Moscow melt into her physical attunement to a spring day and her general longing for fulfillment. Throughout the play she remains a true but passive character. Shirley Knight's Irina is also passive, a dry portrait of innocence, a pretty decoration, helpless to do anything but serve that purpose.

Emerging most strongly in this production is Kim Stanley's Masha, but hers, too, is a self-generated solo, following her own intuitive inner currents. For instance, her decision to stay for lunch, which in other productions has always seemed the result of the new Colonel's fascinating speech, is here played capriciously as if prompted by a desire for romance rather than by the irresistible attractiveness of the Colonel. But later, Miss Stanley presents us with two truly marvelous manifestations of her libido. The first comes when after forbidding the Colonel to speak love to her, she suddenly feels a rush of desire and tells him he can. And the second emerges at the moment when she heartbreakingly and nakedly confesses her illicit love to her sisters. Miss Stanley also employs a sarcastic sense of humor so penetrating that it occasionally jumps out of the play. Her delivery of "She walks like the one that started the fire" is so funny that we instantly forgive the slight bump of objectivity it injects.

BECAUSE of this dramatic emphasis, more psychological than social, the sisters seem less the victims of overrefinement, in an epoch when Russian aristocracy was giving way to a less graceful but more democratic way of life, than they do of their own failings, which they understand almost too well. Thus Barbara Baxley finds herself overstressing the coarseness of their middle-class sister-in-law, and, compared to them, Gerald Hiken's brother seems exaggeratedly weak-willed. James Olson's Tusenbach seems for the most part, unnecessarily subdued, and Robert Loggia over-relishes Solyony's villainy.

It is also hard to understand Masha's attachment either to her husband, who is portrayed as a raucous buffoon by Alfred Paulsen, or to the Colonel, who is played with a too casual geniality by Kevin McCarthy. The most satisfactory performance is given by Luther Adler as the old doctor. Mr. Adler is adroitly funny as he concentrates on the minor and shallower pleasures of life, as if he knew all along that the seemingly more intense concerns of the others were in the long run as trivial and arbitrary as this production of the play tends to make them appear.

Mr. Strasberg has created some wonderfully vital scenes, such as the one in which Tusenbach and the brother do a spirited Russian dance, or another when the girls are all waltzing around the piano. These help create a feeling that provincial life with its constant visits by officers from the local garrison is not so bad. And Randall Jarrell's new translation is, without being anachronistic, so modern that the play could be taking place in some present-day Midwestern town. Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are bright and appropriate, and Will Steven Armstrong's settings attractive and poetic.

INDEED, if one is able to regard a play as a montage of acting explorations and artistically conceived supplements, this production is an extraordinary event. But for some of us, who rightfully or wrongfully seek more conventional theatrical fulfillment of our conception of Chekhov and *The Three Sisters*, the presentation fails to harmonize its impressions, or even to leave us with a series of impressions we can mentally synchronize. Partly, this effect may stem from the exigencies of casting, but partly it may also be inherent in the Studio's approach to production.

The great promise in an Actors Studio Theatre Company is that two or more actors stimulating each other within the logic of a scene can bring more genuine excitement and fuller expression to the plays they perform than is ordinarily achieved. But in *The Three Sisters*, too much of the performance seems to have been created by actors working consciously and with widely varying success at the task of character exploration. They have hardly been concerned at all with the play's action and with reactions to the words Chekhov has written for them. While it is true that most of the people in *The Three Sisters* don't really mean what they say, this fact emerges better if they seem to be trying desperately to mean it and are even momentarily persuaded that the other characters mean what they say, too. As it stands, our appreciation of their work is constantly mixed with our exasperation at what these artists and their director have chosen to do.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Sex, Crime, etc:

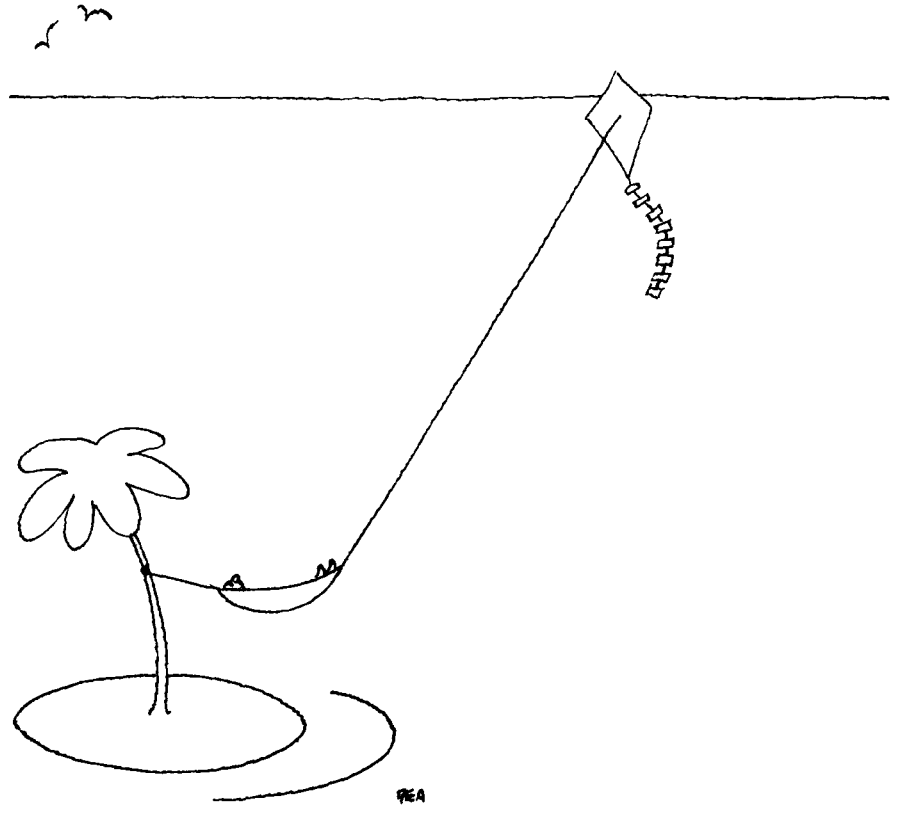
Continued from page 17

"pressure to conform," about the sameness forced upon us by the products made for mass consumption, and when we fear that we will supinely accept the "images" that are projected by government, industry, and all the other agencies of mass democracy, we may in effect be saying, simply, that we are more like each other than we really care to be, though we may not surmise it, and that we got this way by the unmysterious condition of our growing up in practically the same way. For the writer—unless he believes with the older critics that sharing the same *terms* of life makes for a desirable coherent sensibility—this is a condition of no small significance. Unless, having escaped the middle class, he can lead an adventurous or, better, a picaresque life, as Hemingway did, there is not much experience he is likely to have with "other" people. Being together in Europe with other intellectuals and artists is not, for the American, being with other people. It becomes more difficult to lead a picaresque life, especially as we live in a time of peace. James Jones and Norman Mailer obviously *miss* war—as writers. Irwin Shaw stopped writing about war and, among similar works, produced *Lucy Crown*, which is about the sexual brutalization of a middle-class woman. War, in its own way, provides a kind of reality based on differences of biography: there is the immediately relevant difference between officers and men, but also, in a wartime setting, everyone is viewed as having come from somewhere else and as having been, before, someone else.

If one perceives real experience by means of an esthetic judgment of the differences between people and of the conflict between their values, then the writer will look away from those people who are like himself and seek situations where there are *other* people. (Or he may, indeed, look at himself at a time when *he* was different, a possibility that accounts, I think, for so much contemporary fiction and drama having to do with childhood.) The life of the poor and the dispossessed is real enough, but it cannot be perceived truly if in fact it is avoidable. George Orwell, when he descended into the lower depths of Paris and London, learned much about the down-and-out that he had previously only surmised, yet he was himself aware that his perceptions were limited by the ever-present possibility that he could escape, and this limitation was more restrictive than his natal middle-classness. Even though he was a volunteer in the Spanish Civil War, his experiences there were of a different order, for there was no way out, morally. Norman Mailer's seeking to become, to use his term, a "white Negro" acknowledges the strong compulsion in contemporary writing to comprehend the "other" life.

Should other avenues be closed, there is for the writer always the possibility of exploring the most elemental experiences of people just like himself, and this has, in many instances, come to mean an examination of their sexual experiences. Brutal life is the ordinary condition of the poor, the dispossessed: it is the primordial, antecedent condition of the materially affluent and the socially settled, who regard sexual intimacy as an unmistakable way to assert themselves and to commit others. Sexual mores are even used, in the hands of John O'Hara, to define the differences among people who cannot be shown to be different in other ways. In *Ten North Frederick*, the Irish politician's wife and daughter are nice people, not Lesbian, like the visitor to the Anglo-Saxon old-family Mrs. Chapin, and they would never go about getting wantonly pregnant, like Mrs. Chapin's daughter. Indeed, the preoccupation with sex as *evidence* of personality has a peculiarly middle-class bias. In the contemporary novel, too often the only way that a middle-class character asserts himself is sexually, unless he is made to turn to crime, or unless he is put directly in a setting of professional sports, where life is presumed to be "real."

IF the attention to sex as a subject in so many modern novels is in fact derived from an obsessive interest in the brutal life, then it has to be related to the question of what experiences seem meaningful to a writer who thinks himself alienated from society. It provides conflict, it shows and makes a difference. There are other things to write about, obviously, but it is insensitive to conclude that the novelist who writes about sex is being perverse, or that he is limited emotionally and is merely seeking sensation. On the other hand, one can recognize that sex is a limited subject to work with. If writers do not recognize this, then readers will. The novelty of reading about sex wears off, and one soon finds that it no longer provides a shock of recognition but only a certain tiresomeness. Sexual love is too comical in its nature to bear much philosophizing. (The free circulation of Frank Harris's autobiography has probably done a great deal to reduce the prurient interest of readers in the candid description of sexual conquests: Harris's accounts are so gauche, so romantic, and so plainly funny that his life begins to seem like a Boucicault play performed at Minsky's.) An attention to incidences of sex in our lives and times is rapidly becoming the most boring aspect of contemporary writing, and whatever it may mean to the contemporary novelist, it will mean less and less to the reader. As in anything that is obvious, the more that is said, the less can be perceived. And yet, the fascination of the brutal life that so largely, over the past two decades, has characterized the newer novel must mean something to the observer. In the mirror of serious fiction, we see more of ourselves than we care to credit.



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LITERARY HORIZONS

Small Towns, Big Issues

BECAUSE I live in a small town, I am always interested in novels about small-town life, even when they're not of the highest quality. Richard Kluger's *When the Bough Breaks* (Doubleday, $4.95) seems to me less than a masterpiece, but the author does know something about small towns.

His town is called Somerset, and it is located near enough to New York City to permit commuting. Within the township there is a wooded tract in which the residents of Forest Glen Road take great pleasure. When a plan is proposed to rezone the woods so as to permit the construction of factories and residences, the people in that part of town rebel, proposing to set up an incorporated village, which will have its own zoning power.

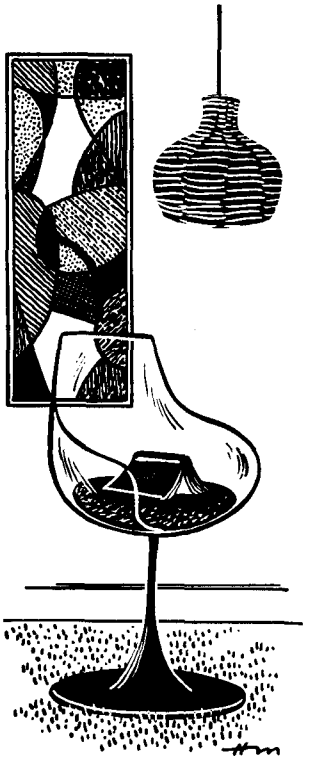
This stratagem is strongly opposed by the town supervisor, John Harris, who is also the town boss. Failing to defeat the project by legal means, he wages war against the people on Forest Glen Road. Their garbage is not collected, their windows are broken. There are attempts to bribe the leaders of the movement, and, when these fail, there are attempts to blackmail them. Everything works up to a slam-bang finish.

In this kind of story we expect to find a lot of characters, and Kluger has introduced a large cast. In fact, he has so many people, and he deals with most of them so superficially, that the reader has to work hard to understand what is going on. Kluger does not help much by jumping arbitrarily from character to character, often without identifying them. There is enough action to keep the reader going, but the novel is not likely to leave a lasting impression.

Jerome Bahr also writes about small-town life in *Wisconsin Tales* (Trempealeau Press, $3.95), but his Midwestern towns are very different from Kluger's Somerset. Bahr writes about farmers and shopkeepers rather than architects and lawyers, and he writes about them simply and directly. Some of the stories remind me of Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, for Bahr has Anderson's interest in and compassion for grotesques. Archie in "The Correspondents," a man who spends all his life spying on his neighbors, would have fascinated Anderson.

Bahr's style shows Anderson's influence:

> Fred Griffin was in a bad frame of mind. It had all started through his accepting a blind date. The girl was pretty enough, but she had just finished her first year at the state university, and throughout the dance had done nothing but jabber about her experience at college. Fred was just drunk enough to resent this. He had never been to college and was extremely sensitive about it. Her talk so exasperated him that he began to insult her—not cleverly but in such a way that he made a thorough ass of himself. In the end he walked out on her. Now as he drove home he kept turning the evening over in his mind. The more he thought about it, the more uncomfortable and angry he became.



Bahr can write in more than one vein, and sometimes he strikes a humorous note. "Ebony Intermezzo" describes the arrival of a Negro hobo, Chester Smith, in the town of Hillon, which has seldom seen Negroes. Mike Galuska takes advantage of the public curiosity by installing Chester as a shine boy in his saloon. The saloon prospers, but after a time Chester grows tired of the role he is playing and leaves town. When this is discovered, some of the merchants come to Galuska to complain that Chester owed them money, but Galuska points out smugly that they had tried to gyp Chester and he was getting even. The joke though is on Galuska when it appears that Chester has also evened his score with the saloon

13 SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

27 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "When the Bough Breaks," by Richard Kluger, and "Wisconsin Tales," by Jerome Bahr

28 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

29 The Desert King: Ibn Saud and His Arabia, by David Howarth

30 Persia Revisited, by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi

31 The Life of Lenin, by Louis Fischer

32 The Rationalization of Russia, by Bernard Shaw

32 Political Power: USA/USSR, by Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington

33 The Gilded Age: A Tale of Today, by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner

36 Pick of the Paperbacks

38 Observer in Rome: A Protestant Report on the Vatican Council, by Robert McAfee Brown; The Second Session—Letters from Vatican Council II: The Debates at St. Peter's, by Xavier Rynne

40 Toda Raba, by Nikos Kazantzakis

40 I Never Promised You a Rose Garden, by Hannah Green

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keeper by departing in the latter's Sunday suit.

The general impression one gets from these stories is that life in a Wisconsin small town is rather grim but by no means dull or monotonous. "Olga's Revenge," for instance, describes the ingenious way in which a woman punishes her unfaithful husband. "The Baker's Triumph" is another story of strife in marriage. In "The Word Passer" a man describes an Indian who was his boyhood companion.

One of the most moving stories is "The Grudge." Having lost his first son, August Mechler is particularly attached to his second, Alvin. When Alvin is accidentally shot by a friend, Eddie Fiala, August is filled with hate for the whole Fiala family. His hatred does not abate as the years pass, nor is his heart softened when the Fialas are smitten with a series of misfortunes. Only after he himself has accidentally run over a neighbor's child of whom he is fond does he find it possible to forgive the Fialas. Bahr's portrayal of the grief-stricken, hate-filled old man is very fine.

Not all the stories are successful. Some, such as "Canny Fanny" and "Bannon's Pavilion," seem little more than anecdotes. "Whisper in the Night" has more substance, but Bahr's handling of the supernatural elements is uncertain. Most of the time, however, Bahr does very well what he is trying to do.

In "The Grandmother" an eccentric old lady, Mrs. Sedla, tries to trace to its source a scandalous rumor about her grandson. When the storekeeper tells her that he had the story from Mrs. Keusch, a notorious gossip, the grandmother goes to Mrs. Keusch, and, in a devious way, elicits the information she is seeking:

> Finally Mrs. Sedla said, "Hhmm, our days some women tell lies too."
>
> "It ain't a lie!" Mrs. Keusch blurted out.
>
> "What ain't a lie?"
>
> "About your Mark. My Bert heard it straight from Vincent Kirsch!"
>
> "Vincent Kirsch's a liar," interrupted Mrs. Sedla.
>
> "And he got it straight from his wife. And Ida got it from her mother in Lisbia. And didn't Mark used to stay with Mrs. Lahr when he went to high school? And don't Mrs. Lahr's son know Lisbia boys who go up to the University who know Mark Karlan there? Ain't that right? Ain't that right?"

This is the way stories travel in any sort of society, but in small towns gossip is one of the mainstays of life. Some of Bahr's stories have exactly the quality of small-town gossip, and that gives them a fine flavor. *Wisconsin Tales* is a quiet little book, but there are good things in it. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

How to Succeed on Company Time

LAST month we discussed the temptations that beset publishers when government money is available to buy books which certain departments—usually the U.S. Information Agency—want to distribute abroad, and over which they frequently exercise an editorial veto. Our point was that these books are also sold domestically, and that where direct financial subvention is involved (as it sometimes is), the book buyer had a right to know it. In small print, at least.

Another form of hidden persuasion in the book publishing industry is the "commissioned biography," which an author is paid to write by the subject of the book himself. Approaching retirement, R. L. Plabb, founder and president of the Plabb Button Hook Co. ("Buttoning up America since 1888") is afraid that for all his fortune, his name may be writ on water after all. An author is employed, Plabb's early struggles are recorded, his philanthropies noted, his industrial wisdom purveyed. The limited number of these vanity jobs, which are smuggled into the trade each year, bear the same relation to real books as the commissioned portrait does to real art. But there is this difference: the gilt-framed, full-length portrait hangs harmlessly in the Plabb drawing room (unless Plabb has also commissioned a museum, in which case it hangs there instead). The books get public distribution.

By far the most common variant of this practice is the company history. These volumes almost always commemorate an anniversary, usually the fiftieth, seventy-fifth, or hundredth. Since more and more American corporations are moving into the old-age bracket, and some into senility, the incidence of company-sponsored histories is showing an alarming rise.

The usual procedure is for the board of directors to appropriate a sum of money (tax deductible) and turn the project over to the Advertising Department. The last thing Advertising wants is to have to get out a book, and, in most cases I have known about, these fellows try to unload the whole shebang onto Publicity, which doesn't want to be bothered, either. Then someone remembers the Honorary Chairman of the Board, dozing in the back office. "Let's turn it over to Whiskers," is the operative phrase here. Indeed, what to do with Whiskers has been a problem for the whole corporation; a couple of years overseeing a company history is just the answer, and a dusty one at that.

Nearly every literary agency in New York has a few authors who are "available" for this kind of work, at fees ranging from as little as $7,000 to—in one celebrated instance—$60,000 (this went to a Pulitzer Prize-winner for the centennial history of a large insurance company). The average fee is likely to be $15,000 to $20,000. Research is also provided, and sometimes a hotel room near the company offices. Files may arrive in armored cars. Some writers are given carte blanche, some not. If the writer has sufficient reputation, he can often demand that the book be published without changes or, failing this, not published at all. (He gets paid in either case.) A history of the Grace Steamship Company has been gathering dust on the shelves at Viking Press for years because the author refused to soft-pedal his account of the company's activities in South America.

Few large corporations escape the company history syndrome as they approach middle life, and one reason for this is that publishers are lying in wait for them. A directory of anniversaries tells when important U.S. business firms will reach what age. Editors consult this directory avidly. A few years before an upcoming anniversary, the pitch begins; centennial prospects are given a particularly hard going-over.

And with good reason. Largely because they have a guaranteed sale (to the company) at a price that may run a dollar a copy higher than a comparable "trade" book, these are very juicy items. "The extra dollar is a kind of surcharge we tack on for demeaning ourselves," one editor, who has been involved in several such projects, told me. "The corporation is paying for prestige, and the publisher, in turn, gives the book a sanitizing imprint. It's vanity publishing, and expensive vanity at that."

"Publishing a company history now and then is how I can afford to bring out first novels," another publisher declared cheerfully. He noted that three different biographies of Conrad Hilton, the hotel man, had appeared in one eight-year period. Another well-known corporation, which contracted to buy 10,000 copies of its history, ended up buying 70,000. It was the biggest money maker the publisher brought out that year, including several book club selections.

Most publishers who get involved in

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company histories (not all of them do) are at heart a little ashamed of this phase of their business. The result looks like a book; it feels like a book; it is often printed (sometimes wretchedly printed) on deckle-edged, sepia-toned paper. But it *isn't* a book. Almost nobody reads it. The trade sale is nil, and it is dropped from the publisher's catalogue quickly, if it was ever fortunate enough to get in. These are the books that salesmen forget to take on the road, or throw away once they are out of New York.

Sometimes a company will bypass a trade publisher and simply hire a printer. Pacific Mills did this on its hundredth anniversary some years ago in a unique way. It printed one chapter of its *Memoirs of a Corporation* each month for twelve months. Distributed to a selected list of customers and "influentials," this timed release reminded everyone that an anniversary lasts all year. The story was told in the first person: "I am a cotton mill. I spin and spin. . . ." (I quote from memory, and this may be slightly inaccurate. At least, I hope it is.)

Not every industrial biography, of course, is commissioned. Henry Ford and Charles F. ("Boss") Kettering have gotten into print on their own merits, and the current best-seller, *My Years with General Motors,* by Alfred E. Sloan (an "as told to" variant of the species), is proving that a corporation executive can be a subject of interest to the general public. Occasionally, too, a corporation will be maverick enough to blow its horn with the mute in. About seven years ago the Aluminum Company of America commissioned the architectural writer and critic Walter McQuade to prepare a book on school construction, including the problems of enlisting community support, financing, and projecting for the increase in school-age population. The only condition imposed on McQuade was that he was not to go out of his way to use the word aluminum.

Subcontracting the various sections of the study to experts, McQuade produced one of the handsomest and most useful books ever underwritten by an American corporation. Published by Simon & Schuster, it was made available to school administrators and board members throughout the country free of charge. Business firms that are itching to spend their money to promote a company "image"—and publishers who are itching to get it—could well study *School House* as an example of how the constructive expenditure of company time can buy legitimate good will.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Publishing the Corporate Book," an article that considers the same topic from the author's standpoint, appeared in *SR* July 11.

From Camels to Cadillacs

The Desert King: Ibn Saud and His Arabia, *by David Howarth (McGraw-Hill. 307 pp. $6.50), assesses the achievements of the one Arab chief who managed to establish a kingdom capable of surviving him. Majid Khadduri is on the faculty of the School of Advanced International Studies, Johns Hopkins University.*

By MAJID KHADDURI

WHEN World War I broke out and Turkey entered the war on the side of Germany, the Arabs realized that their future would depend on the victory of England and her Allies. England, due to her long connections with the Arabs, sought their support against Turkey by promising them help if they raised a rebellion against their Turkish masters. But the Arabs, though ripe for rebellion, were hopelessly divided, and their rival chiefs, the most prominent of whom were Sherif Husein, ruler of the Hejaz, and Ibn Saud, chief of Nejd, would not recognize each other's leadership.

Nor were Arabian affairs, from Britain's side, handled by one department of the British government. Eastern Arabia and the Persian Gulf had for a long time been the concern of the Viceroy of India and the India Office, while Western Arabia and the Red Sea had come under the jurisdiction of the Foreign Office. The matter was complicated by the fact that the Foreign Office and the India Office did not see eye to eye as to who should be the supreme leader of the Arabs. Without the advice of the India Office, the Foreign Office, guided by its Arab experts, made its fateful decision to acknowledge Husein as the supreme leader of the Arab revolt against Turkey. Had Ibn Saud been chosen instead, Arab relations with the West might have been established on a firmer and more harmonious basis.

Against this background, which David Howarth sketches in his lucid biography, one may well appreciate the forces that were brewing in Arabia after World War I. King Husein, intolerably obstinate and making no concessions to his rivals, steadily lost ground; while Ibn Saud, thoroughly at home in the desert and knowing how to negotiate with foreigners, gradually brought the entire central area between the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea under his control. He

—*Aramco.*

Ibn Saud—largesse.

remained the friend of the British, despite their support of King Husein, believing that Arab and British interests were not essentially irreconcilable. Husein, who was dissatisfied with the kingdom he had established with British help, was eventually chased out of the Hejaz by Ibn Saud, although the British attempted to reconcile them in order to save Husein's throne. The contrast in personality and character between the two monarchs is vividly pictured by Mr. Howarth, but it is, of course, to Ibn Saud that he devotes the principal portion of this study.

An Arab leader whose accomplishments were equal to his personality, Ibn Saud began his public life on the occasion with which Mr. Howarth has chosen to open his story: the dramatic capture of Riyadh in 1902. Previously, Ibn Saud and his father had lived as exiles in Kuwait for more than eleven years, having lost control over Central Arabia to Ibn Rashid. Without telling his father, the twenty-one-year-old Ibn Saud set out with a party of forty men to recover the lost kingdom. After a long and tedious journey, mixed with frustrations and dangers, the group reached Riyadh. But it was Ibn Saud who entered the walled city with a few men during the night, hid in a small house until morning, engaged the governor in almost single-handed combat, as he emerged from the citadel after the call to prayer, killed him, and captured the city. This episode was related with pride by the late king to many visitors, and Mr. Howarth depicts

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it with vigor and color. From that time on, Ibn Saud spared no time in bringing under his control the remaining part of Central Arabia and eliminating his rivals, great and small, including the House of Rashid in North Arabia, the Turks in East Arabia, King Husein in West Arabia, and the petty chiefs who refused to submit to his authority.

"A Bedouin," says Mr. Howarth, "expected three things of his ruler: to keep order with a strong hand, to protect the poor against the rapacity of the rich, and to defend the grazing grounds against marauding neighbors." Ibn Saud proved to be a successful ruler not only because he met these Bedouin requirements, but also because he laid the foundation of a kingdom capable of surviving him. His greatness lies in his realization that the fanaticism of his Wahhabi followers, with whose help he had established the Saudi kingdom, would not be compatible with the new spirit needed to fit his kingdom into the modern world. He therefore made it clear to them at the point of the sword that their real interest lay in peace and cooperation with the outside world, not in carrying on intertribal warfare and raiding their neighbors.

But peace and stability also called for the distribution of subsidies and generous gifts to tribesmen. Ibn Saud, whose largesse was wellknown throughout the land, never disappointed his visitors with his gifts or turned down an appeal for help. His liberality often seemed prodigal to outside observers, but it was in keeping with the best traditions of desert princely life. The country's poverty did not limit his munificence; rather, it prompted him to seek new riches, and thus he threw open the doors of his country to enterprising foreigners. His preference was for American experts, and their exploits produced wealth such as his countrymen never dreamed of attaining. But, as Mr. Howarth rightly observes, although the impact of these immense material gains helped to hasten a revolutionary change in the structure of Arabian society, it also led to frustration and evil consequences. Some of the evils were apparent even during Ibn Saud's lifetime, but he could not completely stop them. After his death, it became clear that the forces of economic change, thrust upon a society unprepared for them, were beyond the control of his successors. The resulting problems are clearly and adequately discussed by Mr. Howarth in the last four chapters of his book.

Several writers—H. St. J. Philby in particular—have published detailed biographies of Ibn Saud, but Mr. Howarth has provided us with a readable and informative narrative in a single small volume. He has not merely examined earlier studies, he traveled to Arabia and spent two years interviewing the persons who took an active part in the events dealt with in his book. The result is a balanced assessment of the achievements of a notable Arab leader.

Modern-Medieval Chaos: The memory of a pleasant time with *Persian Adventure* years ago made me look forward to Anne Mehdevi's account of her experiences on returning to her husband's family in Teheran. Nor was I disappointed; the same crisp observation, the same gay, astringent sympathy are present in *Persia Revisited* (Knopf, $4.95), and the same unspoken but pervasive certainty—strange perhaps to the Persians, and sometimes strange to me—that all things American are best. Though not the wise traveler's philosophy, it is an attitude that allows a natural amusement to communicate itself to the reader.

The author shows the tribal family in all its medieval-modern chaos, its appendages of personal retainers, its surface struggles and deep inherent loyalties, lifelike and friendly under the Western beam. It is rather like watching the dancers when out of earshot of the music that makes them move. Yet the descriptions are vivid and sincere enough to make it possible to reconstruct the forces that brought this many-times-millennial civilization out into the uncertain climate of our day.

The rocklike figure of the father-in-law, head of the clan in every way, and the gentle strength and firmness of the mother are conveyed with a fine sense of value; and there is a superlative study of young Persia's female adolescents coming out into life:

> Sometimes when the weather was too cold the three girls would sit inside. Then I could hear them. They spoke about American movie stars and jazz singers as if these people were intimate acquaintances. And they quarreled over these celluloid figures; each girl was jealous of the other's knowledge . . . Such flare-ups were the only bursts of vitality in the languid afternoon. And then the girls would lapse again into their half-awake communion. Far behind them, visible through the glass doors, were the chauffeurs . . . ready to take their charges back at a signal, back to a velvet-lined home where they would be packed away in tissue paper until the next day.

One wonders why Mrs. Mehdevi in all these years has not learned her husband's language; it would add so greatly to understanding and pleasure. But, although this is not the real Persia, which is made up of elements far more permanent and profound than are visible under the fleeting modern fashions of Teheran, the book is so witty, graphic, and agreeable that one can even forgive the misspelling of nearly every Persian word. —FREYA STARK.

Two-sided Moon

By Tim Reynolds

THROUGH a 12-inch reflector facts
elbow intuitions, vision
vision: the moon is a dead thing.
There's no change beyond

that wanderer's sphere. Its likeness
to a glassed cell culture under
microscope is spurious; its
waxy fluorescence

that nacre peculiar to things
drowned. If seeing's not believing
there's none: no man, crow, cheese, woman,
rabbit in the moon.

Leaving the university
then, and walking home across the
tracks, shadow incised beside me,
the moon reasserts

her repellent fascination,
tugs again, urging always: *Let*
breakwaters crumble, mind founder
in my smoothrunning

cold tides—god torn from the world's side
as Eve from Adam's, I am you
yet, your births and intersections,
fabulous Artemis.

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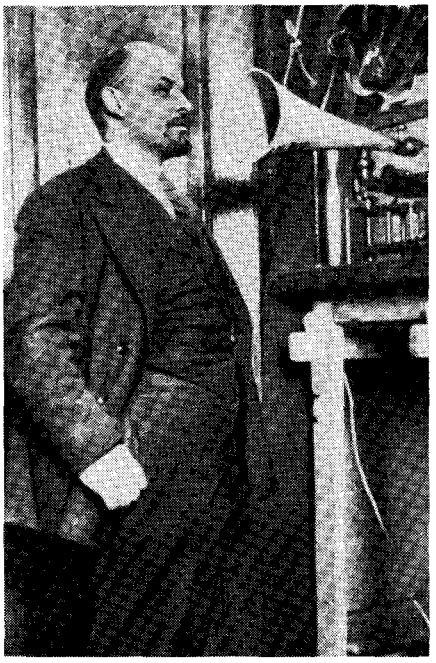
The Betrayal of Revolution

The Life of Lenin, *by Louis Fischer (Harper. 703 pp. $10), offers an insight into the first Soviet dictator based on both research and personal acquaintance with the Russia of his day. Professor of Russian history at Mt. Holyoke, Peter Viereck is the author of such anti-totalitarian studies as "Meta-Politics: The Roots of the Nazi Mind." He is now preparing a book for Macmillan on Soviet culture.*

By PETER VIERECK

IT IS too early to call a Lenin book "definitive" (this adjective must await the opening of the secret Soviet archives) but not too early to call Louis Fischer's *Life of Lenin* the best general biography so far. The book was aided by the suggestions of, among others, Boris Nicolaevsky, perhaps America's best-informed Soviet authority; George Kennan, who needs no introduction, and Professor George Fischer, the author's brilliant and scholarly son. Louis Fischer's personal acquaintance with Soviet life and with Lenin, Stalin, and Trotsky has given him a supreme firsthand knowledge. From this fact one might conclude that the personal knowledge is what makes it the best book. That conclusion would be wrong. The personal Soviet materials are not scoops but frills; the impersonal materials, garnered from libraries and interviews back home, are what make the book unsurpassed. Could anybody else have used these libraries? Why, of course. But no one else has approached the available materials with such intensity, such relentlessly open-minded interest. Thus we get, for example, not only the finest brief factual summary of Lenin's New Economic Policy of 1921 but perhaps the best brief theoretical analysis of Lenin's *State and Revolution* of August 1917.

On the other hand, Fischer's personal friendship with famous Russians results in no great gain but sometimes even a loss. An example is the disproportionate space wasted on nonessentials about Chicherin; it seems caused by Fischer's having known Chicherin *too* well personally and hence having taken down too many notes about him. Our reaction is nostalgia for that artistic as well as scholarly sense of proportion by which Bertram Wolfe brought out nothing but essentials in his far earlier masterpiece, *Three Who Made a Revolution.*



—*From the book.*

Lenin recording a speech in Moscow in 1919 — "scientific" emancipation from ethics.

Although Lenin (1870-1924) wrote some ten million words of communist theory, "in power," Fischer stresses, "he was not guided by books" but by "the principle that the end justifies the means." Since the ideal state-withering ends of communism were never reached nor reachable, the means unofficially became the ends. Unlike the later Hitler and Stalin, Lenin started out from a more civilized tradition. Hence, in his final illness, he partly foresaw the corruption of ends by means and tried to prevent it by two memos (Dec. 30-31, 1922) which climax Fischer's account. The memos called "the typical Russian bureaucrat" a "tyrant and scoundrel," assailed the impending triumph of both chauvinism and bureaucracy, identified both with Stalin, and demanded that "Stalin and Djerzhinsky must, of course, be held politically responsible for this entire veritably Great-Russian-nationalist campaign."

During Stalin's dictatorship these memos were suppressed. Under Khrushchev they have been published, but only in part, keeping the anti-Stalin remarks but omitting Lenin's solidarity with Trotsky. Being a Georgian did not make Stalin less of a Great Russian chauvinist; Lenin said of the Polish Djerzhinsky (who backed Stalin's campaign against Georgian local rights): "It is known that a Russified non-Russian always puts too much salt into this purely Russian sentiment." In fact, Lenin accused his entire Communist Party of "having borrowed from czarism" both bureaucratic tyranny and Russian nationalism, merely sprinkling this rightist apparatus "with Soviet ritual oil." Is this not what Soviet Russia is doing still? Did not Lenin himself (unintentionally) make it possible by his "scientific" emancipation from ethics, his centralization, his total (though supposedly temporary) dictatorship?

Fischer concludes: "The Soviets turned czarism inside out but retained its central features" (autocratic bureaucracy on behalf of a tiny ruling group). And so much the better that Fischer, at the risk of seeming naïve to the pseudo-sophisticated, has the courage to reaffirm the traditional decencies rather than some subtle and chic intellectual pirouette that disguises mass murder as social engineering. Fischer: "Lenin's private tenderness and political ruthlessness were unrelated. . . . In the chasm between personal morality and public immorality lie most of the world's evils." Many professional historians, proud of their objective expertise, would have "felt ashamed" to add the above moralizing second sentence. But Fischer, the seeming amateur, has earned the right to proclaim such simple-sounding ethical verities. He has earned it painfully, out of his unique lifetime of absorbing the Soviet experiment, a lifetime equipping him not only with all the factual expertise of the professionals but with that nobler quality (one thinks of Browning's phrase about an old hunter talking with the gods): wisdom.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1093

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1093 will be found in the next issue.

P BLETX COG'E XCDT BLQT, ARE

CE'O ATEETF EBPG ATCGH P

BLROT HRTOE.

ZTPEBTF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1092

Who has once the fame to be an early riser may sleep till noon.

—HOWELL.

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Shavian Paradise Lost

The Rationalization of Russia, *by Bernard Shaw, edited by Harry M. Geduld (Indiana University Press. 134 pp. $3.95), presents GBS's reflections on the state of the world in 1931, including some sidelights on his only visit to the Soviet Union. Philip E. Mosely, director of the European Institute of Columbia University, is the author of "The Kremlin and World Politics."*

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

IN JULY 1931 George Bernard Shaw undertook his first and only pilgrimage to the Soviet Union, in the incongruous company of Viscount and Lady Astor, the Marquis of Lothian (Philip Kerr), David Astor, and several other oddly assorted companions. Like many less talented travelers before and since, Shaw embarked on his ten-day visit with a full quota of opinions and prejudices; like most, he returned with his judgments either intact or re-enforced. One climax to his stay was the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday in the former Club of the Nobility, the scene of the Soviet show trials of the 1930s; another was a two-hour interview with Stalin, of which he apparently made no record.

Over the next year or two Shaw worked at the manuscript of *The Rationalization of Russia*, apparently with the full intention of publishing it, for he had gone to Moscow and returned convinced that the Soviet Union had found the, so far, only possible solution to the woes and contradictions of capitalist society. Why did he, in the end, abandon this plan? There is no clear explanation of his change of mind. Perhaps he had come to realize how much more there was to know about Russian history and Soviet life before his random observations could be woven into an adequate underpinning for the resounding title he had chosen in advance. Perhaps he felt that a task of misinformed pedantry could better be left to Beatrice and Sidney Webb, who had meanwhile embarked on their own "rationalization" of Soviet communism. Or, finally, he may simply have found more interesting and congenial subjects.

The Rationalization of Russia can be read with pleasure as almost first-class Shaviana, at least in its style. It offers an interesting confrontation, sometimes very clear-sighted, between Shaw's personal interpretations of socialism and Stalin's massive drive toward industrialization and collectivization. In it, however, there is very little about Soviet life, apart from a few shrewd observations here and there. What comes through sharply is Shaw's conviction that terror, by which he meant the physical extinction of entire groups or classes, offered the only means for destroying the domination of property and property-owners, whom he called by the generic name of Galsworthy's Soames Forsyte. Yet he admitted that he, too, would probably be liquidated in the process.

WITH the "elimination of aristocrats, land-owners, capitalists and clergy," Russia was becoming, Shaw felt, an "earthly paradise for professional men." "The persecution of the intelligentsia in Russia," he wrote, "did not last very long . . ." after the Revolution. And this in 1931, when the use of terror against the pre-Revolutionary educated groups was approaching a climax!

In a delightfully Shavian aside, which would have put his book beyond the pale in the USSR, he urged the Soviet government to abolish its many "Museums of the Revolution." Since there were no more grand dukes or aristocrats to shoot at, the museum might put wrong ideas of revolt into the minds of new Soviet generations. And Shaw pointed out in another aside that it was "dangerous to make fun of Marx worship in Russia."

The introduction, by Harry M. Geduld, gives a pleasant, occasionally tongue-in-cheek recounting of Shaw's Soviet journey. He has not cited, however, an even more tongue-in-cheek remark of Shaw's that was widely quoted within Russia at that time, to the effect that "If everyone in Russia lived as I have been living there, it would be paradise on earth." People who were experiencing the "Stalinist reforging" were in no mood to appreciate literary paradoxes. As one who was living in Russia then I can report that ordinary good-hearted Russian people were at once cynical, indignant, and nauseated over the spectacles mounted for the traveling circus from England and over the fulsome praises Shaw paid the all-wise and beneficent policies of the Soviet state and "Comrade Stalin personally." Perhaps Shaw was right to leave *The Rationalization of Russia* unpublished.

The Two Societies

Political Power: USA/USSR, *by Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington (Viking. 461 pp. $7.50), compares in an objective spirit the two great national systems that are vying for world dominance. Harry Schwartz is the author of the recently published political study "Tsars, Mandarins and Commissars."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

THIS is a worthwhile and useful book, but one which it is difficult to review justly in brief compass. One reason is the vast area it covers; the authors have set themselves the ambitious task of trying to compare the Soviet and American political systems, both in terms of general analysis and in a series of case histories of how those systems work. A second reason is the unevenness of the performance: brilliant and profound insights can be found here along with examples of extreme naïveté; wide-ranging and scrupulous scholarship is marred by an occasional simple misstatement of fact.

The great virtue of the book lies in its being a pioneering attempt to study the two great national systems side by side in an objective spirit and with the aid of a vast factual base. The similarities and differences between the Soviet and American political systems emerge from this examination much more clearly defined than they normally are in discussions that focus upon one or the other alone. At its best, as in the discussion of how the two societies met the military challenges to civilian power posed respectively by Marshal Zhukov and General MacArthur, this volume throws a brilliant light indeed upon the two societies.

Yet despite this book's many virtues, this reader, for one, ended with a feeling of disappointment that it was not better. The defects in the authors' discussion justifying their rejection of the theory of

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Gullible Skeptic at Large

The Gilded Age: A Tale of Today, *by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner (Trident. 453 pp. $5.95), intended to strike hard at a "wicked and corrupt" period, demonstrates the peculiarly Yankee talent for being gullible and skeptical at the same time. Charles Boewe is a freelance critic of American fiction and cultural history.*

By CHARLES BOEWE

NO LITERARY handicapper could have given favorable odds when Samuel L. Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner, goaded on by their wives to stop carping about current novels and write one themselves, sat down to collaborate on *The Gilded Age.* Judged by the critical standards of 1873, when the book first saw print, or by those of today, it is a failure. Judged by its sales record, a pragmatic test Clemens was always ready to accept, it was little better.

Yet it is a delightful book. Reprinted with an illuminating introduction by Justin D. Kaplan which tells us everything we are likely to want to know about it, *The Gilded Age* ought to find readers as a period piece alone.

Though its title gave a name to an era which Charles Beard called the "age of negation," in which Matthew Josephson's robber barons brought forth "a chromo civilization" (in E. L. Godkin's phrase), it was that discarded prophet Vernon Parrington who tagged it with the most verve as "the great barbeque." A wicked and corrupt period, to be sure. But somehow through the mists of time the scarlet sins of the past fade out to little more than a rosy blush of abused innocence. Clemens and Warner aimed to strike deep with such observations as the one that "We have some legislatures that bring higher prices than any in the world." However, as Mr. Kaplan slyly remarks, a master like the late Earl K. Long of Louisiana could deny ever having bought a legislature. "I just rent 'em," he said. "It's cheaper that way."

The Gilded Age marked a turning point in Clemens's career. Warner, less a novelist than an essayist, went on to write three more novels about the misuse of money, none of which added anything to his fame or much to his pocketbook. But Clemens, fresh from *Roughing It* of the year before, had developed the narrative essay about as far as he would ever take it, and here turned to his first book-length piece of fiction. Settled in Hartford as Warner's neighbor, he was already caught up in that dichotomy of personality suggested by Samuel L. Clemens, author, and Mark Twain, raconteur. To the extent that the two begin to merge in his first novel, the book looks forward to the greatness that was to come.

That greatness—as Henry James could have pointed out, had he possessed the temperament to read Twain—is the peculiarly American talent of being gullible and skeptical at the same time. It is what James called American innocence, what Twain best pictured in the character of Huck Finn, the wise child who can peer through men of substance but finds ghosts almost palpable. In *The Innocents Abroad* three years earlier, Twain had exploited to the hilt the gullibility side of the equation. In *The Gilded Age* he rides the skeptical side as hard. Both views are partial, but however many false scents are raised by the authors of *The Gilded Age* in their desire to touch on all the issues of the day, the redeeming feature of the book is the creation of Colonel Sellers, which was all Twain's work.

Colonel Sellers, a kind of grown-up Tom Sawyer, is nearly on a par with Huckleberry Finn as a living character. It is he who makes so much of the novel a delight to read. Where he fails to achieve Huck's vitality the flaw comes from Twain's habitual tendency to fall into burlesque, as he demonstrated later when he tried to put Sellers on the stage. Sellers the irrepressible, modeled on Twain's kinsman James Lampton, is the reverse of Huck. Huck's skepticism is salted with a *soupçon* of gullibility. Sellers's gullibility is nearly saved from caricature by his vestigial sense of skepticism.

Quite apart from the ineptitude of the collaboration, the difficulty Twain was unable to overcome resulted from the character he had created in Sellers. His very success unhorsed him. It was one thing to speak *through* a gullible narrator in *The Innocents Abroad*; it was another thing to speak *about* him in *The Gilded Age.* The first left no doubt about the skepticism of Mark Twain. The second put Samuel L. Clemens in a rather gullible position himself.

—*From the jacket of "Letters from the Earth" (Harper).*
Mark Twain as drawn by Guy Fleming

—*Culver.*

Two farewell sketches of Mark Twain that appeared in *The Bookman* following his announcement that he would leave America to live in Italy.

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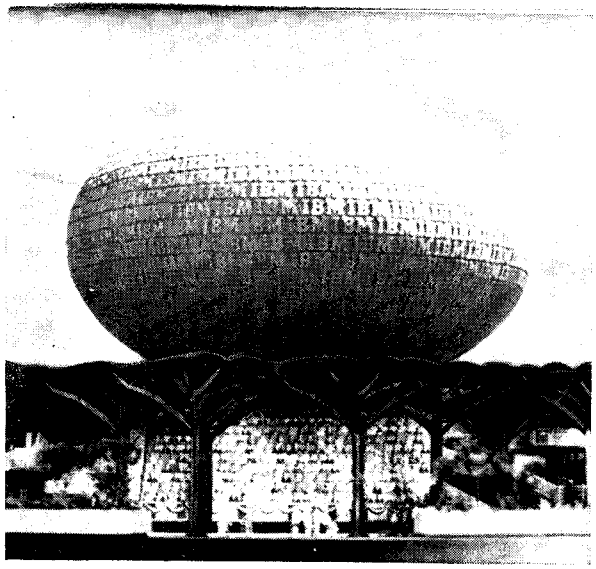

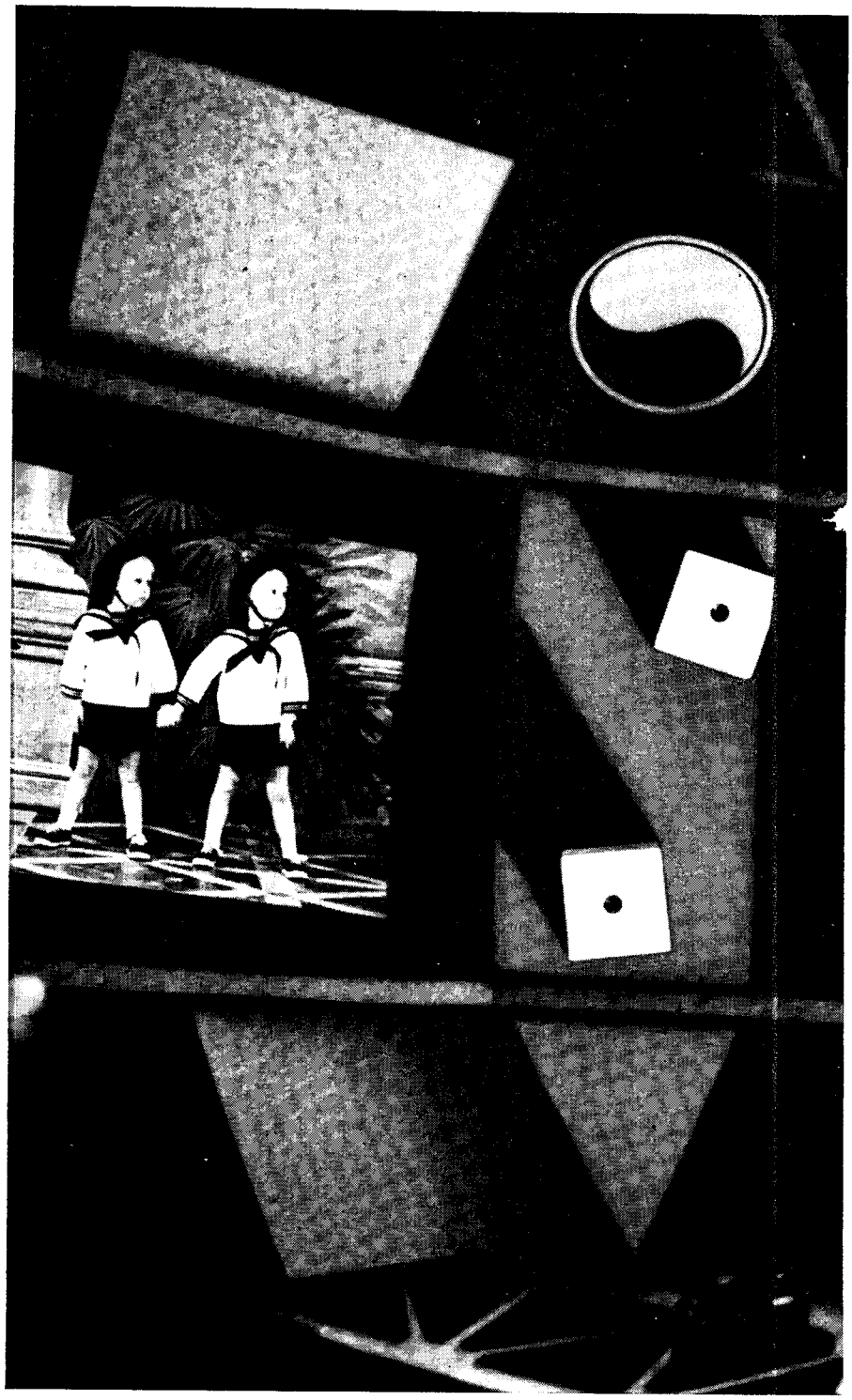

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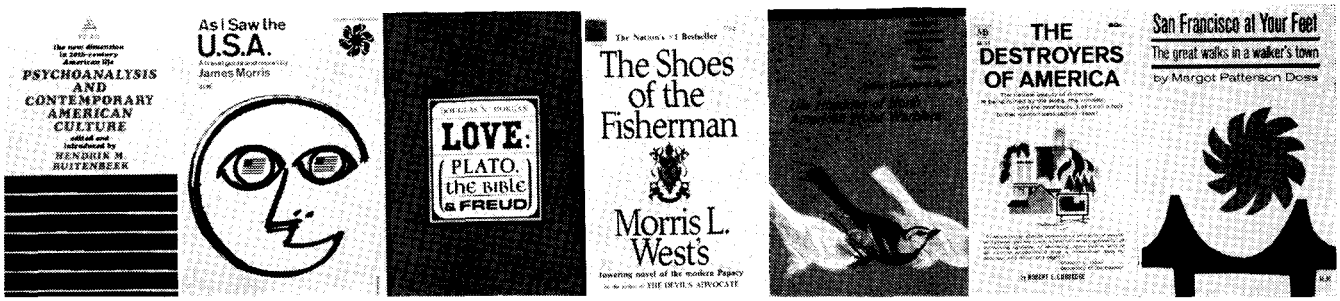
PSYCHOANALYSIS AND CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CULTURE
HENDRIK M. RUITENBEEK
As I Saw the U.S.A.
James Morris
LOVE:
PLATO, the BIBLE & FREUD
The Shoes of the Fisherman
Morris L. West's
THE DESTROYERS OF AMERICA
San Francisco at Your Feet
The great walks in a walker's town
by Margot Patterson Doss

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

The caravans of tourists headed East this summer toward the World's Fair will find waiting for them a warm greeting from paperback publishers. On hand are any number of useful guidebooks to lead visitors through the maze of city and Fair. An old favorite, newly expanded to include a special section on Flushing Meadows activities, is Kate Simon's *New York Places & Pleasures: An Uncommon Guidebook* (Meridian, $1.95), and it's just that. Even seasoned New Yorkers can take a tip on where to find a Moroccan *couscous*, a gout stool, or a Chinese opera. . . . Another book we like is *The New York Guidebook* (Dell, 95¢), edited by John A. Kouwenhoven, in which, along with the traditional factual information, are some lively pieces by veterans Red Smith on sports, *SR*'s Irving Kolodin on music, and Richard Griffith on theater and movies. If you need a psychiatrist for your cat, a tattoo remover, or a cuspidor, a special section directs you to the proper source. . . . Strictly for tourists is Lucrecia Lopez's *New York City and the Fair* (Charles Frank, $1.95), a knowledgeable handbook that only occasionally gushes with unrestrained wonder at Manhattan's spectacular offerings.

Of course, not everyone on the move this summer is coming to New York. *The Washington Guidebook* (Dell, 95¢), by John and Katherine Walker, conducts the visitor on a full-scale expedition. Complete with maps, diagrams, floor plans, the book makes it nigh impossible to get lost. . . . *San Francisco at Your Feet* (Grove, $1.95) is Margaret Patterson Doss's marathon tour for walkers. She charts an ambitious but promising path from Telegraph Hill ("the Marlene Dietrich of San Francisco hills") to Sutro Baths ("the kookiest, flukiest and spookiest walk in town").

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Summer Fiction

It's never been clear why summer reading is supposed to be light, genial, "escape" fiction. With balmy days and vacation leisure, summer would seem to offer less reason for readers to escape. In any case, publishers have obliged, and the racks are crammed with novels still warm from the best-seller lists, like John Fowles's shattering *The Collector* (Dell, 75¢), a sinister tale about a lackluster civil servant who fulfills a macabre obsession. Even more popular, and positively cheery after Fowles's story, is *The Shoes of the Fisherman* (Dell, 75¢), in which Morris West, who is turning into quite a spinner of yarns, describes the election of an unorthodox new Pope and his role in the contemporary scene.

A couple of new novels set on the edge of the American campus are John O'Hara's energetic *Elizabeth Appleton* (Bantam, 95¢) and John Barth's *End of the Road* (Avon, 50¢), a frequently brilliant book, also about a wayward faculty wife.

If politics isn't too heady by midsummer, what about Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah* (Bantam, 75¢), that rousing tale of the great Skeffington, kingpin of Boston politics; or *A Lion Is in the Streets* (Pyramid, 75¢), Adria Locke Langley's powerful story about a silver-tongued demagogue?

Ever since Nathanael West wrote *The Day of the Locust*, writers have been trying to tell the big Hollywood story. Alan Marcus does a pretty good job in *Of Streets and Stars* (Avon, 60¢), a free-swinging and often poetic look at a celluloid world. In *Cockatrice* (Pocket Books, 50¢), Wolf Mankowitz shudders at Britain's filmtown.

Also noteworthy: *The View from Pompey's Head* (Popular, 75¢), by Hamilton Basso, who died a few weeks ago and is best remembered for this incisive picture of the South; Eric Ambler's true-blue *Journey Into Fear* (Dell, 60¢): for spy-chasers and thrill-seekers, here's the grand master.

The Mind

When Freud was asked to name his criteria for mental health, he reportedly replied *"Leben, lieben, arbeiten"*—life, love, work. The ability to love, and indeed its necessity, is the subject of Theodor Reik's popular study, *The Need to Be Loved*, which has recently appeared in two paperback editions (Noonday, $1.95; Bantam, 75¢). The Bantam edition is not only cheaper in price but also in cover art, dangling such lures as "What do men desire most in women? . . . What do women secretly want from men? . . . How can you know when you're really in love?" Dr. Reik does, for the most part, answer these questions, but somewhat more subtly than might satisfy eager advice-seekers. Also concerned with distinct theories of love is Douglas N. Morgan's *Love: Plato, the Bible & Freud* (Spectrum, $2.25), a philosophical inquiry into essential human relationships.

The Norton Library is presenting the standard text of Freud's writings. Volumes now available, each edited by James Strachey, are *An Outline of Psychoanalysis* ($1.25), *Totem and Taboo* ($1.25), and *The Ego and the Id* (95¢). From another master's mouth comes *Conversations with Carl Jung* (Van Nostrand, $1.75), by Richard I. Evans, who interviewed Jung in Zurich in 1962, shortly before his death. The talk is necessarily about Jung's break with Freud, the shift in modern psychotherapeutic practices, and Jung's own resolutions of life's dilemmas.

Other books chiefly about psychoanalysis and its impact upon modern times include Ives Hendrick's *Facts and Theories of Psychoanalysis* (Delta, $2.25), a Harvard psychiatrist's attempt to unsort varying schools of thought from Freud to Karen Horney. Dr. Horney's own book, by the way, *New Ways in Psychoanalysis* (Norton, $1.55), recently published, deals with the significance of "interpersonal relationships." *Psychoanalysis and Contemporary American Culture* (Delta, $2.45), edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, offers two dozen authoritative opinions from Erich Fromm to David Riesman on the role of psychiatry in shaping modern life.

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USA

Ever since 1831, when that enterprising French magistrate Alexis de Tocqueville visited America and published his record of what he saw, countless Europeans have seen fit to set down their impressions of the New World. *Democracy in America* (Washington Square Press, 60¢) appears in a new edition, abridged, but thoughtfully, by Andrew Hacker. In *This Was America* (Torchbooks, $2.95) Oscar Handlin has collected some of the liveliest correspondence of visiting dignitaries, including the eighteenth-century Swedish scientist Peter Kalm, who observed: "It is remarkable that the inhabitants of this country commonly acquire understanding sooner, but also grow old sooner than the people of Europe." Then there was H. Herz, who remarked in 1846, "This habit of tipping does not exist in the United States and I congratulate the country for it."

Two modern visitors to this land who liked what they saw are James Morris, an Englishman who in *As I Saw the USA* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95) provides some wry and appreciative glimpses, and Father R.L. Bruckberger, a French Dominican priest, whose *Image of America* (Compass, $1.45) is as spiritual as it is factual. Father Bruckberger's book is an attempt to interpret the U.S. to his own countrymen, but Americans can learn a good deal from it themselves.

In *The Highway and the City* (Mentor, 75¢) Lewis Mumford talks about the cities of the present and dreams of a future metropolis whose citizens can enjoy urbanization without congestion. Nikolaus Pevsner's *Pioneers of Modern Design* (Pelican, $1.45) largely emphasizes European builders and artists, though Eero Saarinen, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Walter Gropius are amply represented.

Outdoors

For those incorrigible intellectuals who can't relax on the seashore unless they know where the surf comes from, Willard Bascom's *Waves and Beaches* ($1.45), another in Anchor's excellent Science Study series, has the answers. Not only does this neat picnic-size volume tell all about ocean surface dynamics; it also ponders the timeless contest between surf and shore.

There's nothing like a solid natural-history book to dispel man's delusions of his own grandeur. Francis P. Shepard's *The Earth Beneath the Sea* (Atheneum, $1.65) describes a world that is no less complex, varied, and dramatic than our own.

Conservationists, campers, or just plain people who can't stand litterbugs will take heart from Robert E. Cubbedge's *The Destroyers of America* (Macfadden, 60¢), which depicts the various ways America is being defaced by profiteers and others who care not a whit for preserving its splendid natural beauty.

The living and loving patterns of Scottish deer may seem less than spellbinding, but F. Fraser Darling's *A Herd of Red Deer* (Anchor, $1.25) records them with such detached concern that his study turns into a kind of four-footed *Middletown, USA*. A naturalist even more enamored with his subject is Gerald Durrell, and consequently his books are delightful. *Three Tickets to Adventure* (Berkley, 60¢) follows his search in British Guiana for zoo specimens, with Mr. Durrell listening intently to anteaters, carpenter birds, and the songs, sweet and low, of the slumbering sloth. Then there's Joy Adamson, who has written three books about a lioness named Elsa and her three cubs. *Forever Free* (Macfadden, 75¢) tells how Mrs. Adamson and her husband, a Kenya game warden, journeyed miles into the hinterlands to see that Elsa's orphaned cubs got a fair chance to grow up.

Special and noteworthy for bird-watchers: the distinguished ornithologist Arthur Cleveland Bent's *Life Histories of North American Wood Warblers* (Dover, 2 vols. $2.50 each), and *Life Histories of North American Flycatchers, Larks, Swallows, and Their Allies* ($2.75), reprinted from the invaluable twenty-volume reference work.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Anchor, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 10022.
Atheneum, 162 E. 38 St., NYC 10016.
Avon, 959 Eighth Ave., NYC 10019.
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 10016.
Berkley, 15 E. 26 St., NYC 10010.
Dell, Delta, 750 Third Ave., NYC 10017.
Dover, 180 Varick St., NYC 10014.
Charles Frank, 432 Park Ave. S., NYC 10016.
Grove, 64 University Place, NYC 10003.
McGraw-Hill, 330 W. 42 St., NYC 10036.
Macfadden, 205 E. 42 St., NYC 10017.
Mentor, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 10022.
Meridian, 2231 W. 110 St., Cleveland, Ohio 44102.
Noonday, 19 Union Sq. W., NYC 10003.
Norton, 55 Fifth Ave., NYC 10003.
Pelican, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21211.
Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 10020.
Pyramid, 444 Madison Ave., NYC 10022.
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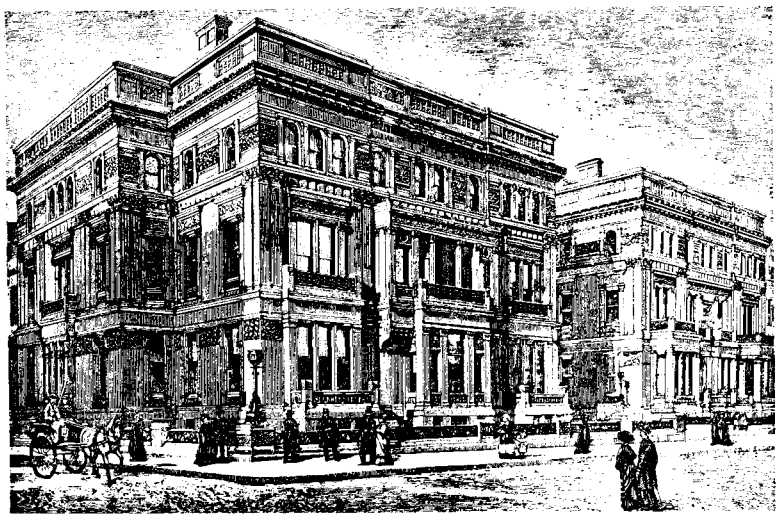
Torchbooks, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 10016.
Van Nostrand, 120 Alexander St., Princeton, N. J. 18541.
Washington Square Press, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 10020.

At the turn of this century Fifth Avenue fairly glittered with the mansions of New York's very rich. These stately homes ranged from the merely splendid to the utterly vulgar, observes Montgomery Schuyler in *American Architecture and Other Writings* (Atheneum, $2.45). Schuyler, who praised Frank Lloyd Wright's work some fifty years ago, elaborates in the book on buildings and builders as an expression of national taste.

Rear-roof view of Cornelius Vanderbilt II's house.



Herter Brothers: William Henry Vanderbilt house, New York City, 1880-1884.

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The Church and Change

Observer in Rome: A Protestant Report on the Vatican Council, *by Robert McAfee Brown (Doubleday. 271 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Second Session—Letters from Vatican Council II: The Debates at St. Peter's,*** *by Xavier Rynne (Farrar, Straus. 390 pp. $4.95), consider the dilemma that confronted both "Conservatives" and "Progressives" with respect to the late Pope John's program for updating the church. William H. Lazareth is professor of Systematic Theology at Philadelphia Lutheran Seminary.*

By WILLIAM H. LAZARETH

"MORE debits than credits" is the consensus of these two lively and informative accounts – one by an American Protestant and the other by a team of pseudonymous Catholics—of the disappointing results of the second session of Rome's Vatican Council II. While both share a "chastened optimism" for the Council's final outcome, they still fear and deplore the many ways by which the conservative forces of the Roman Curia have thus far been able to thwart the clearly demonstrated will of the more progressive majority by parliamentary maneuvers and control of the Council's intricate political machinery.

The late Pope John's program of "updating the church" (*aggiornamento*) was supported in most of the 600 speeches made by many of the 2,000 bishops, archbishops, and cardinals during the Council's ten-week second session in the fall of 1963. But since confusion on lines of authority in the church was one of the chief issues prompting the calling of the Council, it is understandable that the "venerable fathers" were unsure about the powers of this first Council convened since Vatican Council I promulgated the doctrine of papal infallibility in 1870. Excluding Pope Paul VI, the Council suffered from four competing bodies of authority: the four Moderators, the twelve-man Presidency, the ten-man Coordinating Commission, and the six-man Secretariat.

In the midst of all the ensuing ecclesiastical maneuvering, the "Progressives" found themselves trapped by the inner logic of their own views on church reform. Obviously the easiest way to get out of the procedural mess was to appeal for the direct intervention of the sympathetic Pope Paul. But the strongest plank in their reform platform was the rejection of all such authoritarian papal rule in the name of "collegiality," the church rule of the pope (as the successor of Peter) in close conjunction with the whole college of bishops (as the successors of the apostles).

Hence the "Conservatives" staunchly defended papal autonomy—though confident that Paul would not exercise it, while the "Progressives" vehemently attacked papal autonomy—though disappointed that Paul could not exercise it.

This is the dilemma, claims the perceptive but elusive "Xavier Rynne," which underlies the false caricature of Paul VI as an ambivalent pope who "suffers from a Hamlet-like complex." Robert McAfee Brown is likewise convinced that Paul's sympathies, like those of John XXIII, are closely allied with such "Progressives" as Cardinals Bea, Léger, Frings, and Suenens, in opposition to such Curia-centered "Conservatives" as the Italian Cardinals Ottaviani, Ruffini, Siri, and Urbani.

As an official observer for the World Alliance of Reformed and Presbyterian Churches, Dr. Brown is most enthusiastic about the Council's promulgated constitution *On the Sacred Liturgy*. Brown predicts that, in happy contrast to the "banal, innocuous and potentially dangerous" decree *On Instruments of Social Communication*, the liturgical reform might well stand as "the most substantial achievement of the entire Council." He praises the decrees on the extensive use of the vernacular in all of the sacraments, including the Mass, the greater liturgical participation among the laity, further opportunities for concelebration and communion under both species, greater stress on Scripture and the sermon, reform of the breviary, and other similar changes to insure that worship remains the grateful activity of the whole people of God, and not merely the cultic performance of the clergy.

Also applauded by Brown is the Council's decision (hotly contested in a close vote) to check further independent Mariological piety by incorporating the *schema* on Mary into the *schema* on the church. Viewing Mary within the context of the church of Christ—rather than vice versa—will certainly be far more conducive to growth in ecumenical understanding with non-Catholics.

"Ecumenism is in the Catholic Church to stay," but Dr. Brown also warns that there are still very great differences within the Roman hierarchy as to the proper bounds of ecumenical dialogue with the "separated brethren" outside

—*Pix.*

Pope Paul VI at Second Session of the Vatican Council—"still very great differences."

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the Roman Church. Never in any of the preparatory *schemata*, for instance, were the Protestant Churches referred to as other than "religious communities" with only some "vestiges" of the one true Church of Rome within them—much to the chagrin of such ecumenically-minded American Roman bishops as Helmsing of Kansas City and Leven of San Antonio.

Perhaps Professor Brown's most discerning theological critique centers on the ambiguous interfaith consequences of the Council's advisory vote (more than 80 per cent) which would decree in the *On the Church Schema* that the powers of the college of bishops were conferred by divine right rather than granted by human (papal) consent. This means that an episcopal polity is essential—and not merely beneficial—to the structure of the church as God wills it.

Virtually all Protestants would welcome this view of "collegiality" as a healthy safeguard against an extreme monarchical papalism. It ably complements the one-sided views of the powers of the papacy promulgated by Vatican Council I. At the same time, however, most non-episcopal Protestants would certainly balk at having to accept bishops in any future church unions if the intended purpose were to validate their allegedly otherwise-invalid ministries.

As a spiritual son of John Knox, Dr. Brown is at his best in protesting the Council's feet-dragging on the two vital issues of advocating religious liberty for all children of God and absolving the Jews of any special guilt for the death of Jesus Christ. Rynne maintains, however, that it was probably prudent for these controversial subjects not to have been debated indecisively in the last few days of the session just prior to Pope Paul's long-planned (but secret) pilgrimage to Jerusalem to meet with leaders of the Eastern Orthodox Churches.

Be that as it may, Brown rightly contends that "the period between now and the next session will be the most crucial period in the history of the Council." Unless the "Progressives" are able to marshal their forces and develop more effective lines of strategy, the "Conservatives" will almost certainly weaken the proposed statements on ecumenism and collegiality as well as avoid any future statements on the Jews and religious liberty.

Nevertheless the Protestant theologian's final judgment in his brilliant and witty journal remains full of Christian hope: "I know just enough about contemporary Catholic theology to know that the Council can, if it chooses and the Holy Spirit is willing, rise to heights of unimagined greatness."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ZOO STORY

Fowl, fish, and fauna – how they haunt the current title-page! Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, presents you with twenty fairly recent titles (fiction and fact), with livestock missing, and asks that you supply the proper one from Column Two and the author's name from Column Three. Answers on page 60.

1. *A Nation of* _____	( )	Bull	( )	Juan José Arévalo
2. *Mr.* _____	( )	Camel	( )	Ben Lucien Burman
3. *Never Tease a* _____	( )	Cat	( )	Sally Carrighar
4. *Night of the* _____	( )	Cuckoo	( )	Joyce Cary
5. *Not a Word About* _____	( )	Dinosaur	( )	Peter DeVries
6. *One Flew Over the* _____*'s Nest*	( )	Dove	( )	George Freedley
7. _____ *in the Family*	( )	Fox	( )	Joseph Hannan
8. _____ *Have Square Eyes*	( )	Horse	( )	Maureen Howard
9. _____, *Run*	( )	Iguana	( )	Richard Hughes
10. *The Blood of the* _____	( )	Leopard	( )	Mignon G. Eberhart
11. *The* _____ *from the Sea*	( )	Lamb	( )	Ken Kesey
12. *The* _____ *in the Attic*	( )	Lions	( )	Giuseppe di Lampedusa
13. *The Glass* _____	( )	Mockingbird	( )	William Lederer
14. *The* _____*'s Mouth*	( )	Nightingales	( )	Harper Lee
15. *The* _____	( )	Owls	( )	Farley Mowat
16. *The* _____ *and the* _____	( )	Penguins	( )	Mary Renault
17. *The Street of the Laughing* _____	( )	Rabbit	( )	Irwin Shaw
18. *The Young* _____	( )	Sardines	( )	Patrick Trese
19. *To Kill a* _____	( )	Sheep	( )	John Updike
20. _____ *in Man's Clothing*	( )	Wolf	( )	Tennessee Williams
	( )	Shark		

JUAN BOTERO: BOY WITH A DREAM

Juan Botero is 13, the eldest of nine children. He lives in a tarpaper shack in the worst slum of Bogota, Colombia. Juan's father, a day laborer, is partially blind and can rarely find work. Soon Juan will be forced to drop out of school for lack of funds.

Juan's only chance for a better life lies in his ability to complete his education, develop his skills. And his desire to do this dominates his every waking thought. But without help—*your help*—Juan will have to leave school and can look forward to nothing better than the bare existence his parents have known.

NOW

You can help a child like Juan in Colombia, Korea, Tanganyika, Greece or Lebanon to pay for tuition and transportation, to buy books, school supplies and adequate clothing through the Sponsored Scholarship program of Save the Children Federation. In return for scholarship aid, each student will contribute his services to his school or community.

As a sponsor, you will receive a photograph and history of your scholarship child and have the opportunity to correspond and follow his progress.

Won't you please give a promising youngster a helping hand?

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

I wish to contribute $150 annually to provide sponsorship in _____ (countries listed above) or where the need is greatest ☐.

Enclosed is my first payment of $12.50 per month ☐ $37.50 per quarter ☐ $75 semi-annually ☐ $150 annually ☐.

I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zone_____

(SR-7-18-4)

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Prophet of the Recent Past

***Toda Raba,** by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from Greek by Amy Mims (Simon & Schuster. 220 pp. $4.50), seeks to expose the brutality of all power and to project a vision of the future. Hassell A. Simpson teaches English at Hampden-Sydney College.*

By HASSELL A. SIMPSON

WRITTEN in 1929 and now translated into English, *Toda Raba* is remarkable on at least three counts. First, its author seems to have foreseen the Russian-Chinese split in the Communist camp. At an Oriental Congress in the Soviet Union the Asians declare that they are the wave of the future.

Second, the novelist foresaw the fall of colonialism and the emergence of powerful native leaders in Africa. In the closing scene at Lenin's tomb, Toda Raba, the African named in the title, who has appeared only briefly, sees a vision of his people writhing in chains and of himself as liberator and prophet.

Third, Kazantzakis anticipated such books as *Animal Farm, Darkness at Noon,* and *The New Class* in his portrayal of a cycle of oppression, revolution, and betrayal. An intellectual is moved to scream: "I also know what you Communists do not know and do not dare to know; that as soon as the attackers get the power—the table—they too will start to get fat and paralyzed. . . . So will waves of human beings rise and fall in an unceasing rhythm until the end of time."

Toda Raba is not, then, a proletarian novel, although the opening pages might suggest that label. From California, Japan, Poland, India, from everywhere on earth, revolutionaries are moving toward Moscow for the tenth anniversary of the October Revolution. From factory, from ghetto, from schoolroom they come like pilgrims to a holy place. For some of them, indeed, Lenin though dead is God, his tomb a blessed shrine, and his Russia a paradise on earth. These pilgrims approach the shrine in fear and joy; the little Pioneers in their red ties seem to them to hold the keys to a mighty destiny.

Not all the visitors, however, are caught up in this pious belief. Azad, the former secret-police agent and murderer, is appalled by the softness and selfishness of his old associates and the blindness of the new generation. A ridiculous and yet dangerous figure out of the past, Azad agitates pathetically for a purifying new revolution. But few listen seriously, and he is confined in a rest home.

This contrast between Communist generations is drawn again and again. The first generation—Azad in the past, Toda Raba in the future—is the destroyer, smashing the old in order to create anew; the second generation is the preserver, rebuilding according to its own vision, necessarily compromising in order to achieve certain limited ends. Thus, although Kazantzakis was at some pains to demonstrate the need for revolution, it is clear that he felt deeply the suffering that comes to the revolutionary and his adversary alike. It is also clear, from the dreams experienced by his characters, that Kazantzakis saw both revolution and suffering as inevitable in our time.

It is not so clear, however, why he chose to frame his mystical vision as a novel. A panoramic novel in 200 pages is bound to be sketchy. Furthermore, no character emerges fully alive, and in that respect *Toda Raba* is a disappointment after *Zorba the Greek, The Last Temptation of Christ,* and *Saint Francis.* There are many vivid characters, several stories are told in full, and with his usual energy and skill Kazantzakis has made real many sensory impressions of place. Yet the feeling lingers that this is something other than a novel. Document, prose poem, prophetic vision—*Toda Raba* is all these, and a cry of pain and exultation from a mighty soul. Perhaps that should be enough.

Alone in the Kingdom of Yr

***I Never Promised You a Rose Garden,** by Hannah Green (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 300 pp. $4.95), follows the zigs and zags of a schizophrenic's route to mental health. Haskel Frankel is a regular columnist and fiction critic for SR.*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

IT IS difficult to appraise *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* as a work of fiction, which is what Hannah Green (the pseudonym of a previously published fiction writer) chooses to call it. As a novel it is flawed; as nonfiction it is a painfully memorable case history told with great honesty.

Mrs. Green follows Deborah Blau, a sixteen-year-old schizophrenic, through three years in a mental institution as she struggles between two worlds. There is the Kingdom of Yr, an imaginary land of both beauty and horror, which Deborah's mind has built as an escape from an unbearable reality. And there is the new reality that Deborah is fighting for with the help of her psychoanalyst, Dr. Fried.

It is an ill-matched war. Yr can sing to Deborah, "We came in the era of dryness and the death of hope. . . . When you were laughing nowhere else, you were laughing with us." Dr. Fried can only counter with: ". . . I never promised you a rose garden. I never promised you perfect justice . . . and I never promised you peace or happiness. My help is so that you can be free to fight for all of these things. The only reality I offer is challenge. . . ."

Mrs. Green never attempts to shock the reader or to sensationalize for large sales. When Deborah is driven to inflict burns upon herself with stolen cigarettes, the author relates the incident from so deep a vantage point within the patient's mind that one sees the logical illogicality which is the ever-present truth in the behavior of the disturbed.

In Dr. Fried she has conveyed a true portrait of the analyst at work—serving as a warm wall against which Deborah can throw herself mentally, always to bounce back against herself with gradually decreasing intensity. Mrs. Green's picture of the patients, their lives among themselves and in relation to the hospital staff, is also revealingly fresh.

However, the two-steps-forward, one-step-backward progression of Deborah's surfacing to life lacks that tightness which fiction requires. The chapters devoted to Deborah's family seem not so much subplot as stage waits while a Greek chorus wrings its hands. There is nothing the family can add to Deborah's history that Deborah and her analyst do not more powerfully disclose.

Nevertheless, be it fiction or non-, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* is absorbing, powerful, and moving.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editors: JOHN SCANLON, JAMES CASS

EDITORIAL 41

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 42

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CULTURES
By Stephen W. Bartlett 44

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO TEACH
1. Enlightenment at Dawn
By Sidney Hook 48
2. Person-to-Person Teaching
By Charles F. Madden 50

WHAT KIND OF EXCELLENCE?
By Vernon R. Alden 52

A BRITISH ENGLISH TEACHER IN THE BRONX
By W. D. Emrys Evans 54

WHILE SCHOOL KEEPS
By James Cass 56

BOOK REVIEWS
"Innovation in Education," edited by Matthew B. Miles, reviewed by Rychard Fink 57
"A Parent's Guide to the New Mathematics," by Evelyn Sharp, reviewed by Louis Robinson 57

NEW BOOKS 58

Joining the Family

Saturday Review's Education Supplement has moved, along with other departments of the magazine, to SR's new home. Effective immediately, all correspondence intended for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

This supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the contents.

Prayer or Pluralism in the Schools?

A YEAR ago last month the Supreme Court ruled that officially prescribed Bible reading and recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the nation's public school classrooms is unconstitutional. The many voices raised in response to this decision represented a broad cross-section of American attitudes. Some reflected an awareness of the variety of American life and the strengths that come from unity in diversity; others illumined the deep divisions in thought and feeling that mark many areas of our society; and a few displayed profound confusion about just what the court had decreed.

The most disturbing reaction, certainly, was the attempt by a few states and a number of local school districts to defy or to circumvent the law of the land as defined by the court. An observer can only wonder how, in the name of moral teaching, responsible public officials can provide such a model of conduct for the nation's youth.

Perhaps the most notable reaction was the large number of constitutional amendments introduced in Congress to legalize Bible reading and prayer in the schools. These, in turn, sparked wide-ranging debate. And many informed observers appeared to believe throughout most of the year that if any reasonable amendment was brought to a vote in Congress, it would be passed overwhelmingly by both the House and the Senate.

When hearings on the proposed amendments were initiated this spring by the House Judiciary Committee, vigorous proponents almost inundated the committee with their testimony. But gradually the complexion of the hearings changed as the groups opposed to amendment marshaled their forces. Testimony and petitions signed by substantial numbers of leading constitutional lawyers, law school deans, and professors of law were influential. But most telling was the testimony of many leading churchmen, of all major faiths, stating their strong opposition to any tampering with the First Amendment. It had, they said, served all religious groups as a bulwark of freedom since the beginning of the Republic and should in no way be weakened.

The most hopeful reaction, without doubt, was provided by those agencies and organizations which have seen the Court's decision as an opportunity to reassess the relationship of religion and education in a pluralistic society. Justice Clark, speaking for the court, said in the 1963 decision: ". . . It might well be said that one's education is not complete without a study of comparative religion or the history of religion and its relationship to the advancement of civilization. It certainly may be said that the Bible is worthy of study for its literary and historic qualities. Nothing we have said here indicates that such study of the Bible or of religion, when presented objectively as part of a secular program of education, may not be effected consistent with the First Amendment."

A number of states and local school systems are reported to be exploring ways in which the schools can introduce students to the moral values of our society and to its varied religious traditions. And a forthcoming report of a year-long study by the American Association of School Administrators

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Special Commission on Religion and Public Education promises to provide some practical guidelines for schools to follow.

But before real progress can be made in this direction, the American people will have to accept the fact that the public schools cannot teach for religious commitment—either sectarian or non-denominational. Rather, they must apply themselves to the far more difficult task of preparing the young to live in a culturally and religiously diverse society—to the end that all Americans will be able to live together in mutual harmony, understanding, and respect. —J.C.

In Pennsylvania's Schools

In 1958, Pennsylvania mandated a course in World Cultures in the secondary schools, maintaining as its prime objective the understanding of all peoples through their cultures so we may respect these differences and benefit from all these contributions. . . . This program envisions a study of a few cultures, including at least one non-Western, rather than an attempt to cover all major cultures. The religion indigenous to each culture is studied, in its relationship to other institutions.

* * *

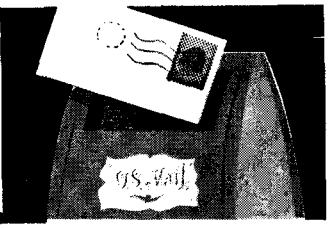
Pennsylvania's intergroup education program in 1962 on "Human Relations" did not emerge as a new course, but developed as a resource unit about a vital national problem. One of its objectives is the elimination of religious prejudice. Herein the teaching of some aspects of comparative religion is included. A teacher's guide for this program entitled "Our Greatest Challenge—Human Relations" is the first of its kind in the nation.

* * *

The major program in Pennsylvania for inculcating moral and ethical values, however, has been developed in certain units of instruction in the humanities and social studies, which include ethics. . . . A new Humanities Program, UNIVERSAL ISSUES IN HUMAN LIFE, was introduced in a limited number of schools in September 1963. This program consists of six resource units on *man's relation to beauty, freedom, society, the natural world, truth,* and *God.* Philosophy, literature, the arts, and history are the subject matter drawn upon in the study of these universal issues.

—Excerpts from a report to school administrators by Charles H. Boehm, Former Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Letters to the Editor



Critics of the Schools

YOU HAVE RENDERED a real service to the cause of public education by publishing Charles H. Wilson's article, *Critics of the Schools Never Die, Either* [*SR,* June 20]. We who are the administrative officers of local boards of education throughout the country too often find it a lonesome job, pushing for support of our public schools. Giving the reader a positive treatment about what is good in public schools will go a long way to improve our sadly slipping image.

F. J. GOTTFRIED,
Superintendent of Schools.
Elyria, Ohio

CHARLES WILSON, who writes that education critics never die, says the "legitimate" question is: How effective are the nation's schools? He answers this by saying that we have more of this and more of that, be it orchestras, food, or clothes. What he really proves is that there is considerable wealth in America and not that the average American is well educated.

In Indiana, as a rule, a high school graduate is not required to study any world history or physical science, nor to take four years of high school English or any economics, nor to be exposed to any art or music appreciation, and is expected to learn about government at all levels in one single semester. If Mr. Wilson thinks that a high school graduate who receives a diploma under the above conditions is "effectively" educated, I will eat his best straw hat.

Who is at fault for this situation? The basic rule on high school graduation requirements is set by the State School Board, which by Indiana law is controlled by professional educators like Mr. Wilson.

WADE MANN.
Editor and Publisher,
The Scott County Journal.
Scottsburg, Ind.

CHARLES WILSON is unbelievably blind to conditions in the nation in which he lives. According to him, our schools are doing a magnificent job, and all is well in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Nonsense.

Mr. Wilson says that the "only valid measure of a nation's schools is the economic, scientific, intellectual, and cultural well-being of the nation itself." There is one small item missing: morality. Are the schools that are to be credited with all our achievements also to be credited with juvenile delinquency, with dishonesty that permeates our society and makes any discussion of morality in America a farce? Will they accept credit for the "white backlash" to the civil rights bill, since this backlash is, to a great extent, the result of the manner in which our great schools teach the meaning of our Constitution and our (theoretical) way of life? Mr. Wilson has no choice: he claims scientific achievement, and he must accept hypocrisy, as our schools' achievements.

JOHN J. TOBIN, JR.
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Campus Morality

AS THE PRESIDENT of the Student Christian Association of one of America's foremost co-educational liberal arts colleges, I would be among the first to condemn immorality on the campus. As an honest attempt to further the cause of morality I applaud Mr. Eldridge's article, "More on Campus Mores," [*SR,* June 20]; but I am afraid that, like so many college administrators of today, he has missed the point.

What we need is a positive attitude on the part of our administrations. We need deans and presidents who will level with their students and show by their own actions that they themselves are moral men. We need more administrators like Vassar's Miss Blanding, who was willing to state and enforce her own ideas of right and wrong. Our administrations must set an example before they can expect us to act responsibly.

PAUL G. BROEKER,
Arlington, Va.

I APPRECIATED the article "More on Campus Mores." Considering the size of the article and the complexity of the subject, I think its author handled the matter very well. However, there were two paragraphs that cast the entire article into question. In less than two hundred words Mr. Eldridge dismisses the institutions of the home and the church as being incompetent and irrelevant in matters of sex education.

Granted that the University Counseling Center has a therapeutic function to perform in individual cases, the general pattern for an individual's value structure is pretty well laid down before he enters the gates of higher education. Simply, if the church and the home do not do anything about this problem, the college personnel eventually will be able to do nothing but surrender to what might well become a most unpleasant situation. I maintain that the church has a vital role in educating people in values. At this point, much of the discussion of sex is a question of values.

The talk of the irrelevancy of "pink-cheeked rectors" is pretty much out of touch with reality. Let's face it—if the charge of irrelevance can be leveled at the clergy, the academic world will have to face some rather crucial questions related to the arid positivism and the "value-free" relativism it has been fostering for years. It was a good article. Let's let the dialogue continue with as much honesty as we're capable of mustering.

The Rev. MANNING E. VAN NOSTRAND.
Hampton Methodist Church.
Hampton, N. H.

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Academic Freedom

As a graduate student soon to be launched into the practice of teaching the undergraduate and to actually acquaint myself with the pressures and pleasures of our profession, may I say that Professor Commager's article, "Is Freedom An Academic Question?" [*SR*, June 20] was no less than inspiring. His clarity and precision together with the perennial timeliness of the topic combined to make one of the more meaningful discussions of so profound a part of academia, —"academic freedom." May I also add, that I envy Professor Sibley's students their opportunity to encounter such truly American ideals in their mentor.

Howard J. Sosis,
Graduate Faculties,
Columbia University.

New York, N. Y.

In the name of academic freedom the intelligentsia may encourage the Professor Sibleys in their proposed establishment of Associations for the Advancement of Atheism, Societies for the Promotion of Free Love, Nudist Clubs, *et. al.*, but this truth is self-evident: our youth are being corrupted. Isn't it strange that the proponents of freedom, academic and otherwise, who so readily defend the individual's right to think and act as he chooses, are reluctant to insist he also assume responsibility for those choices, or point out to him the often disastrous consequences of wrong ones?

In searching for answers to the moral mess on our college campuses I suggest the administrators, presidents, deans, counselors, teachers, and students consider the Biblical viewpoint on morality. I know academic freedom disallows the orthodox conformity implied in its stern, old-fashioned code of ethics, but I know, too, that our best brain power has failed to find better solutions to the self-created problems of our amoral and materialistic society where confusions multiply and answers elude.

Irene Dell.

Carl Junction, Mo.

Publish or Perish?

Paul Woodring's editorial "Must College Teachers Publish or Perish?" [*SR*, June 20] is a remarkably sane contribution to a discussion that is not often carried on with equal moderation at faculty cocktail parties or coffee klatches. In the many-mansioned house of intellect there is room for a variety of talents, and each kind of educational institution calls for its peculiar blend.

In my opinion, the chief point to be kept in mind throughout the tedious debate on teaching versus publication is that, though a piece of foolish or trivial scholarship may occasionally slip by a knowledgeable editor, editorial board, or panel of publisher's readers and find its way into print, its author instantly lays himself open to the pitiless scorn of his professional peers; whereas, on the other hand, no such risks are run by the teacher whose charm and rhetorical prowess can sometimes put dogmatism, glibness, and seeming omniscience over as profundity and wisdom to a class of impressionable and not terribly well informed post-adolescents.

George J. Worth,
Acting Chairman,
Department of English,
The University of Kansas.

Lawrence, Kan.

May I suggest that the editorial "Must College Teachers Publish or Perish?" is a misstatement of the real issue involved here. Every industry, whether it be real estate, advertising, banking, or the law, has certain unwritten rules of the game. One unwritten rule of the academic industry is to publish or perish. Now Professor Sayre knew this when he accepted his job at Tufts, as does every other young, aspiring college teacher. Only a foolish man—and Professor Sayre is not that—would attempt to change the rules mid-game. Many people have tried this and, without exception, they've all failed.

Therefore, the prudent man who wishes to achieve fame, status and fortune in the academic world finds ways to "live with" this rule. The issue for many then becomes, How To Publish Without Actually Writing. The evidence indicates that a great number of professors have found answers to this problem. One way, of course, is to "edit" a volume. All you need for this is a tape-recorder and six friends with some knowledge about a common theme. The "editor" may have to write a five- or six-page preface, but that is the only price he will have to pay for receiving credit for a "scholarly publication." Dozens of books of this kind have been published so far this year and many more are forthcoming.

Another approach is to "edit" a volume of documents. The documents should relate to some common idea but apparently they need not be original, nor the most pertinent, nor need they be carefully arranged. But here again, the "editor" is usually required to write a short introduction, but he should avoid any attempt to set the documents in perspective or any comment on them. This is called "letting the documents speak for themselves."

These are only two of the many ways one can achieve credit for a "scholarly publication." When one confronts the real issue here, the possibilities are endless and the prudent man is limited only by his ingenuity, affability, and charm.

D. F. Shaughnessy,
Columbia University.

New York, N. Y.

Cambridge on the Range

David Boroff's article "Cambridge on the Range" [*SR*, June 20] was an unusually accurate portrayal of the University of Texas. As one who grew up in Austin, whose parents taught at the university, and who went to college in the East (Mount Holyoke), I was delighted with the article. I remember ten years ago a friend who was then a student at U.T. saying that the university was going to become the Harvard of the Southwest. It is wonderful to see it achieving such status. There is one thing, however, a university's money can't buy, and that is the ability to welcome the critic. One could hope, here at least, Texas hospitality might go all the way.

Margaret Taylor Harrison.

New York, N. Y.

Still More on Excellence

Your publication of Dean Joseph R. Elliss's letter [*SR*, June 20] may be taken seriously by some readers, for whom your humorous intent in printing the letter under the caption, "More Words on Excellence," may prove overly subtle.

Thus I, as the target of the dean's comical letter, would like to suggest that Lyndon Johnson's success is due not so much to his teachers college training—and obviously not to anything so chimerical as his natural abilities or so trivial as his quarter-century's experience in Congress—but to the fact that he grew up in a hot, pestiferous area of Texas, which gives a man a challenge. Following the dean's splendid exhibition of close reasoning, one must surely conclude that all graduates of a childhood in this bracing region are destined to be successful in their chosen fields because President Johnson has been in his.

James D. Koerner.

Lexington, Mass.

Three Awards

Saturday Review's Education Supplement won three national awards during the past month:

► A first prize from the Educational Press Association "for excellence in educational journalism."

► A first prize from the Education Writers Association "for the outstanding series of articles on education in a magazine of general circulation."

► A National School Bell Award "for distinguished interpretive reporting." The School Bell Award, presented by the American Association of School Administrators, the Council of Chief State School Officers, the National Association of Secretaries of State Teachers Associations, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the National Education Association, and the National School Boards Association, was for John Scanlon's article, "Strikes, Sanctions, and the Schools," published on October 19, 1963.

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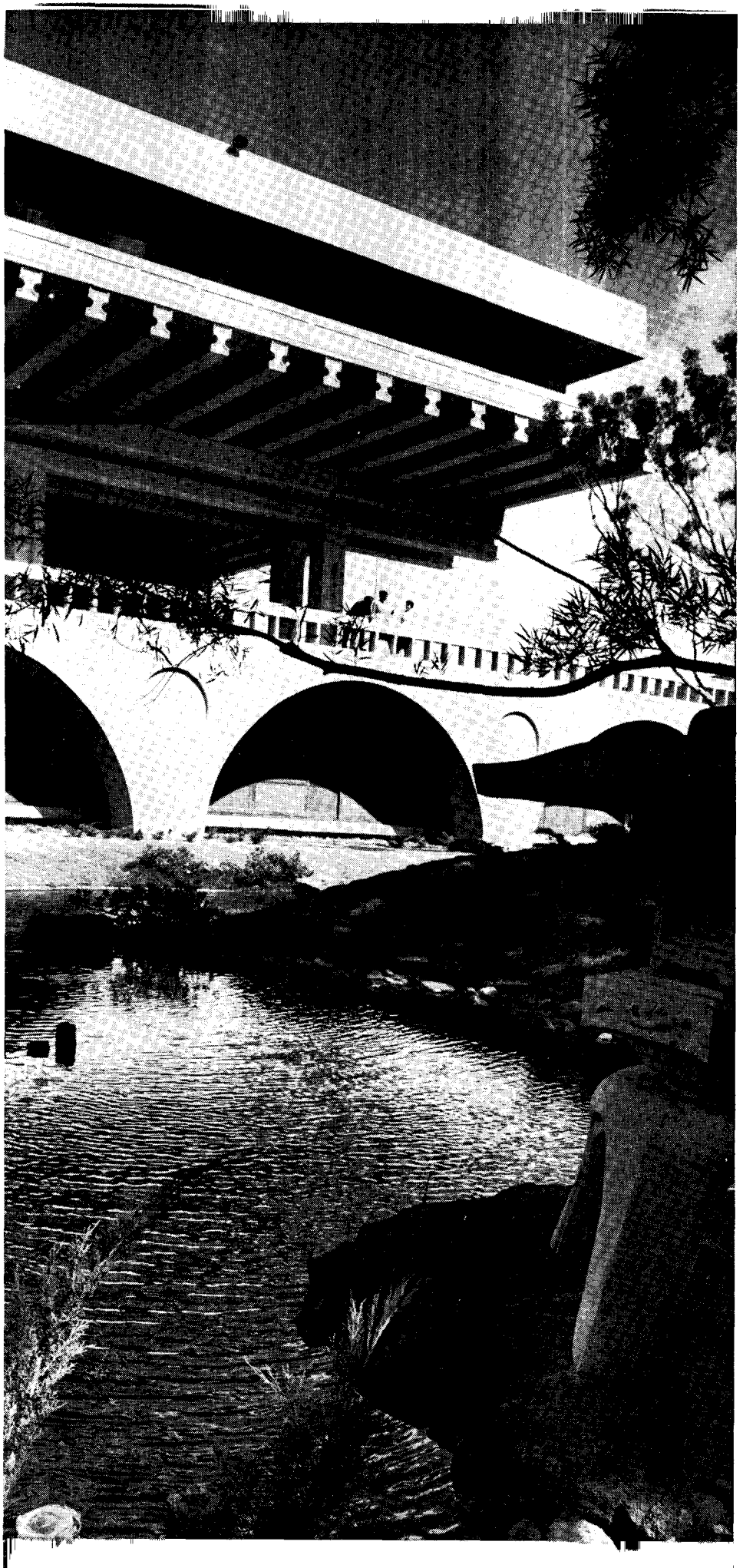

—*Duane Preble.*

HAWAII'S EAST-WEST CENTER

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CULTURES

By STEPHEN W. BARTLETT, *a freelance writer and Hawaii resident.*

ON AN April day in 1959, when Lyndon Baines Johnson was Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate, he tossed this question into an audience of newspaperwomen: "Why don't we foster truly international centers of learning where the world's best and most mature minds can meet and exchange ideas?" For example, Johnson continued, such a center in Hawaii "could serve as a meeting place for intellectuals of East and West."

When wire-service accounts of the Senator's speech reached Honolulu, an answering ripple immediately came back across the Pacific. "Your wonderful support of our long-cherished regional hopes is enthusiastically greeted . . .," read the cablegram from Laurence H. Snyder, then president of the University of Hawaii.

The regional hopes of Hawaii, particularly on the eve of statehood in 1959, centered in that community's desire to serve the United States in a way appropriate to its unique human resources. For the people of Hawaii regard themselves as a symbol and a demonstration of men and women of differing racial and ethnic backgrounds creating together a viable, progressive society. Dr. Snyder, in his cablegram, reminded Senator Johnson of this and of the University of Hawaii's long experience in Asian studies and international conferences and training programs.

Eight days later a draft proposal for an educational and research center bringing together participants from the U.S. and the Asian-Pacific area was airmailed to Johnson from a University of Hawaii faculty committee. Art professor Murray Turnbull chaired the committee and later led the fledgling institution that came out of his committee's proposal through its first critical year. The outline he sent to Johnson became the basis for a Congressional bill authorizing a grant-in-aid from the U.S. State De-

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partment to the University of Hawaii. In October 1960 the Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange between East and West was founded. The new institution was charged with a mission that has history-shaping potential: the promotion of mutual understanding and cooperation among the countries of the Asian-Pacific area and the United States. In less than four years, an exciting idea has taken concrete and practical shape as fast as brains, inspiration, and $26,740,000 in federal funds could accomplish the feat. Six handsome buildings have sprung up at one end of the lush University of Hawaii campus. A highly qualified staff has been recruited. In recent months the broad scope of the institution's several programs has been brought to focus on specific objectives.

Three categories of persons from the Asia-Pacific area and counterparts from the U.S. are brought to the "East-West Center," as it is called. Men of established professional reputation and accomplishment who hold positions at the national policy level in their home countries, usually in education or government agencies, are invited to the center for research, reflection, and exchange of ideas. These are the men with whom Johnson's original suggestion was concerned. In addition there are graduate students, selected for their potential leadership, who are awarded two-year scholarships that enable them to eat, live, and study together on the Honolulu campus. They are enrolled in regular University of Hawaii classes. Persons in the third category—embracing such extremes as teachers and doctors on one hand and dressmakers and coconut growers on the other—are provided with vocational and technical training.

Twelve hundred men and women have completed work or study on the Honolulu campus and have returned to their homelands to further the objectives of the center in their daily occupations. Among them are doctors and nurses gathered from the scattered islands of the Pacific. They brought with them to contribute to the program their special experience and knowledge of practicing medicine under tropical conditions and have now returned to their posts after six months of refresher courses in up-to-date techniques. Several of the first graduates from the two-year student program have accepted positions serving top echelons of government in their home countries. One of the first books published by the East-West Center Press, authored by a Philippine professor of public administration, is in part the product of a year of research at the Center. It offers to developing countries a detailed analysis of the Philippine struggle against graft and corruption. Research and writing done at the Center by scholar Nghiem Dang is helping to guide public administration changes now under way in strategic South Vietnam, his homeland.

Led by its first chancellor, anthropologist Alexander Spoehr, the Center geared its programs to the needs of the Asian-Pacific nations. Asian-Pacific students are selected on the basis of their potential contributions to their homelands, and in screening American applicants the Center is particularly interested in those preparing for overseas careers in that part of the world, whether serving U.S. universities, government, or business. Research and training projects usually focus on problems of development in Asia and the Pacific, whether economic, social, political, educational or agricultural. Unlike the Fulbright, Smith-Mundt, and other programs that, at the post-doctoral level, may involve projects with a similar focus, East-West Center programs are "founded on the assumption that we (Americans) do not have the answers, and that we need to know more about the conditions in these countries if adaptations are going to be made to their special conditions," in the words of a Center administrator. Accordingly, Americans and Asians working on research and training projects are brought to the Center as collaborating equals.

Here, at last, Uncle Sam's condescending stance as mentor to the underdeveloped countries of Asia is altered. For the word "interchange," as it appears in the formal title of the Center, contemplates a two-way flow of technical and cultural thinking, wherever possible on creative levels, frequently promoting synthesis. If honestly implemented, the idea of interchange constitutes an acknowledgment that Uncle Sam has something to learn from Buddha, and Confucius, or from a Burmese rice farmer, and a Japanese businessman.

Anticipating the fruits of honest interchange, *Saturday Review* greeted the East-West Center's founding in 1960 with an enthusiastic forecast that the Center "may do more for U.S. relations with Asians than any other plan yet concocted in the marble halls of diplomacy." But this enthusiasm has hardly become epidemic. The Center is earning identity and respect in educational and governmental circles of Asia, where its reputation reaches even into the hinterland. (One student from an isolated Nepalese village walked twenty-eight days to make application for a scholarship at Kathmandu.) The Center is practically unknown, however, in the land that sponsors it. Popular ignorance of its existence has made it vulnerable to Congressional indifference and even hostility. At appropriations time last year the Center's program barely escaped emasculation by the House Subcommittee on Appropriations for the Department of State. The Center's budget was slashed more than 20 per cent, from $5,700,000 to $4,500,000, though later it was partially restored (to $5,100,000) in a Senate-House conference committee.

The relationship of the Center to the University of Hawaii and the operation of the Center's advanced research program are the bones that regularly stick in Congressional throats at appropriations time. Though the Center has been running well internally, its external lines of control, responsibility, and authority have been snarled in a knot of contention. Up to the present, the chancellor of the Center has been responsible to the university's board of regents and has reported to them "through" the president of the university, Dr. Thomas H. Hamilton. To what degree the Center was an autonomous operation has never been clear. (Dr. Hamilton has been acting chancellor since the resignation of former chancellor Alexander Spoehr late last year.)

A recent report to the State Department by a special commission headed by John W. Gardner, president of the Car-

Arms Can Never Make Us Invulnerable

"I have reviewed the report on the East-West Center, prepared at your request by the United States Advisory Commission on International Educational and Cultural Affairs.

"As you know, the establishment and the development of the East-West Center has been a matter of personal interest to me, so I am very happy to have the Commission's report that remarkable progress has been made in the brief period since it was authorized.

"I was proud to have had the privilege of presenting the dedication address for the Center in May of 1961. The report quotes from that address a comment which I would re-emphasize today: 'Arms can never make us invulnerable nor our enemies invincible, but the support we give to education can make freedom irresistible.'

"I hope the report can be read widely."

—From President Lyndon B. Johnson's letter of May 6, 1964 to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, accepting the Larsen report on the East-West Center.

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negie Corporation, is almost certain to affect next year's hearings. Authored by Roy E. Larsen, chairman of the executive committee of Time Inc., and James M. Davis, a vice-president of the Institute for International Education, the report recommends that "the chancellor of the East-West Center . . . be under the administrative responsibility of the president of the University of Hawaii." It also urges that some buildings be constructed and used jointly, and that the Center press merge with that of the university. Larsen and Davis state that a large degree of autonomy for Center programs is desirable, but that cooperation is essential.

There is little doubt that the report will be broadly implemented, since it was released by President Johnson personally and carries his approval. Hamilton insists that it means no less autonomy for the Center, that it only guarantees there will be full discussion in every case of overlapping activities of the two institutions—a procedure that has not always been followed in the past. For this reason he does not believe that the new definition of Center-university relations will in any way compound his difficult task of finding a man with the proper qualifications to take over the chancellorship. Hamilton has been asked by the State Department to take the lead in searching for a successor for Spoehr.

The appointment of a national review board was another major proposal of the Larsen-Davis report. It balances the report's recommendations for tying the Center closer to the university by providing formal representation of the national interest in the Center. President Johnson has appointed as the board's chairman Governor John A. Burns of Hawaii and has directed Secretary of State Rusk to fill out the board with "outstanding citizens" who will "review continuously the program and operation of the East-West Center from the standpoint of the national interest" and advise the State Department.

Though the State Department's official line of control will continue to run through the university's board of regents, the instituting of the national review board, plus the recent appointment of a liaison with the Center, will give the State Department a firmer finger on the pulse of Center operations. (Harold E. Howland, deputy director of the Office of Far Eastern Programs in the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs, has assumed the new post of special assistant for East-West Center Affairs.) If the Larsen-Davis report is fully implemented, it will be important to enlist the sympathetic cooperation of Congress, for it will be faced over the next several years with escalating budget requests. Larsen and Davis recommend $6,300,000 for fiscal 1965 (compared to the $5,300,000 the House authorized); $9,000,000 in fiscal 1966; $10,200,000 in 1967; and $10,500,000 by 1970. Budget planning in increments of three years was also proposed.

Anyone who has ever struggled to launch a new idea will find no surprise in the fact that the seas surrounding the East-West Center have not been uniformly pacific. Stormy appropriations hearings result, in part, from crosscurrents of controversy that began the day Senator Johnson proposed the University of Hawaii as a "meeting place for intellectuals of East and West." There were immediate challenges to the qualifications of both the university and the Honolulu community. In 1959, when Johnson made his proposal, the University of Hawaii had an enrollment of less than 9,000, a library of only about 300,000 bound volumes, and was obviously not so well rounded in academic resources as many another potential site for an international research and educational effort. Furthermore, it was argued, Asian students coming to the proposed Center would hardly see a representative American community in Hawaii.

Part of the answer given to these criticisms appeals to the university's special academic strengths, which happen to correspond with the patterns of need in most Asian countries and with the interests of Americans wishing to study Asian topics. For the Asian-Pacific student the University of Hawaii provides strong departments in agriculture (particularly tropical agriculture) and soil science, geological sciences (particularly volcanology and marine geology), meteorology, political science, and zoology (particularly marine biology), and has a respected teachers' college. American students, who are required to major in some aspect of Asian or Pacific studies at the Center, find the university strong

The Larsen Report

FOUR MONTHS AGO, the United States Advisory Commission on International Educational and Cultural Affairs submitted a 43-page report on the East-West Center to Secretary of State Dean Rusk. The Secretary, in turn, forwarded it to President Johnson (See box on page 45.).

The report summarizes the findings of a study undertaken at the request of Assistant Secretary of State (for Educational and Cultural Affairs) Lucius D. Battle last fall to Dr. John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York and chairman of the commission.

The survey was made by Roy E. Larsen, chairman of the executive committee of Time Inc., and vice chairman of the commission, who was assisted by James M. Davis, then director of the International Center of the University of Michigan.

The commission's report makes only minor suggestions about the Center's programs, which it found "represent a tremendous achievement in an extremely short time." The central problem, it reported, is rather that of "establishing an organizational environment in which the Center's program can flourish."

To meet that problem, the Commission recommended:

1. Maintenance of the existing close relationship between the East-West Center and the University of Hawaii.
2. Establishment of a national review board, composed of leaders in civic, educational, and business life, to represent the national interest in the Center.
3. Designation of a full-time special assistant for East-West Center matters in the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs. (Assistant Secretary Battle recently named Harold E. Howland, formerly deputy director in the Bureau's Office of Far East Programs, to the new post.)
4. Continuation of the International Panel of Advisers, appointed in 1962 and comprising government officials, educators and businessmen of five nations.
5. Appointment by the Chancellor of the Center of a deputy with "clear authority and responsibility to act for the Chancellor as the central coordinator of the operations and planning of the program arms of the Center."
6. Gearing of the Center's budgets to "a plan of orderly growth"; establishment of a rate of growth consistent with the goal of excellence; and adoption of three-year budgets, which would act both as a ceiling on commitments for advance expenditures and as a basis for planning.
7. Giving consideration to the commission's estimated budget of $10,500,000 for fiscal year 1970 as the annual U.S. Government commitment for the Center's operations.

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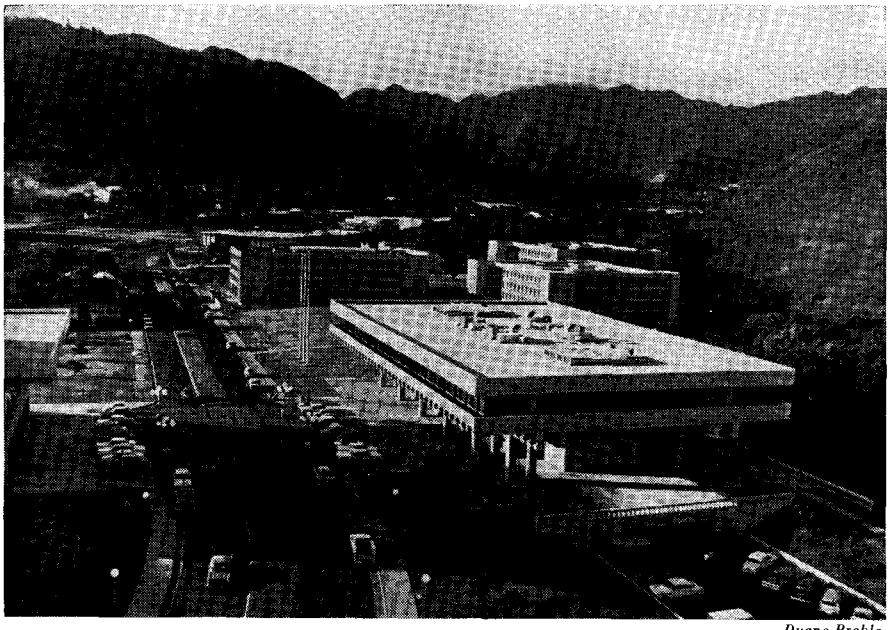
in Asian languages and in the fields of anthropology, Asian art history, Pacific and Asian history, Asian and comparative philosophy, and in its special interdepartmental Asian studies program. Also the library offers extensive collections of Chinese and Japanese works—collections built up before World War II, when the university boasted a preeminent faculty in Asian studies.

A variety of appeals are made in defense of Honolulu's special qualifications as seat of the East-West Center, but two are particularly forceful: Hawaii's Oriental-Caucasian, multi-lingual population provides for both Asian and American students an adaptive stepping stone toward more foreign situations. Secondly, the community is a unique example of the ideal of racial and ethnic harmony that underlies the Center, and, so the argument goes, a model situation makes a better setting for the Center than a community with racial tensions that might reach into the student body.

However, each of these reinforces the objection that Hawaii is not a typical American community. In recognition of the fact that exposure of students to more representative locales is important to the cultural interchange goals of the Center, a unique feature has been built into the student program. After nine months of studying in Hawaii, the student may qualify for field study, which sends the American to an Asian or Pacific institution appropriate to his interests and the Asian or Pacific student to an appropriate institution on the U.S. mainland. Following field study the student normally spends a final period in residence at the Center, consolidating his academic work and enriching multicultural interchange with insights gained during field study.

Since there are more than 70,000 foreign students in the U.S., of which more than 25,000 are Asians, the East-West Center cannot justify itself by being just another student exchange program with frills. It must be essentially different. The Center's genuine innovations are the principle of interchange and the concentration of its training, education, and research on a limited geographical area.

But it is because of this concentration that the Center has hardly yet begun to fill out the shape of a world university that editor Norman Cousins and others see in the shadow of its future [*SR*, Mar. 21]. Given its present and projected limitations of budget and interests, it seems unlikely that the institution ever will fill its own shadow. The Center involves participants from twenty-seven Asian-Pacific countries and the United States, but it takes more than a collection of international bodies and minds to make a world university. Dr. Arthur Feraru, one of the bright and imaginative young men in the Center's predominantly youthful hierarchy, defines a world university as one that prepares students to live in the world as well as in their own countries and is therefore concerned with the knowledge, values, ideas, and points of view of all cultures. This definition, if accepted, implies an international faculty and a multi-cultural curriculum, both of which the Center and the University of Hawaii are on their way to providing. The East-West Center, however, chooses its research and technical training participants largely from those interested in a relatively narrow segment of the academic spectrum, neglecting the humanities in the process (though not ignoring them), whereas Dr. Feraru's concept of a world university implies catholicity, not concentration.



—*Duane Preble.*

"In less than four years, an exciting idea has taken concrete and practical shape."

IF the traditional Western academic disciplines do not provide an adequate measure of a would-be world university, then another standard might be the university's breadth of concern with intersocietal problems—"the human condition and the human potential," as Mr. Cousins called it. Here again, in order to achieve maximum effect on a limited budget, the Center deliberately narrows its focus to the problems and potential of Asia and the Pacific. The alternative would be to include among its research projects, for example, studies of such East-West problems as city planning and urban transportation, mental health in an urbanizing, crowding world, or the preservation and promotion of esthetic dimensions under conditions that couple mass communications with the dominance of quantitative standards appropriate to an industrializing world.

One of the directions in which the East-West Center could move, then, is toward a world university. In the meantime it has become, if a more specialized instrument, nonetheless a unique and vital one. Though its entire program stresses Asian-Pacific development, toward this end it has applied its principle of cultural and technical interchange.

The Institute for Technical Interchange is a case in point. One of the three major divisions of the Center, the ITI schedules grass-roots and nuts-and-bolts programs and projects, and it contracts to train personnel, principally for the Agency for International Development.

Under the leadership of Y. Baron Goto, the ITI will become increasingly concerned with problems of the Pacific Islands, though not to the exclusion of Asia. Dr. Goto sees the Pacific as the neglected backyard of the United States. He plans to focus on four Pacific problems: (1) health; (2) training of islanders for food production; (3) education, particularly the teaching of English as a standard language, and career and vocational training for women and youth; (4) management training, for business and self-government.

A dollar-stretching criterion for ITI projects is that every participant must be in a position to train others when he goes home and back to work. For example, one group brought from five Asian countries for the first of the ITI's four-month courses in educational communications included a school principal, educational consultant-advisors, a speech professor and broadcaster, and teachers assigned to radio or TV work. The course focuses primarily on teaching the educational use of TV—a tool that seems the providential answer to

(*Continued on page* 61)

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THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO TEACH

1. *Enlightenment at Dawn*

By SIDNEY HOOK, *Chairman, Department of Philosophy at N. Y. U.*

TO BE catapulted from a classroom to a studio televising a coast-to-coast program is like undergoing a change of educational life. The experience of talking philosophy to so many people at first was somewhat awesome, and this feeling was intensified rather than diminished as torrents of letters poured in from all parts of the country. I could not explain away the number of my listeners by assuming that most of them were insomniacs or that they were looking for entertainment. People do not arise at dawn in quest of entertainment, or seek it in philosophy. The realization that perhaps as many as 1,000,000 people were waiting to hear me speak on matters of good and evil, right and wrong, life and death, had a sobering, indeed at the beginning a disquieting, effect on me. I knew from long experience the tendency of untrained minds to make immediate application of general principles in ethical and social philosophy to themselves. How many individuals would seek to apply my abstract analyses to their own case or try to solve difficult social and political problems that principles, no matter how sound, are never sufficient by themselves to resolve? How many quarrels would be instigated by my critical remarks about the reigning orthodoxies and the opposite illusions of ritualistic liberalism? Whose susceptibilities would be wounded? Whose dogmas would be outraged?

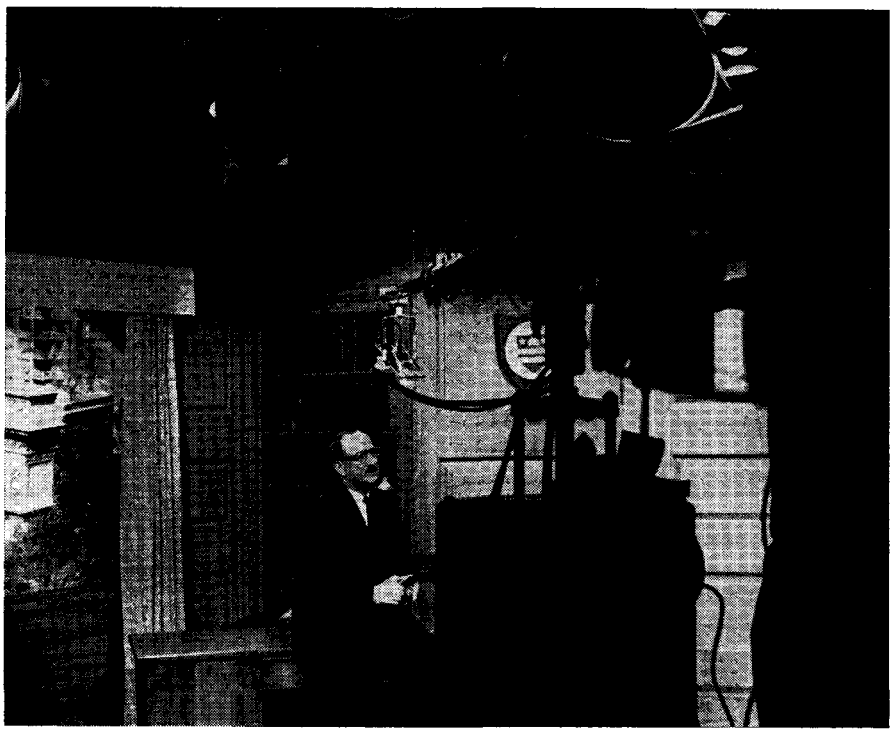
Before discussing the central educational problems posed by television over the regular network stations, as distinct from closed circuit television, I should like to set down some purely personal reactions. The greatest single cost to me of the television course seemed the loss of anonymity. I became a marked, self-conscious man. There was hardly a group in which I found myself in which someone did not step up to introduce himself to me as an attentive, if not admiring, listener. The loss of anonymity means that public virtue, so to speak, is enforced upon one. I could not clear my throat or appear in my son's cast-off clothes or innocently cavort on the street or do all the many things that others can do in the assurance of *not* being observed, without risking an overt expression of surprise. The only advantage I derived from this loss of anonymity was the willingness of a bookseller to cash a small personal check after he had taken a close look at me.

Another odd thing about my coast-to-coast television appearance was the discovery that I must look like hundreds of other Americans, most of them relatives, so my correspondents assured me, who had moved away in youth, and many of them (alas!) missing husbands. Some of these identifications were made merely on the strength of a similar name. Others assured me that my viewers had seen through the disguise of my moustache and make-up. One letter informed me in detail of the forlorn developments in my putative family since my stealthy departure.

More seriously, however, I should like to consider here some of the problems I faced in my first experience on television. Some of these stem, I feel, from a yet unclear conception of what open circuit educational television should be.

Educational television over a commercial network differs profoundly from closed circuit television in a classroom in several ways. Closed circuit television in a classroom delivers to the lecturer a captive audience. He can therefore count upon a certain period of grace before the attention span snaps. He may take as much as ten minutes or more to puzzle and mystify his viewers, and then with a few broad generalizations or genial insights tie things together or present a formula or design in which all the elements fall into place. In open circuit television, however, the lecturer can count on no such interest on the part of the viewers. He must rouse and hold their attention from the beginning. When they are unduly puzzled, they are annoyed and switch to something more palatable. There is a dangerous tendency, therefore, on the part of the lecturer to make his talk more interesting than profound, to season what he says too heavily with wit, illustrations, and example, and dilute the strength of the logical analysis.

A second profound difference is that in closed circuit television one can assume a more or less uniform audience with respect to academic background, preparation, and professional expecta-



—*N.Y.U.-Luigi Pellettieri.*

"The realization that perhaps as many as 1,000,000 people were waiting to hear me speak on matters of good and evil had a sobering effect."

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tion. But ordinary television must be pitched on a level sufficiently high to warrant giving college credit to listeners who successfully complete examinations in the subject. At the same time it must interest that large and miscellaneous group that seeks to benefit from "adult education." This means that a lecture must have something in it that will appeal to listeners on almost every level of literacy from one's colleagues who listen in, sometimes with censorious avidity to catch one out, to the stubborn listener who decides to stick through the half hour in hope that the faint glimmer of meaning he has discerned will develop into a ray of understanding.

To expect a teacher on television to produce something that will appeal to human sensibility and intelligence on so many different levels is almost to ask him to create a work of art. This, of course, is Utopian. But it may be approached in most subjects by beginning with simple problems and adding complexity and qualifications step by step. In philosophy, at any rate, grasp of the simple problems opens all doors to subsequent study. Since philosophy is not a discipline with cumulative findings or results, its problems are of perennial and universal concern. The questions are far more important than the answers.

Yet, of all subjects philosophy is the most difficult to teach over television. For it offers no experimental demonstrations, which television courses in science can do superbly well; it involves no imagery or rote learning, and no pictorial illustrations. The very essence of philosophical method consists in dialogue, in give and take, in unrehearsed question and answer. Props and blackboard work, which are helpful in art and mathematics, are either absurd or peripheral when one is engrossed in philosophical analysis. No matter how good a television lecture may be in content or how finished in performance, no philosophical instruction has taken place unless the student has participated in the process by which the conclusion is reached – participated by comment, question, criticism, or some other relevant answering response. Whatever information a lecturer can convey can be transmitted through the printed word as well and usually more fully. It is too easy for the viewer to agree with the television lecturer who cannot pause to meet difficulties and who is necessarily so much the creature of the clock that he cannot even play the role of devil's advocate against his own position – a very effective teaching device. The ear in general is less critical than the eye to closely reasoned discourse. By the time a hearer can crystallize what starts out as an amorphous objection to what he has heard, the speaker has galloped on to other points, and there is no opportunity for interplay.

Most of these difficulties are easily remediable. If courses in philosophy or any other subject to which the analysis of ideas is central are to be given over regular television stations, they should be presented before a small, live, unrehearsed class. The advantage to the teacher is immeasurable. Every good teacher varies his pace and depth to the apperceptive mass of his hearers. The latter is sometimes communicated by a glance, a gesture, a sense of strain, a grimace, even before the difficulty acquires the dignity of a formal question or interruption. Nothing can serve as a substitute for these pedagogic clues except the live presence of a class, however small.

The standard reply to my query why a live class in philosophy could not be televised was that the very spontaneity of the program would be no guarantee against dead spots – the embarrassing pause, the fumbling quest for words, the sentences that would peter out in a kind of inarticulate stutter. This reply is unconvincing. Even in a good class where the discussion is lively, fruitful, and has a sense of direction, such phenomena are not unusual. Yet they do not detract from the interest of the proceedings. For any moderately experienced teacher knows how to use them to educational advantage or, when this isn't possible, to retrieve the situation by suggesting an answer, reformulating the cryptic or peripheral comment, and lending his own wings to undergird the student's flights and perches in the continued discussion.

Behind the reluctance to use a live class on open circuit television is the tyranny of time that flows from the entertainer's, not the educators, desire to give a finished performance. These time cues that run through the half-hour and end with "five minutes," "four," "three," "two," "one," "thirty seconds," and "cut" signals are very distracting. They make sense if the lecturer is expected to wrap everything neatly up and leave his auditors with a cliff-hanger problem to motivate further listening. But to expect the lecturer to do this doesn't make good educational sense. Many excellent classes do not end on a final solution of a problem. So long as the interest has been sustained, "to-be-continued" is sufficient motivation. I have never been impressed by lecturers who can finish a fifty-minute or thirty-minute class hour with a concluding sentence that ends with the bell. For it is usually a sure-fire sign that they are delivering canned lectures – that they were not thinking or re-thinking the problems as they spoke. It is almost as bad as the most unforgivable of all things over television—*reading* a lecture. What are books and phonograph records for? Teaching is *not* reading, *not* lecturing, but, in philosophy, thinking aloud and anew with students in a common quest for clarity, understanding, and wisdom. If a teacher believes he has the answers, he must not proclaim them but make them emerge from the dialectic of give and take. The life of philosophy is practice, not doctrine.

The criteria of entertainment still dominate educational television too much, with the result that most programs are less educational and even less entertaining than they could be. The lecturer is often encouraged to act as naturally as he would in a classroom. But without a class, how can he, when he is expected to be on the *qui vive* to signals directing his eye to which one of three cameras at the moment is being trained on him, when he must inform the director or floor manager in advance of the program, at what point he will use the blackboard? My remark when I was still green, "I use the blackboard when the spirit moves me," was treated as a joke. I do not believe that the technical difficulties created by the natural movements and gestures of the spontaneous, uninhibited teaching personality are insuperable.

Despite my criticisms of the present state of educational television, somewhat to my surprise I wound up with a strong sense of its remarkable possibilities. Even in its present imperfect form it fills a genuine need, and it can easily be adapted to meet this need more fully and for more people. Those who condemn educational television out of hand as an exemplification of a mass art, and therefore necessarily vulgar and superficial, remind me of those critics in the early Twenties who were furiously debating whether the cinema could ever be an art form, and who were blind to its vast potentialities in opening up a new dimension in artistic experience.

My sense of the immense educational importance that educational television, properly conceived and executed, could have was reinforced by the mail I received and whose contents I amply sampled from time to time in replying to as many as I humanly could in the time I had. There were three main classes of auditors. The first were students eking out their course in ethics in various institutions throughout the country. Some were encouraged to tune in by their instructors. Sometimes, to my astonishment, the instructors themselves monitored the course.

The second class of listeners were those who audited the course in hope of finding a solution to personal problems of long standing that therapy, religion, or Zen had failed to solve. Sometimes their reactions took simple

(*Continued on page* 59)

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2. Person-to-Person Teaching

By CHARLES F. MADDEN, *poet, teacher, and coordinator of the Amplified Telephone Project at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri.*

IT HAS become a cliché in academic circles to refer to the ideal university in terms of Mark Hopkins's log, and often the idealists with great specificity require a Renaissance man schooled in the Socratic method at one end and a curious, receptive student at the other.

But the university realist, clutching the latest population statistics in one hand and legislative appropriations or figures from the development office in the other, knows that the log is outmoded as a site for intellectual encounter and the one-to-one ratio is purest fantasy. He is apt to point out that the "Renaissance man" is an anachronism, and "receptive student" a euphemism for a diploma-hungry, scholarship-seeking junior pedant. He is wrong, of course, on all points.

Though a long distance telephone line provides a strange analog, Mark Hopkins would, I think, agree that the newest use of this technological aid comes very close to establishing the kind of dialogue he admired. It is now possible—and more than possible, a fact—that students are being provoked to awareness and stimulated to activity by person-to-person conversations with major spokesmen from the fields of art, politics, philosophy, science, and letters.

Into the classroom furnished with special telephone equipment, two amplifiers and two microphones with cords long enough to reach to every student, comes the voice of John Dos Passos. He says, "At that time (around World War I) I was particularly interested in the work of the Italian Futurists and the French poet, Rimbaud. A number of poets were experimenting in the use of language very much the same way that the cubist painters were experimenting with form and color. They were trying to produce something that stood up off the page. Some of them called it simultaneity." And a student who has read *Midcentury* and wondered about the genesis of Dos Passos's style is answered.

Or Margaret Mead, in New York, answering a question asked directly, person-to-person, by a student at Le Moyne College in Memphis, Tennessee, says that anthropologists are better equipped to enter into the lives of primitive peoples than the primitive peoples are to understand the anthropologists. She illustrates her point with personal examples unavailable in any source other than a two-way conversation.

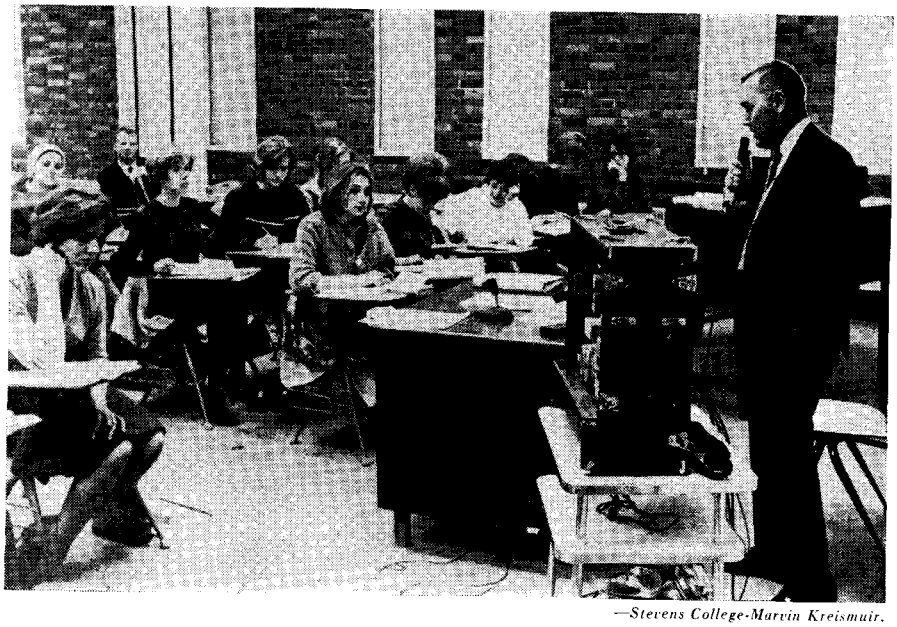
In such a classroom the students often gasp audibly when they hear information or opinions directly from recognized authority. There was such a gasp, and an electric interest, when a group of science teachers heard Nobel Prize-winning geneticist Hermann Muller disclaim the use of his name in a spurious publication on genetics and the race problem. The group addressed was part of a science seminar being conducted by amplified telephone. The knowledge and insight of Dr. Muller (and twelve other scientists of national and international reputation) was thus put at the disposal of teachers who might fear the rapid growth of scientific information and the effect that their inadequate knowledge would have on their teaching.

For the Renaissance man whose knowledge embraced all fields we have substituted specialists, but the classroom teacher now has resources that give him access to more knowledge than the Renaissance man could have dreamed of. To avail himself of these resources he has only to use his imagination and the technology available to him.

In Jackson, Mississippi, last spring a wonderfully enthusiastic teacher at Jackson State College, Dr. Jane Ellen McAllister, sensing an opportunity to improve the cultural level of the essentially deprived young Negroes with whom she worked, eagerly set up a series of amplified telephone lectures by Columbia University's distinguished professor of classics, Moses Hadas, speaking from New York, on The Great Ideas of Antiquity. During a five-week summer session, students of many ages—especially selected high school students, regularly enrolled college students, and teachers—gathered in an auditorium at Jackson and in classrooms at Tougaloo Southern Christian College, Grambling College, and Southern University in rapt attention as Dr. Hadas led them through the tragedies set down by Sophocles and Aeschylus centuries ago. And in the students, though they heard Oedipus and Antigone and Creon from afar off, there was renewed the feeling that human suffering and human dignity know no particular century and leave no people untouched.

The idea of enriching college courses by telephone interviews is not a particularly recent one. For more than six years Professor James Burkhart of Stephens College has lifted political and social issues off the printed page and brought them as living conflicts into his course in American Government. Students for whom a political convention was little more than a week of exciting television talked with the national chairmen of the political parties, studied the platforms, interviewed candidates, and came to know, finally, the vitality of the American two-party system and the responsibility of the individual citizen.

But enrichment is only one dimension of the possibilities opened by the use of the telephone in education. With the conference technique—a familiar part of the business world but new in universities—colleges can share their faculties without straining their facilities. A pamphlet issued by the Bell Telephone Company details the remarkable extent to which tele-lecture has moved into our schools. "Dr. John R. Coleman, Professor of Economics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology,



—Stevens College-Marvin Kreismuir.

"Teaching involves more than turning on the equipment and listening."

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gave a tele-lecture from Pittsburgh to audiences at the Universities of Oklahoma, Syracuse, Wisconsin, Omaha, and Washington," the pamphlet reports. A course in industrial psychology taught by Dr. William E. Jaynes was offered simultaneously to a class at Omaha, Dr. Jaynes's home base, and a class on the campus of the University of Colorado. In reciprocity Dr. Keith Davis of Colorado taught a class in social psychology that was received by telephone classes at Omaha. This was, in effect, an exchange program in which neither professor left home except for brief visits to their "long distance" classrooms.

Other professors, experts in their fields, may be drawn by telephone into a university class for a single session or several sessions when it would otherwise be impossible for them to be absent from their regular duties. The State College in La Crosse, Wisconsin, thus tapped the resources of the University of Wisconsin when Dr. Max Carbon, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, spoke to them from Madison on "The Nuclear Reactor: Its Functions and Purpose." Dr. Albert Marckwardt of the University of Michigan, Dr. Oliver Chitwood of the University of West Virginia, and Dr. Neil Miller of Yale University were "guest lecturers" to groups outside their universities by using the telephone.

During the past year, at Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri, the use of amplified telephone conversations as part of the regular instructional program has been tried and proved. The experiment involved not only the program of a single college but the first major effort at inter-institutional cooperation in instruction by telephone. Three courses emanating from Stephens were made available to the students at ten other institutions by using regular telephone facilities in a conference hook-up.

The science seminar met each week of the first semester under the direction of Dr. Alfred Novak, chairman of the Division of Science and Mathematics at Stephens College. The speakers chosen by Dr. Novak were asked to talk for thirty or forty minutes on the topic assigned to them and then, for another thirty to forty-five minutes, the participants were free to ask questions just as if the speaker were in the room. Dr. Novak acted as moderator.

Questions might come from any of the seven schools involved: Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia; Wilberforce University in Wilberforce, Ohio; Le Moyne College in Memphis, Tennessee; Drury College in Springfield, Missouri; Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri; Langston University in Langston, Oklahoma; or Kansas Wesleyan University in Salina, Kansas. The questions might, however, come not only from the faculty of these schools but from any of their guests, and evaluations show that the seminar actually reached representatives of over forty institutions.

The equipment for the experiment was developed in the Bell Laboratories and leased to each school by the Bell Telephone system. The installation charges and cost of leasing were minimal when compared with the prohibitive cost and nearly impossible logistics of bringing the speakers to the campuses involved. The equipment is simple but it provides that crucial element missing in television and radio, an immediate feedback, a two-way system of communication.

Mike Beilis from the marketing division of AT&T, himself once a teacher at the University of Omaha and involved there with the early experimentation, has moved into the telephone industry to help in the promotion of the telephone for educational purposes. He has been continuously interested in the development of the Stephens project, commenting that the programing in this experiment should serve as a prototype for other institutions that want to draw on the "brain power bank."

However, programing has involved more than arranging for guest speakers. Teaching involves more than turning on the equipment and listening. For each of the sessions in the three experimental courses the students are expected to do the usual amount of preparation necessary for a college course. Each student is provided with a bibliography of relevant materials, and biographical data on the guest lecturers.

In the science seminar, in particular, the lecturers often provided visual materials that were reproduced as slides for projection during the lectures. Dr. Philip Siekevitz used nineteen slides of the latest electronic photomicrographs taken at Rockefeller Institute by Drs. Polade and Porter. For many of those listening and watching, this was the first view of these most recent photographs. The slides have now become a part of each institution's collection and with Dr. Siekevitz's lecture will give new impetus and excitement to instruction in cellular biology.

The two courses taught in the second semester offer still further variations in instructional method and additional problems in programing. An interdisciplinary course touching social studies, philosophy, and literature and called "American Life as Seen by Contemporary Writers" is taught, by telephone, by Dr. Harry T. Moore, critic and scholar.

The course reaches six institutions: four were also involved in the science seminar and two were a part of the Hadas lecture series. Four of the six schools are predominantly Negro, for it was felt by the directors of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, who provided the grant under which this experimentation is taking place, that the telephone system might provide an opportunity for surmounting some of the problems that the Negro colleges have faced in trying to provide their students with instruction of the highest caliber.

Dr. Moore teaches the course from his home in Carterville, Illinois. He speaks to his class from his book-lined study. He wears an operator's head-set leaving his hands free to pick up a book or his notes. His presentation may be as informal as a personal visit with him would be.

He has provided a reading list for his class that surveys the finest writing in the past half century and, to enliven

(*Continued on page 60*)

Students at Le Moyne College in Memphis, Tennessee, ask questions of Margaret Mead in New York.

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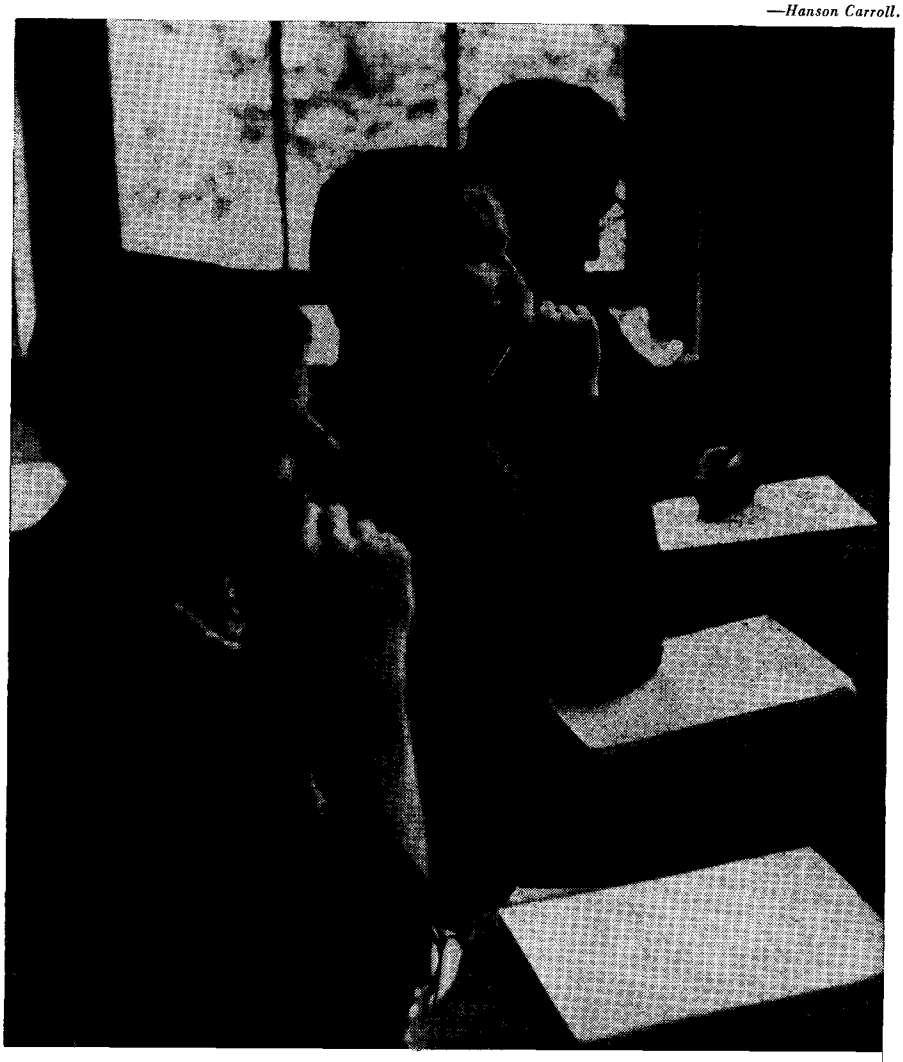
WHAT KIND OF EXCELLENCE?

By VERNON R. ALDEN, *President, Ohio University who is also Chairman of President Johnson's Job Corps Planning Program.*

AS I travel about the country, I find more and more parents and young people who are concerned about college admission. Some of the worries being expressed border on hysteria. I sometimes wonder whether these parents are not more concerned about their own social status than about the substance of the educational experience being offered to their children. Often I am asked, "Where can I send my daughter to prep school so that she can be sure of getting into Vassar, Smith, or Wellesley?" Is it possible that we are developing the highly structured, stratified kind of society that has been characteristic of Japan and other older civilizations?

When I was in Japan about three years ago, one of my Japanese friends said, "I want my son to go to Keio University so that he can some day hold a top-level job in Japanese business. To get into Keio I must send him to the leading prep school in Tokyo. To qualify for admission there he must go to the finest elementary school, and before that, he must go to a choice nursery school. So this year, we are sending our three-year-old boy to cram school for nursery school so that he can get his foot on the right rung up the ladder."

"Brilliant students are working in a highly charged intellectual atmosphere."
—Hanson Carroll.



In most of our colleges and universities today the academic competition is keener than it has ever been. Brilliant students are working in a highly charged intellectual atmosphere. They are discussing philosophy, religion, and world affairs with unusually bright fellow students and faculty members. Few of these students will ever again find themselves in such erudite and sophisticated company. This is a wonderful, heady experience for young people, but I cannot refrain from voicing uneasiness about what is happening in many of our institutions.

Too many of our brilliant students coming out of college today tend to be merely commentators, observers, and critics of society. We seem to have an oversupply of detached observers, young people who are skilled cocktail party conversationalists and brilliant analysts of other peoples' activity and behavior. We have a great undersupply of young people who can and will take responsibility – "doers," innovators, and risk-takers. So many young men and women from first-rate colleges reveal an unwillingness to be fully committed. They seem reluctant to participate actively in the world in which we are living.

There is increasing interest in academic performance in many colleges today. This is good, if students in developing an awareness of the world's problems are also ready to participate vigorously in the forward movement of our society. But, if in becoming informed and articulate, they can see both sides of a problem so clearly that they are incapable of taking positions and making decisions, then I am worried about the educational process. If young men and women develop a high order of rationalization for inactivity, then I believe something is lacking in our educational efforts.

About the time I was leaving Harvard, a year and a half ago, concern was being expressed about the admission practices being followed by many highly selective institutions. Professor David McClelland warned that these colleges and universities are paying too much attention to one kind of excellence: "academic excellence—skill in taking examinations, in following instructions, and finding solutions to problems set by others."

"Too little attention," he said, "is be-

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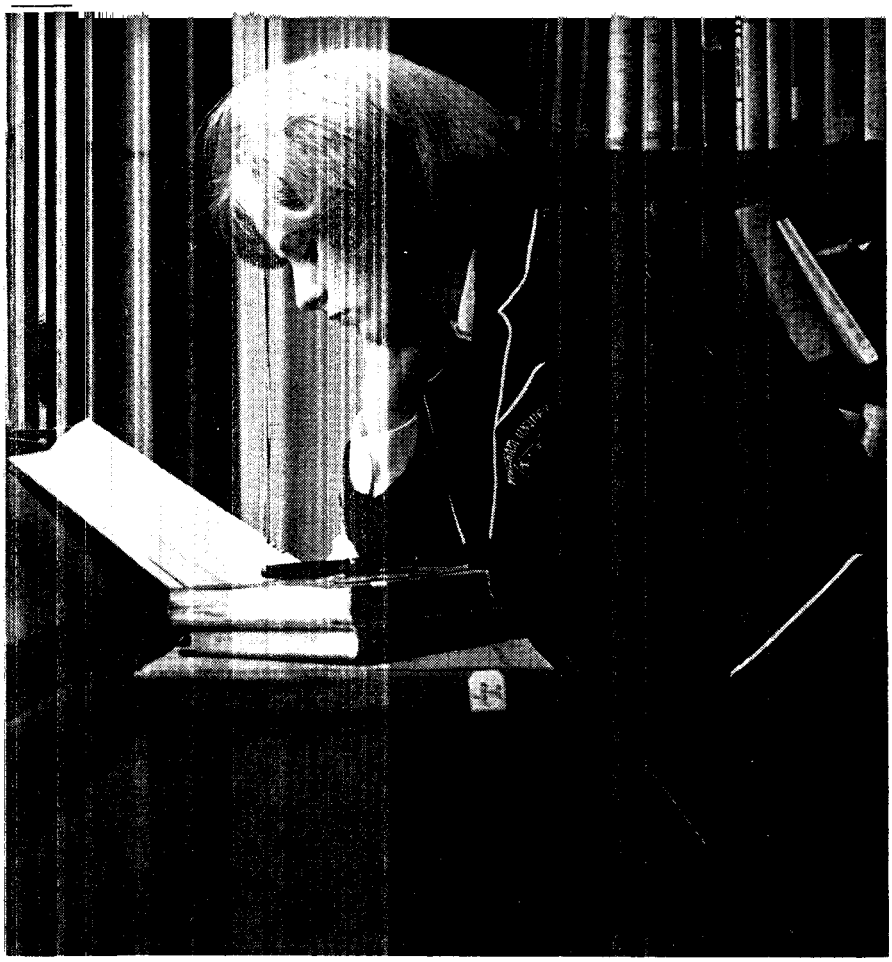
ing paid to other important qualities—qualities such as entrepreneurial spirit, curiosity, sensitivity to other human beings, compassion, richness and variety of imaginative life."

Professor McClelland observed that a few highly selective colleges through their present admission systems are sending the wrong kinds of signals to high school graduates today. By their selection postures they are saying, "We are interested in only one quality—the ability to take examinations and to get superior grades in school." As a result, he went on to say, we are placing many fine young men and women in the position of being failures in life at the age of eighteen. In many social groups, especially in the middle-class and upper-class suburban communities, the pressure is heavy upon young people to get into the "prestige colleges." If a boy fails to get good enough grades and test scores to make one of the so-called "best" colleges, "he defines himself as a failure in terms of the only norm which seems to count."

Wilbur Bender, formerly Dean of Admissions at Harvard in his now well-known valedictory report, said, "The student who ranks first in his class may be genuinely brilliant or he may be a compulsive worker or the instrument of domineering parents' ambitions or a conformist or a self-centered careerist who has shrewdly calculated his teachers' prejudices and expectations and discovered how to regurgitate efficiently what they want. Or he may have focused narrowly on grade-getting as compensation for his inadequacies in other areas, because he lacks other interests or talents or lacks passion and warmth or normal healthy instincts or is afraid of life. The top high school student is often, frankly, a pretty dull and bloodless, or peculiar fellow. The adolescent with wide-ranging curiosity and stubborn independence, with a vivid imagination and desire to explore fascinating bypaths, to follow his own interests, to contemplate, to read the unrequired books, the boy filled with sheer love of life and exuberance, may well seem to his teachers troublesome, undisciplined, a rebel, may not conform to their stereotype, and may not get the top grades and the highest rank in class. He may not even score at the highest level in the standard multiple choice admissions tests, which may well reward the glib, facile mind at the expense of the questioning, independent, or slower but more powerful, more subtle, and more interesting and original mind."

It seems to me that we need to re-examine present methods of admitting students—we need a new definition of excellence. Many of the students who come to us from fine prep schools have been molded already into set patterns



—*Hugh Rogers.*

"We must find ways to identify such characteristics as motivation, creativity, imagination, and emotional maturity."

of behavior. We need to look behind their academic records, their aptitude test scores, and their glowing personal recommendations for additional qualities that characterize the active, constructive participant in college life and society. We need additional yardsticks to measure potential college students. We must find ways to identify such characteristics as motivation, creativity, imagination, and emotional maturity.

I AM willing to admit that these are characteristics that cannot be measured objectively. Here is where hunches or the intuitive feel of experienced admission officers plays such an important role. After all, if we are to look solely at such objective records as class rank, test scores, and grade point averages, then low-paid clerks or machines could do the admissions job for us. I believe that college admissions officers should take more calculated risks—more long-shot chances—with boys and girls who do not have top-level grades and test scores but seem to possess other characteristics that give promise of success as college students and constructive citizens. The recently announced programs at Williams and Brown for admitting a limited number of "academic risks" holds forth great promise. But there are many colleges and universities, particularly the state-assisted universities with wide admissions nets, who continue to admit exciting, well-diversified freshmen classes. The state university today draws students from a broad band of excellence. Included in the freshman class are many high school valedictorians, but there are also creative painters, poets, dancers, athletes, entrepreneurs, and others with a variety of distinctive talents.

The number of college students is expected to double before 1980, and by that time more than 80 per cent of them will be in publicly supported institutions because private colleges will have space for no more than 20 per cent. If the highly selective private colleges are to continue to produce a high share of our leaders in all professions, the present narrow definitions of academic excellence need to be re-worked because some institutions today appear to be sifting out some of our most promising leadership material.

STATE universities have their problems too. They must make certain that they know what they mean when they use the word *excellence*. We are faced with the task of educating rapidly an increasing number of students. We will need to offer them improved, high-quality educational programs. We must be able to challenge the clearly outstanding student more than we do today.

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—Raymond Jacobs (Curtis Publishing Co., © 1963).

A BRITISH ENGLISH TEACHER IN THE BRONX

By W. D. EMRYS EVANS, *an exchange teacher from England who taught for a year at the Bronx High School of Science in New York City.*

ONE morning early in September 1962, in weather still very warm by my British standards, I stepped off a subway at Bedford Park Boulevard station in New York City into a crowd of bright, intelligent-looking young people. I was an exchange teacher from England, on my way to teach English at the Bronx High School of Science. At that moment I knew very little about the school, but during the following year I saw it receive in an American magazine the title of "the toughest high school in the United States" and learned something of its position in the debate over secondary education in America—praised for what it is by both Dr. Conant and Admiral Rickover, though neither necessarily approves of all its principles.

My impressions of the students at the High School of Science began on that September morning on the subway platform and have remained with me, changing gradually, ever since. From the first, three things struck me. Since my teaching experience up to that time had been in boys' schools, the first point of unfamiliarity was the presence of a number of girls in the crowd—a difference at once intriguing and slightly alarming! I soon decided that I like coeducation at this level. In an English literature class in the twelfth grade it is quite wonderful to see how the presence of a few girls dispels the all-male, clubroom atmosphere that can quite vitiate serious discussion of many points in plays, poems, and novels. And evidently brightness (the school claims a median I.Q. of about 135) does not preclude prettiness. I have returned to my native country an ardent devotee of high school coeducation.

Next, I noticed the evident keenness of the students' faces. This is hardly remarkable, if you consider that this is one of only five selective high schools serving a very large part of the metropolitan population. London must have between five and ten times as many, and yet the English speak of "creaming" the age-group. In New York, the High School of Science skims the top off the cream.

The third thing that immediately struck me was the size of the school—the enormous *number* of the students. The school where I teach in England is a good deal smaller, though in England it is considered quite large. It also has a much wider age-range: 1,100 pupils aged 8 to 18, as opposed to Science's 2,800 aged 13 to 17. Twenty-eight hundred is not large by New York City standards; I visited several other high schools during the year with four to six thousand students. Yet I was never able to convince myself, during the whole of my year, that these numbers, concentrated almost entirely into three-year groups, were not too many. Such numbers cause a too distant and formal relationship between student and teacher outside the classroom, and even between the students themselves. Nor do I quite credit the claim that only thus can the necessary equipment be provided. Where very expensive equipment is really essential, several schools may share it, and so put it to more economic use, as is not uncommon in less wealthy England—and there is something to be said for teaching young people a little forced economy and the use of necessity to produce invention.

People often ask me what I thought of the "manners" of my American students. They seem to expect (especially if they are Americans themselves!) that I

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will deplore them. I do not. The American student seemed to me more natural, more unforced, in his behavior than his English counterpart, and I liked this. I have no love for being called "sir" at every other word, as is the practice in England, nor do I care to waste time by having my class rise to its feet as I enter the room. Yet American students might perhaps be better taught, not formal manners, but the basic principle of regard for others. For example, it was not pleasant, as one walked upstairs, to have a student, seeing a friend ten steps lower, turn and bawl a greeting straight into one's astonished and completely disregarded ear at two inches' range.

After I had been some while in the school, regularly teaching my five daily classes whom I came to know pretty well, I realized that the superficial liveliness I had seen on the faces at the subway station was a good deal more than skin-deep. I found practically every one of the boys and girls I taught not only willing, but anxious, to be shown and to see just how interesting and valuable were the books I was teaching them. The High School of Science carries in its name an implication of specialization, and yet as I taught my own quite unscientific subjects, English literature and creative writing, I found the winners of Westinghouse Science Talent contests and science scholarships to colleges quite as willing to take a lively interest in *Hamlet* and *Coriolanus* as anyone else. And this liveliness and curiosity was not grimly confined to the subject in hand, either. I did most of my teaching wearing the tweed sports-jacket and worsted trousers that are the customary schoolmaster's uniform in Britain, but one day, when I happened to be wearing a dark suit and a white nylon shirt, I saw the eyes of two girls at the back of one of my classes riveted on me throughout the period. I was a little flattered, since they had not always been the most attentive members of the class, and when I saw them heading earnestly towards me at the end of the period to ask a question, I summoned up all my knowledge of the matter we had been discussing to give them the best answer I could. "Mr. Evans . . .," began one of them, so hesitantly that I wondered what obstruse difficulty I could possibly have overlooked and might have to explain. "Mr. Evans . . ., I hope you don't mind our asking, but . . . what *is* your undershirt made of?"

(How I finally answered the question by explanations of the nature of a Swedish "string vest"—a surprisingly uncommon garment in the States, I discovered—doesn't really belong to the story; only the scientific curiosity does!)

I found that the High School of Science was still regarded, by people outside its own community, as a somewhat controversial school. Many people in New York City evidently disapprove of its principles. I heard from teachers at junior high schools I visited, and from parents of children at other schools, criticisms that it has caused the degeneration of neighborhood high schools by "creaming off" their best students, and that the violence of the competition within the school is bad for many of its own boys and girls. The first seems to me an inevitable consequence of the decision, made in 1938, to set up such a school at all, and the subsequent acquiescence to its continued existence. If this is what the New York City Board of Education wants, then it is surely the business of the high schools who claim they are "creamed" to do the best they can with the pupils they do get—as the best English non-academic schools do in a more deliberately selective system. In fact, all the evidence I found in visiting other high schools in the City was that they do precisely this and do it very well—the complaints seem to come from outside the high school system altogether.

The element of competition, it is true, is pretty virulent, and the trouble is that it expresses itself almost entirely in terms of grades and class position. This, I believe, is not the fault of the school itself. Many of my last year's colleagues there, and, I believe, those who run the school, deplore this as much as anybody else. It is the consequence of the school's anomalous position of being highly selective in a generally comprehensive system, and of the fact that other bodies are not prepared to make special allowances for a special situation. Colleges are accustomed to require grades and class position for entrance, and they require them to be given according to a more or less universal scale that, while it applies to the ordinary neighborhood school, cannot apply to a school that takes much less than the top 10 per cent of the city's ability anyway. If the faculty at the High School of Science were to mark all their students between 90 and 100 per cent, some would probably still be unfairly treated, and how then could a distinction be made, within the group the school takes, between real excellence and mediocrity? A fair comparison could, I think, be made with the Manchester Grammar School in England, which probably "creams" more thoroughly a larger area than any other English day-school. Its students obtain, each year, many more scholarships and entrances to the highly rated universities of Oxford and Cambridge than those of any other school. And there is no question that if one of its students deserves entrance to Oxford or Cambridge, in fair competition with candidates from other schools all over the country, he will get it. Yet I understand that, while all the graduates of the High School of Science certainly get to college somewhere (which is more than any school in England could claim at the moment), the most coveted universities in the country do not admit its graduates on the same open basis, because they have a regional "quota" in order to spread their intake all over the nation. On this practice I ought not perhaps to comment, but I suspect it is continued to the intellectual detriment of colleges and nation alike, and certainly to the unfair exclusion of many able students.

The High School of Science, like all the other high schools I visited in New York City, has an excellent guidance staff for its students' assistance. Its "Forum"

"Evidently brightness does not preclude prettiness."

society makes excellent use of the resources of the city to call upon speakers as diverse and distinguished as Joseph Papp, Martin Mayer, Michael Harrington, Spruille Braden, Nat Hentoff, Elmo Roper, and Paul Grimes, all of whom spoke to the students and were questioned by them during the year I was there. Its Parents' Association could call on Dr. Banesh Hoffman to discuss examination techniques, or the deans of admissions of all three major New York City universities to speak on the methods they use in selecting their students.

In general, then, it seemed to me that the Bronx High School of Science certainly serves the city in which it lies, in its own deliberately peculiar way, extremely well—as far as it is permitted to do so. Where I began to criticize the school I very often found that it was the system within which it has to work

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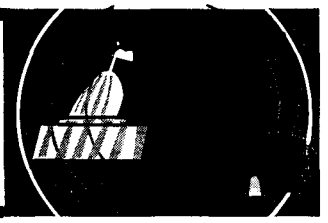
While School Keeps



The Loomis School, an independent preparatory school for boys in Windsor, Connecticut, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last spring, with a unique colloquium for high school students. For two days, more than sixty boys and girls, from high schools and preparatory schools in twenty-two states, discussed basic issues concerning their own education. Among the questions posed for them were the role of the school in developing values and moral standards for young people, the proper balance between teaching facts and teaching students how to think—between indoctrination and objective teaching, and the role of the school and the teacher in stimulating student motivation to learn.

Objective of the colloquium, according to Harold Howe II, superintendent of schools in Scarsdale, New York, was to elicit the views of thoughtful high school students on the subject of secondary education—and to give adults an opportunity to listen. Reports indicate that the teen-age participants were refreshingly frank in giving their opinions on such wide-ranging subjects as: required courses (a high proportion favored them), what makes a good teacher (hard to define, but easy to identify in the classroom), and objective tests (they are not a true measure of ability). A summary of the two-day session will be published in the July issue of the *Loomis Bulletin.*

Undergraduate study abroad has been growing rapidly in popularity among American college students in recent years, and it has become increasingly fashionable for colleges and universities to offer programs through which students can obtain credit for a semester or a year spent at a foreign university. More than 120 such programs were sponsored by four-year, accredited colleges in 1963-64, and many other institutions are exploring the possibilities of setting up new programs.

Doubts about the value of many of these programs have been voiced with increasing frequency during the last three or four years, however. A high proportion of the programs in operation today have been initiated since 1960, and not all have been well planned or administered. Last month a new report paid its respects to the good intentions and praiseworthy motives of most programs, but warned that failure to define objectives and evaluate results were creating a situation that "threatens to become a national educational scandal."

The report, *Undergraduate Study Abroad,* was prepared by Stephen A. Freeman, special consultant to the Institute of International Education (IIE), publisher of the report, and co-ordinator of a new Consultative Service on U.S. Undergraduate Study Abroad, conducted by the IIE under joint sponsorship with the Association of American Colleges, the Council on Student Travel, and the Experiment in International Living. (Copies of the report are available at $2.50 each from the IIE, 809 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.)

Basic to all else in establishing a program, the report says, is defining and stating its objectives clearly. Too often the goals are vague, leading to "a scattering of effort and diminution of quality." There are, however, valid objectives that are analyzed in some detail. Problems inherent in undergraduate programs abroad are discussed at length, and guidelines for establishing effective new programs are given. Directories of both academic year and summer programs are also given.

The promise that undergraduate study abroad holds out for adding an important dimension to the education of young Americans has not always been realized in the past. Dr. Freeman's analysis and recommendations, if studied carefully by college administrators, should do much to improve the quality of such programs in the future.

Negro higher education received a substantial boost, late last month, when the Ford Foundation announced grants totaling $13,000,000 to eight predominantly Negro colleges and the Atlanta (Ga.) University Center. The grants may not be applied to endowment, construction, or other tangible assets, but may be used for salaries, scholarships, faculty research and advanced training, and other student assistance and faculty development programs. Largest of the grants, $3,000,000, went to Atlanta University Center, which includes Atlanta University, Clark College, Morehouse College, Morris Brown College, and Spelman College. The eight other institutions that received $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 each are Bennett College (N.C.), Bishop College (Texas), Dillard University (La.), Fisk University (Tenn.), Hampton Institute (Va.), Knoxville College (Tenn.), LeMoyne College (Tenn.), and Tuskegee Institute (Ala.).

The Educational Policies Commission, unofficial but often influential spokesman for public education, last month charted a radically new direction in the continuing quest for federal aid for the schools. The EPC and its sponsoring organizations, the National Education Association and American Association of School Administrators, have long been strong advocates of general federal aid. Congress, on the other hand, has traditionally been willing to appropriate funds only for specific, well-defined programs. In a new policy statement, "Educational Responsibilities of the Federal Government" (National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, 35 cents), the EPC acknowledged that it is not likely, in the foreseeable future, to beat the nation's lawmakers, and so states its willingness to join them. If Congress insists on dispensing only categorical aids to the schools, the statement says in effect, let us accept that fact and simply expand the number of categories in which aid is given.

Existing federal programs, the EPC notes, "have their principal effect in scientific and technical fields and in higher education." These, it believes, should be expanded, to include aid at the elementary school level, especially in the skills of reading, writing, and computation. The EPC would also extend categorical aid to include other specific subjects such as social studies, art, literature, and music, and to areas of the school program such as summer schools, libraries, and services for the culturally disadvantaged.

The statement also recommends the establishment of a Department of Education with full cabinet status, to give added stature to education both at home and abroad. The proposed department would then be able to administer any new categorical programs and should also take over administration of the many educational programs now scattered among numerous agencies, offices, and departments of the federal government.

The EPC is to be commended for its apparent realism in recommending that education adapt to Congressional attitudes in seeking support for the schools. But there would seem to be some question as to whether the back door to federal funds is really as wide open as "Educational Responsibilities of the Federal Government" seems to imply. Nor is it clear that giving education cabinet-level status would make other agencies any more eager to part with control over their educational programs than they have been in the past.

—JAMES CASS.

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More Failure Than Success

Innovation in Education, *edited by Matthew B. Miles (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, 689 pp., $8.75), is a collection of essays on the processes of instituting educational change. The reviewer is Professor of Philosophy and Education at Newark State College, Union, N. J.*

By RYCHARD FINK

THERE are some of us in education in whose heads dance those sugar-plum fairies that whisper of new and exciting possibilities. Our expectations have many heralds, and Alexander Pope (even though he is quite out of fashion) will do as well as any: "Why is not man a god and earth a heaven?"

The world needs so much and men can do so many things! How fulfilling to start to review a book on innovation in education, a big, fat book overflowing, no doubt, with the record of aggressive intelligence at work making our schools better. One starts to read and meets Arthur W. Foshay's summary comment in the foreword: this book "tells of solid success, apparent success that later proved abortive, and real failure." In what proportions will these fall? The reader muses and hopes, but some of the edge of the task before him has already crumbled. Almost 700 pages later a reviewer understands: the record, where it is not just dull and pretentious, spells out more failure than anything else.

The idea behind *Innovation in Education* was sound. Certainly it is easy to see why it excited Mr. Miles, his associates, and the publisher. There seems to be so much happening in American education: the journals, pamphlets, foundation reports, committee statements, yearbooks, and school public relations announcements keep desks messy and eyes busy. They trumpet plans and announce consequences with assurance, using the bold brassy manner of those who were born to succeed. Surely, buried in this mass of material are the evidences of new and successful developments. Let us get at them! So the book was written.

Mr. Miles planned his book rather well. His volume begins with an essay on the problem of innovation (". . . attention to change process is crucial. . . . Given an increase in understanding, it seems likely that we may be able to manage educational innovation somewhat more skilfully than we have in the past.") and concludes with a host of generalizations.

These include the comment that the book presents a biased sample and an observation that we should know more about the innovative personality (L. A. Cremin designates such a chap as a possible "committed nut"). Part One offers case studies, the best being Goodwin Watson's funeral oration on the long-dead and still lamented New College dream, and Richard Colvard's tale of the Fund for the Advancement of Education and the "Arkansas Purchase." The latter is a minor gem in the history of American education, and its plot should certainly be called to the attention of any budding Gilberts and Sullivans.

Part Two details research and theory. These pages are crammed with the diagrams of model systems and theories that far too often raise the innocuous to high levels of generality. Paul R. Mort's comments are, however, well worth thinking through, particularly his notion that equality of education is a nineteenth-century notion that does not make sense for our age. What we need in the late twentieth century, he says, is the deliberate "adoption of responsibility by the school that all children shall learn."

Part Three is called "The American Educational System" and contains essays that did not fit elsewhere.

I CANNOT believe what *Innovation in Education* says and does not say about American education. I prefer to believe that the wrong people were asked to write the book. Mr. Miles blundered badly when he turned to his fourteen professors (seven of whom work at Columbia University), one state department representative, one member of a state commission, one representative of a foundation, and one assistant superintendent of schools. I believe he should have turned to our Mr. Joneses and our Miss Smiths, to some of the talented, earnest, and imaginative young teachers who are making a better world in countless classrooms across the country. Not only would he have ended with a smaller and better book, but he would have had a reasonable portrait of America.

Transforming Mathematics

A Parent's Guide to the New Mathematics, *by Evelyn Sharp (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., N.Y., 180 pp., $4.95), describes the methodology used to introduce school children to a variety of mathematical topics that in the past were taught only at the college level. The reviewer, a graduate mathematician, is Director of Scientific Computing for the Data Processing Division of the International Business Machines Corporation. He has two children of school age.*

By LOUIS ROBINSON

MOST mathematicians have difficulty in reconciling the great popularity of books and articles on mathematical games, puzzles, recreations, and history with the equally popular belief held by them that outside the small confines of the mathematical community there exists no knowledge of, nor interest in, the subject of mathematics. Indeed, it is becoming increasingly clear that some of the most advanced notions in mathematics (I am not as ready to say "new" mathematics as Evelyn Sharp), when properly introduced, gain ready acceptance both at the school-age level and with adults.

Since about 1957, leaders in American mathematics and education have been participating in a re-evaluation of teaching methods and course content in mathematics, which is resulting in a rapid transformation of both the method and content of our school mathematics courses. In the midst of this transformation period (many schools have not yet started to change, often due to lack of qualified teachers), Evelyn Sharp has written a review of the mathematical teaching methods and subjects that are typical of the forward thrust of the change now under way.

As a result, the book may be of most interest to other school teachers of mathematics who find themselves entering into a changeover in curriculum from the older courses in arithmetic, algebra, and plane geometry to a more modern structuring. For those parents with the prerequisite recollection of their own

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mathematical studies, the book can serve as a reference and aid in helping them re-establish communication with their offspring in this area of their studies.

As if to emphasize the dynamic status of this transition, the book develops briefly several examples of still unresolved pedantic differences that exist among teacher-mathematicians.

Not much is said of a simultaneous effort to move some classical arithmetic and mathematical courses down to lower grades than those in which they were previously taught, or to the condensation and modernization of the teaching of these courses. These changes may affect parents dramatically in the years ahead when analytic geometry and the calculus become commonplace high school mathematics.

The book is awkwardly balanced with respect to difficulty and what it assumes of the reader. On the other hand, mathematical terms such as "prime number" and "degree of an equation," and other concepts such as exponentiation, are used without definition. But the chapter on sets is a well-structured beginner's introduction to the idea of a set, requiring no prerequisite knowledge.

Following a somewhat detailed discussion of the group properties of number systems, there are chapters on inequalities, geometry, matrices, and probability. The chapter on matrices lacks substantial motivation. The discussion of the binomial theorem is labored, and the few probability examples discussed using the binomial theorem appear to be unnecessarily complex. The book concludes with a prognosis of how mathematical aptitudes and college entrance tests are likely to be structured in the future.

Skilfully integrated into the text are expositions of the historical events that led to the development of the mathematical topic under discussion. These discussions include restatements of such classical problems as Euler's Bridges of Knogsberg problem. There are also numerous references to the publications of the School Mathematics Study Group, Ginn Arithmetic Enrichment Program, and other sources that would be of special interest to teachers.

There are abundant exercises following each topic that can serve as an excellent measure of one's understanding of each section. Answers are in the back.

The book would be most enjoyable for parents with some familiarity with elementary mathematics, especially algebra. Read in the spirit of a report on how these mathematical topics are introduced today in our school systems, the book should be of great interest. In this regard, the chapter on the properties of number systems is excellent. Unfortunately, the uninitiated attempting to use the book as a self-teaching instrument may be disappointed.

New Books

Some Challenges to Teachers. *By Eugene Randolph Smith. Exposition Press* (386 *Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y.* 10016). 191 *pp.* $3.50. Advice for teachers and future teachers.

Guidance and the School Dropout. *Edited by Daniel Schreiber, National Education Association.* 265 *pp. Cloth,* $3. *Paperback,* $2. Papers by guidance specialists view the problem with regard to the current labor market and job prospects for dropouts, the effects of automation, the psychological and environmental influences affecting the dropout.

The Continuing Learner. *Edited by Daniel Solomon. Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults* (4819 *S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.* 60615). 95 *pp. Paperback,* $1. A collection of papers attempting to develop theory and obtain empirical data on types of adult learners, particularly the "self-learners."

A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading. *By Nancy Larrick. Doubleday.* 312 *pp.* $3.95. Includes an annotated list of 500 Favorite Books for Boys and Girls.

A Reassessment of the Curriculum. *Edited by Dwayne Huebner. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College.* 104 *pp.* $1.95. Collection of papers presented at a conference sponsored by the Department of Curriculum and Teaching at Teachers College.

Forum and Focus for the Junior College Movement. *By Michael Brick. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College.* 222 *pp.* $4.75. An assessment of forty-two years of the American Association of Junior Colleges and its role in the junior college movement as a whole.

Junior Booklist. *National Association of Independent Schools* (4 *Liberty Square, Boston* 9, *Mass.*). 122 *pp. Paperback,* 50 *cents.* A list and capsule reviews of books for youngsters from kindergarten through ninth grade, catalogued according to grade.

Senior Booklist. *National Association of Independent Schools* (4 *Liberty Square, Boston* 9, *Mass.*). 106 *pp. Paperback,* 50 *cents.* A list and capsule reviews of books for high school students, catalogued according to subject matter.

The Student's Guide. *By Sir John Adams. Arc Books, Inc.* (*New York*). 254 *pp. Paperback,* $1.45. Written for students to tell them "how to study successfully and how to get the most out of your work."

Student, School and Society. *Edited by John A. Dahl, et. al. Chandler Publishing Company, San Francisco.* 389 *pp.* An anthology of articles by some of the key spokesmen in the American education controversy.

Issues in Education. An Anthology of Controversy. *Edited by Bernard Johnston. Houghton Mifflin.* 429 *pp.* $3.95. An historical anthology from Aristotle to Martin Mayer.

Julien's Plan for Comparative Education. *By Stewart Fraser. Teachers College, Columbia University.* 147 *pp. Cloth,* $3.50. *Paperback,* $1.95. The second in a series of historical documents in comparative education.

Decatur-Lakeview High School: A Practical Application of the Trump Plan. *Edited by David W. Beggs III. Prentice-Hall.* 266 *pp.* $5.95. A report on the first full-scale use of Dr. Trump's plan for using simultaneously many of the current innovations in education.

The Teacher and Learning. *By Ernest O. Melby. The Center for Applied Research in Education, Inc., Washington, D.C.* 118 *pp.* $3.95. A study of the role of the teacher in a period of changing times and concepts.

The Shaping of the American High School. *By Edward A. Krug. Harper & Row.* 486 *pp.* $8. An historical view.

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Enlightenment at Dawn

Continued from page 49

and amusing form. One correspondent wrote, "I have just listened to your refutation of the doctrine that might is right. What you say is all very well, but please tell me how I can apply it. I am five feet one inch tall and am up against a man who is six feet two who believes that might makes right. What do I do about it?" Another wrote: "In your analysis a man's character is his fate and one's basic values express one's personality. But I hate my personality! How does one go about getting a more sympathetic personality?"

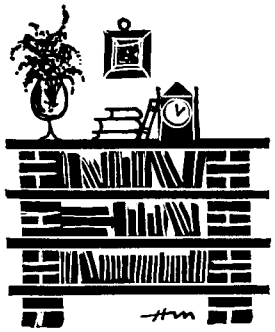
The most interesting group of correspondents, probably disproportionately represented by their letters, turned out to be women between the ages of forty and fifty-five, living in either isolated farm or suburban areas, who had either attended or completed college in their youth but had been cut off, for one reason or another, from ideas since then. Now, with children, problems of livelihood, and sometimes husbands out of the way, they were trying to pick up some thread of significance in their lives. Some of these correspondents revealed by their searching questions and criticisms that they had first-class brains. Despite all our technological and educational progress, it seems a pity that no agency or school has reached them. They showed a genuine hunger for ideas, a capacity for handling them, and a kind of wry realism in appraising them. Although they did not take the course for credit, some of them read the assignments faithfully and intelligently. They would have made a wonderful class. Even if they alone constituted the audience, educational television would be justified in meeting their needs. Society owes it to them.

But by far the greatest number of listeners were those who cannot be easily classified into rubrics. They were individuals who did not tune in systematically, who did not do the assigned reading, or did so only in a desultory fashion. They were not credit students. Each one was seeking for something in his own way. And I was glad that they could find it in something I said or in their critical reactions to what I said. Some were old, some were not. Some of their letters breathed the freshness and cheer of a morning salutation. Others a serenity and contentment rare in the twilight years.

One of them I should like to share with my readers.

Dear Dr. Hook:

Listening to your talk this morning, it came to me that being widowed after years of good companionship is the worst change in



status that life can hold in store for you. However, I am most fortunate in that I have certain inner resources to fall back on. You to listen to and some other TV programs, new books to read, letters to write if I need companionship, and just give me a basket of old woolen rags, a square of burlap, and I can spend many happy hours creating a rug from nothing at all of any value.

I love my commitments, the starving old dog I have adopted, the little chickadees I feed, the aged people I nursed when younger and now write or phone to. Even in Church if the sermon bores me I can sit and quietly talk to God.

Your talks I find utterly fascinating, and although I am self-educated, I can grasp them easily.

Thank you so much for all you have done for me.

Your devoted student.

It made me feel good and at the same time humble to have occasioned it.

Bronx High School

Continued from page 55

that I was criticizing, especially in its bearing on this particular school. When I visited other, more conventional high schools in New York City and elsewhere in the States during the year, I did not find a single school that seemed to me happier or more efficient in its internal functioning than the High School of Science. I do not believe that the existence of such a school—indeed of many more such schools—is any threat to democracy. Democracy needs, today more than ever, just such people as this school—emphasizing science certainly, but never so exclusively as often happens in even the smallest British secondary school—can produce. Sometimes during the year it seemed to me that people in the United States were inclined to overestimate the value of words at the expense of actions, and democracy is one of the most dangerous of those words only because people are liable to think that because words don't change, the concepts they stand for don't change either. As I look back on the year I spent there and thank all my friends at the High School of Science for their kindness to a sometimes awkwardly questioning English visitor in their midst, I wish the school all the best I can in its task of enlarging the nucleus of the intellectually trained and intelligently skeptical generations that America and the whole world so badly need today.

"You ought to be glad that I can get such poor grades without developing an inferiority complex!"

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Person-to-Person

Continued from page 51

that reading somewhat, to make it immediate in the experience of the student, he has invited the authors themselves to visit with the classes via telephone and talk about their work. Students have listened to, and questioned, John Dos Passos, Ralph Ellison, James T. Farrell, John Updike, Kay Boyle, Saul Bellow, and Vance Bourjaily about their novels and short stories; Karl Shapiro, Muriel Rukeyser, Anne Sexton, John Malcolm Brinnin, and Richard Wilbur about their poetry; and Horace Gregory, Arthur Mizener, Carvel Collins, Warren Beck, and Carlos Baker about the novelists of an earlier time with whom they have worked as critics.

Imagine the excitement and enthusiasm engendered in students by hearing Farrell discuss what he thinks has been the comparative neglect by critics of *Judgment Day,* the third novel in his trilogy *Studs Lonigan.* Or try to estimate the effect on students, for whom Faulkner is a remote Olympian, when Carvel Collins tells how William Faulkner sat "as a listener" in the courthouse square of Oxford, Mississippi, gathering the sounds of human speech for his writing. The classroom walls and distances shrink away at moments like these and education becomes the interplay of mind on mind.

Dr. Marjorie Carpenter, the teacher of the second course being offered for credit on a regular basis, was first to use the phrase "person-to-person" teaching in describing the amplified telephone conversations. Her course, "Great Issues in Contemporary Society," is also an interdisciplinary one touching on social studies and philosophy. As one of the nation's great teachers, she is particularly aware of the need on the part of students not merely to identify issues in our contemporary world but to explore them in depth and to see that, at the root, all have implications for human values as well as human behavior.

Some feminine intuition and Dr. Carpenter's wide experience must have guided her to a choice of Carey McWilliams, the editor of *The Nation,* to speak on Automation. Few, unless they were very familiar with Mr. McWilliams's work and attitudes could have foreseen the shock to student provincialism of his statement that automation will inevitably bring a shift in our value structure, that neither capitalism nor communism will provide a proper framework for the coming shift in economic views.

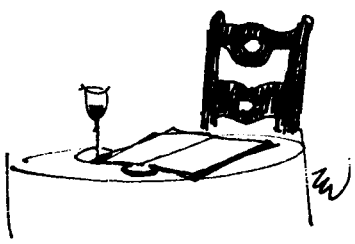
Dr. Carpenter's class brings the students into conversation with other social philosophers such as Margaret Mead, A. H. Raskin, Adolf Berle, Marston Bates, Ralph McGill, Kenneth Galbraith, Henry S. Commager, Huston Smith, Ralph Bunche, Max Lerner, David Riesman, Glenn Seaborg, Barbara Ward, and Adrienne Koch.

Although the guests in all three of these courses are drawn from the top echelons of the fields under study, most of them are able to take an hour from their busy schedules for these conversations. Vance Bourjaily spoke from Mexico, where he was involved with an archeological expedition; Dr. Abraham Maslow spoke from his bed where he was nursing a sprained back. Since the telephone guests may talk from their home or office or even a motel or airport there is but minor inconvenience for them. Many are excited by the prospect when they are initially approached and pleased with the results when the interview has been completed.

Richard Wilbur, the poet, wrote, "Teaching by amplified telephone is an attractively wild idea" and there is reason to believe that most lecturers may eventually conclude, along with Dr. Harry Sisler of the University of Florida, "that this new technique has some real possibilities in providing opportunities for widespread communication with small college campuses at relatively small cost."

COST is an item of concern, and it is not enough to say that the cost is nominal. For calls from a single classroom to a guest lecturer the cost may be under twenty-five dollars and for conference calls such as those used in the Stephens experiment an average is $150. The most expensive call was a conversation in the science series with Dr. Peter Medawar in London; the toll was $450 for the hour-long dialogue between the distinguished geneticist and seven liberal arts colleges.

The technical side of the present project is being given careful scrutiny by engineers and representatives of the telephone industry. Local companies, such as the General Telephone Company of Missouri, which has worked with Stephens, have been interested and cooperative. Further refinement of the equipment should eventually provide the kind of service that will allow a teacher to have the same confidence in this equipment that he now has in a movie projector or tape recorder. The teacher and his students are the center of the educational process and any technological aid should serve to intensify that relationship. The telephone has this potential.



The telephone has, in fact, just revealed its versatility to the educational world. From secondary schools to graduate schools imaginative teachers and administrators are surveying the possibilities.

Teachers of foreign languages and literature are experimenting with "dial-a-lesson" instruction. A number of institutions, seeking ways to reach adults in extension programs, are exploring the use of telephone networks. Educational systems, anxious to put their teachers in frequent and useful communication with their state universities, see the telephone replacing the onerous summer sessions for the accumulation of certification credits.

Alumni groups concerned either with fund-raising or simply closer ties with their alma mater are finding the telephone a more than adequate substitute for the infrequent visits by university representatives. Discussion groups gain a new liveliness when the discussions involve more than views from a single organization or when they are sparked by an introductory statement from an outstanding authority. Education broadens its scope when restrictions of time and space are removed. Such uses as those described make continuing education a possibility and today's courses give only a faint notion of the things to come.

Perhaps the greatest effect of the amplified telephone courses is in the realm of attitudes. In the present experiment there is attention, of course, on the part of all classroom teachers—each college or university has appointed a member of its faculty as classroom teacher—to the kind of information being transmitted. In courses involving students regular examinations are scheduled. But the real test will come later, perhaps years from now, and will be measured in terms of involvement and response. The young man or woman shaken from a complacent or provincial attitude by the contact with the great minds of his time may make the next step in "the bright direction." It is this sense of contact with the future that excites the participants.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 17, 2, 6, 3, 13, 12, 14, 4, 15, 10, 18, 19, 5, 7, 8, 9, 16b, 1, 20, 16a. Column Three should read: 16, 17, 13, 14, 10, 2, 3, 5, 12, 20, 6, 15, 1, 19, 7, 11, 18, 8, 9, 4.

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East-West Center

Continued from page 47

Asia's staggering problems of mass education.

ITI participants from Asia and the Pacific are regarded as the experts on home-country conditions, and interchange of knowledge becomes the tool for adapting Western technology to special field conditions. In the educational communications course, for example, each participant draws up detailed plans for audio-visual presentation as part of a total curriculum outline for his home country. Similarly, in the six-month courses for fiscal and personnel administration to which managers in the middle echelons in these fields are invited from Asia and the Pacific, each participant submits a plan of changes he would recommend for his own office at home.

It is the ITI that will be hurt if House cuts in the Center's budget requests this year are not restored, since the ITI, being most recently established of the Center's main divisions, has the fewest advance commitments. Center administrators estimate that they will have to make an 80 per cent cutback in ITI programs if they don't get more money.

Last year it was the Institute of Advanced Projects, the Center's advanced research arm, that was most directly threatened by House cuts. In that case Congress chose its own victim, a program known as Senior Specialists in Asian-Pacific affairs. This program, along with a related schedule of international seminars and conferences, is at the core of the IAP, and it earned a strong endorsement from Larsen and Davis. Under the Senior Specialists program, men of established professional standing from universities and colleges, government agencies, and research institutes come to the East-West Center for reflection, research, and writing in an international academic community. Sixty-four such scholars have been in residence, usually from five to ten months. They come by invitation and are normally expected to work on given, though broadly defined projects and to work in small groups of specialists concerned with the same project.

One group of four senior specialists, representing the Philippines, Thailand, the U.S., and Vietnam, did research on the role of public administration in economic and social change. Two specialists from Fiji and the U.S. researched problems of urbanization in the Pacific area. The ten projects currently under way range from studies on educational planning in relation to national development, through language research and translation projects, all the way to research on problems related to airglow and other aspects of upper air physics.

When Center officials appeared before the Appropriations Subcommittee last year the Senior Specialists program was still called the Senior Scholars in Residence program. The name was changed admittedly to make the concept more palatable to Congressmen, but it reflects as well a shift from interest in the humanities and cultural subjects. For example, in an earlier season at the IAP, four philosophers from India, Japan, and the U.S. investigated the relationships between logic and language in Eastern and Western thought. According to Dr. Edward W. Weidner, Chief of the IAP, this study brought heavy criticism from legislators, including Hawaii's own delegation to Congress.

By the time of appropriations hearings last year the shift toward technical subjects was already well under way. Dr. Weidner's written statement to the Senate Committee revealed that 1964-65 projects will further emphasize this shift. The ". . . Senior Scholar program was revised in order to . . . provide for greater concentration on the technical problems of Asian countries," his statement read. "The request for thirty grants (for 1964-65) is based upon plans that call for 90 per cent of the awards to be made in these applied areas and 10 per cent on the broader cultural fields."

This is the program of which Dr. Spoehr said, in a statement prepared for appropriations hearings, "To my knowledge it is the only program of its kind in the world—a continuing program in which professional leaders at the national policy level are brought together as equals to exchange ideas and to undertake collaborative study of problems of mutual interest. I submit that this program comes closest to fulfilling almost immediately the mission assigned to the East-West Center." The Senior Scholar program, said Spoehr, was vital to the Center.

The Appropriations Committee responded by cutting Senior Scholar funds out of the budget altogether. Then, in September, when restoration of House cuts was under consideration in the Senate subcommittee, Congressional fire was concentrated on the senior scholarships. "Actually," said one committee member, "it seems to be more of a spending program than anything that is really constructive . . . I don't go along with this thing of sending people there for a year's conference, . . . just to talk among themselves and go back home. I don't see any good from that."

Fortunately, dedicated politicking by the representatives and senators from Hawaii and others accomplished, in the end, a partial restoration of the deleted funds. But the entire episode suggests that a publicly funded program unprotected either by broad and informed popular support or by convention will have difficulty maintaining its integrity and continuity. Though continuity of the IAP program was finally insured, there is a suggestion in the shift of the program toward technology that its integrity has been eroded. "When I took over IAP," Dr. Weidner admits, "I veered in this direction [toward technology] because I thought Congress would not support the humanities-oriented program." But Weidner points out that public funding influences the direction of any educational program. "When you are the recipient of public funds," he says, "you are in politics, and you shape your program to gain a support base."

Weidner revealed, though, that attempts will be made in the next eighteen months to obtain some endowments for specific programs within the Center and to attract supplementary foundational help for other programs. He expects $300,000 to $400,000 in private help during the next year and a half. Dr. Hamilton believes that the governments of Asia might in time be persuaded to help.

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technical subjects is in part a reflection of Weidner's judgment that "whether the people in the humanities like it, their day is past. The leaders in the underdeveloped countries are the nation builders—the people in agriculture, economics, administration."

Important as these considerations may be, there will be those who will question whether an emphasis on technical subjects in an institution that exists to promote intercultural understanding is more to the point than an emphasis on the humanities. Economic determinists may remind us that the chief needs of Asian-Pacific countries are technical and developmental. Perhaps they will be answered with the observation that the need for intercultural understanding is the relevant criterion here, and that this need springs from a subtle ground of differing value systems, which are best expressed and communicated through the humanities.

IN Weidner's view, though, conflict between humanities and technology is irrelevant to the Center's program, which should be seen as problem-oriented. "These project labels are not disciplines," Weidner insists. "They are problem area labels, and they are as much for philosophers as for anyone else." He says he would like to see philosophers tackle such a problem as how to find a basis in mass fatalistic attitudes for the acceptance of health programs. "But almost none of the people in humanities are interested in such contemporary problems."

The East-West Center's best attempt at striking a balance between cultural and technical emphasis is the Institute for Student Interchange. Student recipients of the two-year grants are expected to participate in cultural performance and seminars, do language tutoring, write articles, or otherwise contribute to intercultural exchange.

Both the men's and women's dormitories at the Center are designed to promote maximum interchange through everyday living experiences. Students from different nations are mixed, two or three to a bedroom, ten to a living room around which bedrooms cluster.

Nearly all of the 580 ISI students currently enrolled are graduate degree candidates, the exceptions being from those few nations where undergraduate work cannot be completed. English language ability is a requirement of selection, though some Asians need a period of intensive language study before they can keep up with their classes. One out of three students comes from the United States, and the majority of these are recent graduates under twenty-five years old and plan to be teachers. About half of the Asians are thirty to forty years old, and most will return to previous employment when they leave the Center program.

Because graduate degrees are a rarity in most Asian nations, and because Asian students are returning to positions that are frequently on rungs not far below the higher echelons in their countries, it is expected that a good proportion of the Asian alumni of the Center will be among their nation's policy makers within a decade or two. This likelihood is increased because they were chosen to study the subjects most needed at home. For many readers this will be sufficient vindication of the East-West Center's preoccupation with international development. Consider the case of Eduardo G. Corpuz, whose master's thesis was on agricultural development and policy in the Philippines, as they relate to the rice problem. He left the East-West Center in the Spring of 1963 and is now in charge of agricultural policy, plans, programs, and information in the Program Implementation Agency of the office of the President of the Philippines. "My present position," he recently wrote to a friend at the East-West Center, "is, I believe, more a reflection of the dearth of available trained personnel than of my ability, which is undoubtedly very limited . . . The rice problem continues to face our country and people. This is a problem which I have been studying for quite some time. I like to flatter myself that this is one problem which I understand. Our Division has been recommending measures that we hope will go a long way towards solving the rice problem . . . If we should finally succeed in licking the rice problem on a permanent basis within the next ten years, the [East-West] Center might reasonably claim some credit for the feat."

Or there is the case of Leo A. Falcam, who, after earning his B.A. in sociology with a minor in government and public administration, returned to Saipan to become assistant political officer of the Trust Territory of the Pacific. His duties sent him traveling over 3,000,000 square miles of ocean in order to help inhabitants of about seventy-five islands organize local governments or study legislative problems. He has since been promoted to the office of assistant district administrator of the Ponape district, highest position ever filled by a Micronesian in the government of the Trust Territory.

The student program is producing a dividend that was not generally anticipated. In all the early rhetoric about "building a bridge between East and West" little attention was given to the possibility of improving understanding between East and *East*. The educated youth of Free Asia tend to be Western-oriented in their interests even before they come to this country for graduate study, and by rubbing shoulders and minds at the East-West Center they are discovering they knew relatively little about their neighbor nations. Friendships founded at the Center and understanding that got its start there may well form a basis for future improvement in relations between India and Pakistan, for example, or Malaysia and Indonesia and the Philippines. Toward the general end of continuing improvement in international understanding, an East-West Center alumni association has already been organized, and many Asian alumni are maintaining correspondence across national boundaries. One antidote to crippling ultra-nationalism in Asia is this larger perspective provided young Orientals who study and live together in Hawaii. Here is a great potential. And it springs from the Center's unique dedication to interchange, a mission that marks it off from other American institutions where foreigners study but too often isolate themselves in student communities of their own countrymen.

Ideally the East-West Center should be a wholly endowed program, free of influence. This would remove it from the most serious threat to its integrity: the danger of becoming a tool of U.S. foreign policy. It might also open up the possibility of making the Center truly an East-*West* undertaking, involving participants from Europe as well as from the United States.

WITH the Center's annual budget approaching $6,000,000, however, complete endowment of its program would require something over $100 million.

If complete endowment is not to be expected, then it is to be hoped that private endowment of particular programs within the Center can eventually be arranged, as Dr. Weidner has suggested. Surely, in a world so well prepared to carry misunderstandings to ultimate lengths, encouragement must be given to studies that aim simply to establish links of rapport—and where are such studies more appropriate than at the East-West Center? Yet a philosophers' study of language and logic relationships was censured by public purse-string holders. Had they found time to read the conclusions and papers of those philosophers, the critics might have been startled to find the suggestion that speakers of essentially different languages—such as Chinese and English—have a logic barrier between them as well, since the grammatical structures of language tend to predetermine and limit thought. What discovery could be more fundamental to solving problems of world-wide understanding and cooperation?

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Political Power

Continued from page 32

convergence of the Soviet and American systems provide some of the reasons.

A realistic view of the convergence hypothesis must see it as the prediction that the two systems are narrowing the differences between them because of changes—major changes—occurring in both. But the authors prefer to restrict themselves to considering the view that convergence will come about because of change only or primarily in one of the systems.

Most serious is the lack of an adequate historical view that would have shed light on how much convergence—in the sense used above—has already taken place. They never, for example, attempt to examine systematically the differences between the two societies in, say, the early 1920s or 1930s as against the early 1960s. As a result, the perception that the Chinese Communists have grasped and utilize in their current attacks on the Khrushchevian "return to capitalism" in the Soviet Union escapes them, though Peking, of course, pushes the argument too far. The increasing bureaucratization of American life, the revolutionary increase in the functions and powers of American government since the 1920s, the pressures of the Cold War and the changes it has produced in the American system are among the factors Messrs. Brzezinski and Huntington have not considered fully enough.

Thus it is no longer true, as the authors believe, that "While the Soviets logically may employ any means to achieve their goal, Americans can employ only means which accord with their principles." The author of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* had a much more realistic understanding of the similarity of combat means used by the West and the East.

But if the authors do less than justice to the view that the future is likely to see narrowing differences between the Soviet and American systems (though hardly a complete wiping out of those differences in any time period we can reasonably contemplate), they are correct in pointing out that convergence does not mean peace. As the Russians have had to find out the hard way from the Yugoslavs, the Albanians, the Chinese, and now the Rumanians, nationalism is a more powerful force than ideology in the modern world, and persists regardless of ideology. A better appreciation of the role of nationalism would, however, have saved the authors from such a gross oversimplification as the notion that "the victory of communism in the struggle with world capitalism" is the Soviet leadership's immediate objective in making policy.

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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UNDER TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend and vacation cabin. Living room, fieldstone fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. A private lake in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Swimming, bass fishing, boat. $1,000 annually. Call 914-WH 6-9382 or 203-746-2114.

EASTERN SHORE ESTATE—10 room house with mile of waterfront, near Easton, Maryland. $225 monthly. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, NYC.

NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS. Modern 2 story—40 ft. living room, library-study, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, model kitchen, stereo. Overlooking trout river, magnificent view Mt. Mitchell, private pond, 50 wooded acres plus garden and dwarf orchard if wanted. Available for two years from October 1st. Annual rent $1,500. Box J- 54.

HAWAII—Beautifully furnished, landscaped small house, on Kauai. Completely equipped, every modern convenience. High ground, near ocean, golf. Impala. Middle December to August. Box J-62.

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES, West Indies—New, 2 bedroom, 2 bath residence. Beautiful views. Box J-55.

For Summer Rental

NEW HOUSE, heart of Green Mountain National Forest. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. By month or season between July 10th and October 1st. Located Route 11, Peru-Londonderry, Vermont. P.O. Box 16, Londonderry, Vermont, phone 802-824-5918.

ROXBURY, CONNECTICUT. Two house property, completely equipped, all conveniences. Main house—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, terrace. Guest house sleeps 4. Magnificent scenery, 20 acres privacy, exclusive location. Would consider all-year-round rental. References exchanged. Contact George Devoe, Realtor, 203-EL 4-5571.

HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS—View Franconia Range. Month $225. Box J-51.

RHODE ISLAND COTTAGE—4 rooms. Beaches 10 miles. Box J-38.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MANHATTAN—Professor's apartment, 4 rooms, available September-June. $150 month. Couple only. WAdsworth 7-0965 or Box J-77.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

$100 UP—Singles, bedroom apartments. Westwood, near UCLA. Child O.K. No lease. 505 Gayley, Los Angeles, California.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, N.Y. August-September. Beautifully furnished 2½, air-conditioned. $500. TRiangle 5-4172 after 6 p.m.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MASSACHUSETTS. Combined business and residential property. Completely remodeled 200-year-old house, oil heat, 4 fireplaces, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, screened porch. Beautifully landscaped with stone walls and pine grove. Old barn converted for business on highway, one mile from Vineyard Haven, established 14 years by present owner. 500 feet on highway. Approximately 5 acres. Box J-56.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20 an acre and up. For brochure write Box G-28.

5 PLEASANT ACRES dotted with tall pine trees near Lake Shaftsbury. Privacy. Excellent building site. $3,000. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Vermont. Realtor. Catalogue.

GOVERNMENT LAND now available in more than 25 states. Millions of acres as low as $1.25 per acre. For complete report send $1.00. United States Real Estate, Post Office #377, Fort Lee, N.J.

NORTHERN VERMONT—125 acre farm. David Bevan, R.F.D. 2, Claremont, N.H.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOK SHOP—Active, in rapidly expanding San Francisco East Bay Area. Ideal for couple. Box H-353..

CAMPS

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp based on the concept of freedom through self-regulation. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

BUCKS COUNTY. Farming, anyone? Help Tom whitewash fence, too. Rent modern 2 bedroom apartment on 100 acre sheep farm. Spring-fed swimming pool. Phone 215-346-7770, Box J-47.

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO. Dr. Brull, 329 Obregon. World's best climate. $240 monthly. Diets, doctor's supervision included.

PAMPER YOUR RETIREMENT YEARS at remarkably modest cost in Westchester's new residential apartment hotel, just completed, within one of the nation's most beautiful retirement communities, in a 42 acre park overlooking the Hudson River, just an hour from New York City. This modern, fully fireproof, soundproof, air-conditioned hotel offers single, double, or larger suites from $55 per week per person including daily luncheon, dinner and maid service. Beautiful dining room, cocktail lounge, indoor swimming pool, solarium. Stores on premises. One year lease—no cash payment. Immediate occupancy. Visit THE SPRINGVALE INN on Route 9, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., or call 914-PE 7-6954.

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

VACATIONS

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 8th consecutive year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. Also pre-season rates. For 1964 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine 04543.

RELAX AND RECREATE!!! Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool, private baths. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Rainbow Lodge, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

LIGHTHOUSE INN. New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

HORACE SUTTON complimented our 2, 3, and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments; pool. Daily, weekly, monthly. $5 P.P.D.O. or less. Corniche, P.O. Box 91, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I., NYC Office, MUrray Hill 4-6823.

HORSEMEN! You have a home away from home in old Mexico! We are provincial—we are Colonial—but our horsemanship is fresh and sophisticated! Study basic dressage, cross country and jumping with the finest military instructors and have the vacation experience of your life in beautiful San Miguel de Allende. Free Brochure. Escuela Ecuestre S.M.A., Apartado 185-S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SWITCH. Not everyone who has a wonderful vacation comes here, but everyone who comes here has a wonderful vacation. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

DISCOVER SHELTER ISLAND, N.Y., the unheralded beauty of its green hills, white beaches! 100 miles, 100 years away. Write Chequit Inn—Phone 516-SH 9-0018. Swiss manager, Carletto Franzoni.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? . . . Over one thousand Americans last year enjoyed hobbyist, professional classes in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, history at famed Instituto Allende. Sunshine, field trips, fiestas, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson. Director, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

MOUNTAIN VACATION. Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

ONLY IN THE BERKSHIRES—Fun in the sun on scenic Pontoosuc Lake. Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, playhouses nearby. Heated pool. Free day camp. American Plan. Brochure. Pontoosuc Lodge, Box 1019-S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

NEW YORK CITY — Special Vacation Week. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

FISHING, HUNTING or vacation in Newfoundland? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 up a day Modified American Plan. Families welcome. Also housekeeping apartment, attached to inn. Living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, private entrance. Available day, week, month. Meals if desired. Phone 802-824-5918.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Open to October 15th. Long Island phone TN 8-4057.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

ADIRONDACK CAMP—ROAD'S END—directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. Summer Rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE — Secluded, 2,100 feet elevation, panoramic view. Superb cuisine. Informal. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

UNHURRIED VACATION FUN, no hectic "organized" activities, but plenty to do right on our own grounds and nearby. A rustic lodge, cottage and cabin colony in deep woods directly on a sparkling Berkshire lake. Ideal swimming, boating (two connected lakes), sunbathing floats, loafing patio, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton and more. Fine food and Hi-Fi music, barbecues, outdoor buffets, fireside sings. Tanglewood and all festivals nearby. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 121, Lee, Massachusetts.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine. Open through October.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

VACATIONS

THE FLYING CLOUD—1771 gem, high in the water-abundant, cool, lush-green Berkshires, where the back- and soul-weary and pocketbook-frayed Fair visitor may recapture the pre-Revolutionary integrity, comfort and romance of his New England ancestors. New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

FLORIDA KEYS, ISLAMORADA. Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed, tropical living, charming oceanfront efficiencies. Pool, dock, ramp; all sports. Cool ocean breezes. Friendly, congenial. Week, month Box 222R.

LAND O' GOSHEN FARM! Furnished cottage, trout, trails, mountain air, relaxation. Goshen, Vermont.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

18TH CENTURY FARMHOUSE. Near Marlboro concerts, summer theater, other cultural events. Recreational sports. Wonderful meals. R. Simonds, Putney, Vermont.

POSTSEASON on a British island offers heavenly vacation at earthly rates. New 3 bedroom, 3 bath house available August through December or any monthly part thereof. Write Box J-46.

TRAVEL

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 23 to 43 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36, COlumbus 5-2600.

BEACHCOMBER ASPIRATIONS? Your thatched-hut Moorea Village beckons. Barefoot prices. Weekly Jetaways Club Mediterranee, Box 69, North Hollywood, California 91601.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-2, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

GLOBAL CIRCLE TOURS. Around the World in 48 or 60 Days. Completely escorted, frequent departures. Dittmann Travel Organization, Northfield, Minnesota.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

MEXICO-U-PLAN-IT. A unique folder for the independent traveler. Hotel pictures, descriptions, rates and location maps. Sightseeing details. Restaurant and night-life information. Contact Gramercy Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

EUROPE IN COMFORT and economy. $798-$1,600, 21-56 days, including Stratford. Dittmanntours, Northfield, Minnesota.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY LADY. Share home of bilingual family in Mexico. Studio. $200 month. A. de Gutierrez, Cazahuate 34, Frac. Rancho Cortes, A. C. Buenavista, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR tourist rooms in private house. Walk to Fair. Share bath $5 per person, private bath $6 per person. Mrs. Robert W. Edgar, 137-35 Geranium Avenue, Flushing, New York 11355.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1580

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In Arthurian legend, father of Tristram.	210 138 46 122 113 181 94 14
B. Muse of music.	183 188 135 41 134 174 36
C. Any of the Amer. species of *Populus*, esp. *balsamifera*.	53 132 39 178 191 86 208 168 133 107
D. Island, Cape, Inlet, town, off North Carolina.	24 58 166 33 10 12 105 73
E. Theory that there should be no private ownership of property.	126 117 30 121 202 154 60 137 119 87 3
F. Having animation; brisk; vigorous; alert.	173 45 21 57 112 136 96 91 203
G. Greek astronomer and geographer, 3d cent. B.C., called by Ptolemy to head the great library at Alexandria.	52 189 22 74 179 172 37 40 99 49 97 124
H. Give up something desirable with feeling of loss.	82 90 214 167 196 93 142 110 152 175
I. Said of many a person of strong character and affirmativeness, yet whose will is lacking.	78 180 128 68 123 200 101 130 115
J. Pertaining to time.	79 162 149 44 69 176 205
K. Image with body of a lion, head of hawk.	63 153 25 199 216 32 140 194 11 7 89 120 102
L. Inclined to disregard the seventh Commandment.	81 28 75 108 70 171 98 192 209 61
M. Warm up again.	55 182 145 139 85 155
N. Divested of humbug (slang).	19 43 211 34 111 193 177 83
O. Of a color honey yellow.	164 15 215 95 65 51 56 38 195 143
P. Lay hold of (a meaning or a person).	72 184 42 212 198 80 150 16 92
Q. Natural phenomenon of whose noise Eugene Field wrote "'Tis a pitiful sound to hear" (2 wds.).	160 48 59 201 114 131 64 157 104
R. Mentally dull (comp.).	5 170 207 62 67 156 23 161 13 148
S. Describing Old Dog Tray.	88 8 146 17 125 141 4 100
T. Resisting exact description.	159 186 29 204 127 31 169 54 190 147 47
U. Remaining verdant, as most conifers, rhododendrons, etc.	163 9 18 35 158 26 118 2 151
V. The age of somebody thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen (2 wds.; not in WNI as phrase).	206 27 1 6 213 103 106
W. Poor color discrimination.	197 109 129 144 66 77 187 84 20 50 165 71 76 185 116

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 V	2 U		3 E	4 S	5 R	6 V		7 K	8 S	9 U	10 D		11 K	12 D
13 R	14 A	15 O	16 P	17 S	18 U	19 N		20 W		21 F	22 G	23 R	24 D	25 K	26 U		27 V
28 L	29 T		30 E	31 T	32 K	33 D	34 N	35 U	36 B		37 G	38 O		39 C	40 G	41 B	
42 P	43 N	44 J	45 F	46 A	47 T		48 Q	49 G		50 W	51 O	52 G		53 C	54 T	55 M	56 O
57 F	58 D	59 Q	60 E	61 L		62 R	63 K	64 Q	65 O	66 W		67 R	68 I	69 J	70 L		71 W
72 P	73 D	74 G		75 L	76 W		77 W	78 I	79 J	80 P	81 L	82 H	83 N		84 W	85 M	86 C
87 E	88 S	89 K	90 H	91 F	92 P		93 H	94 A	95 O	96 F	97 G		98 L	99 G	100 S	101 I	102 K
103 V	104 Q		105 D	106 V	107 C		108 L	109 W	110 H	111 N	112 F		113 A	114 Q		115 I	116 W
117 E	118 U		119 E	120 K		121 E	122 A	123 I		124 G	125 S	126 E	127 T	128 I	129 W		130 I
131 Q	132 C		133 C	134 B		135 B	136 F	137 E	138 A	139 M		140 K	141 S		142 H	143 O	
144 W	145 M	146 S	147 T	148 R	149 J	150 P	151 U		152 H	153 K	154 E	155 M	156 R	157 Q	158 U		159 T
160 Q		161 R	162 J	163 U		164 O	165 W	166 D	167 H	168 C	169 T	170 R	171 L	172 G	173 F		174 B
175 H	176 J	177 N	178 C	179 G	180 I		181 A	182 M	183 B	184 P		185 W	186 T		187 W	188 B	189 G
	190 T	191 C	192 L	193 N	194 K		195 O	196 H	197 W	198 P	199 K		200 I	201 Q	202 E		203 F
204 T	205 J	206 V	207 R	208 C		209 L	210 A	211 N	212 P	213 V	214 H	215 O	216 K				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Reforesting harvested lands on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

Your grandchildren will need the trees we plant for the future

Last year Weyerhaeuser forestry crews planted nearly 15 million seedlings on our tree farms. In addition, we seeded about 17 thousand acres. All told, tree farmers across America planted a billion trees on their lands.

You have an important stake in all this because of its effect upon your children and grandchildren. They will live in an economy heavily dependent upon forest products. There are more than five thousand such products now and researchers are developing more all the time.

Under the steadily rising demand for wood by you and by your neighbors, the supply for future generations could be seriously depleted. Not long ago this was a real hazard. Now, however, it isn't likely. More than 27 thousand tree farmers are growing timber as a crop on about 64 million acres of privately owned, tax-paying land.

There are certain problems, however. Because the crop cycle is so long (it takes 60 to 80 years to grow Douglas fir to sawlog size) tree farming is fraught with risks. Fire can wipe out thousands of trees in a matter of days, or even hours. Insects and disease also can take a heavy toll. Control of all these forest enemies is very costly.

Because of these risks and costs, tree farming would be impractical under an unrealistic tax climate. Fortunately, this is not generally the case today. In most areas taxes paid by tree farmers, although substantial, still permit individuals and firms to grow timber as a long-term crop.

This is desirable. After all, private tree farms provide an endless flow of raw materials. They also are a major source of taxes, jobs, water, wildlife and recreation.

Send for our colorfully illustrated free booklet, "From tree farm to you." Write to Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A5, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

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